

THE SECOND ARTICLE ABOUT
JIMMY ROOSEVELT'S SWORN INCOME

August 27, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE LITERARY WEEK



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AUGUST 27, 1938

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REPORTER... PICKS

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"THE CHAMPION Summer 'cooler' according to many sportsmen is the Lime Rickey...made with Hiram Walker gins, of course! The score shows that America buys more Hiram Walker gins than any other kind! They're never 'off form' because they're made by the exclusive Controlled Condensation Process that insures uniformly smooth flavor in every bottle and every case."



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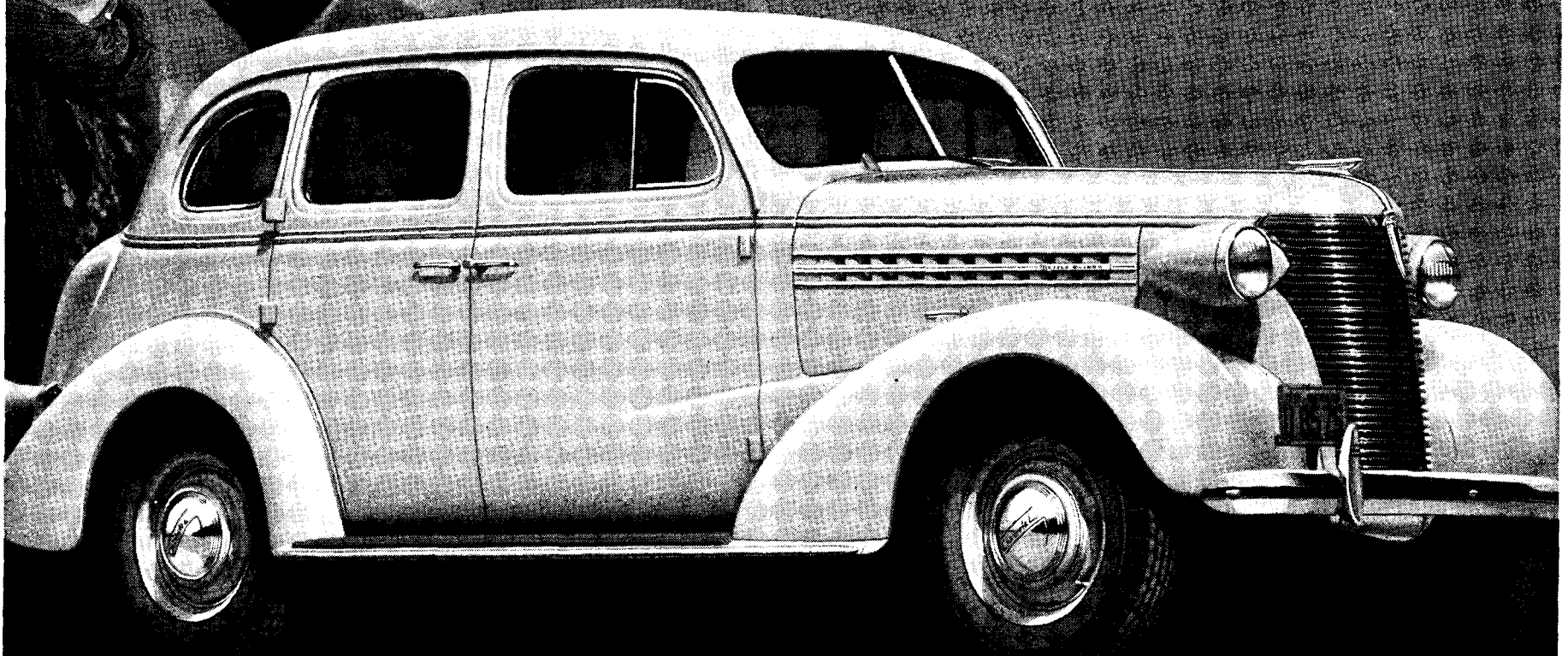
3 ozs. Hiram Walker's Gin

Shake with cracked ice. Strain into tall glasses. Add cubes of ice and fill with carbonated water. (P. S.—Some connoisseurs say this 'cooler' should be sweetened to suit the personal taste—but remember, for perfect flavor you must use Hiram Walker's gin!)



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Collier's

August 27, 1938

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AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
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IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

ANYTHING can happen in a university. President Bradford knew that and thought he was safe in the knowledge. Even with Zimmerman and the state legislature trying to smear him. But there were several things Bradford didn't know—for instance, about the photograph a reporter had taken of Julie Lomax, star of the Morrison Foibles, or about Professor Gilson, the young, handsome and almost too brilliant economist; but principally about his own daughter Susanna.

In "Troubled Star," which begins next week, you will find yourself on a campus swept by romance, skulduggery and scandal. The story is by John August.

OUR idea of perfect boredom is to listen to election returns from the dictator-ridden countries of Europe. With cheerless uniformity ninety-nine per cent plop for the dictator, and one per cent suddenly find themselves in difficulties with the police. And yet the strong men of Europe don't behave with much confidence. In a brilliant article, Winston Churchill describes the slumbering volcanoes on which these statesmen are sitting.

WHEN Gil Brough threw James Markle off his yacht he had shrewdly figured the tide. By morning Markle's body would be twenty miles off the California coast, and Markle's yacht, Markle's fortune and Markle's girl would belong to Gil Brough. It was a foolproof plan, and no one would have been more surprised than Gil to learn that Markle woke up next morning under a new name and under the care of a girl named Judy. "Man from the Sea" is by Michael Foster.

EXPERTS call George Martin Lott, Jr., the greatest doubles player in the world, and Mr. Lott has become soured on the subject of amateur tennis. He gets a little more so every time he thinks about it. In "Tennis Money," pulling no punches, he tells you about the financial side of the amateur game.

IT'S a well-known fact that practical jokers are sometimes pretty callous individuals; less has been said about their families—they're callous too, from necessity. In "Sailor's Tale," by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, that famous combination of force and brains, Dunnevan and Linn, even up the balance.

THERE will also be with us E. Phillips Oppenheim, Sidney Herschel Small, Jack Mosher, Robert McCormick, Freling Foster and others. So be prepared.

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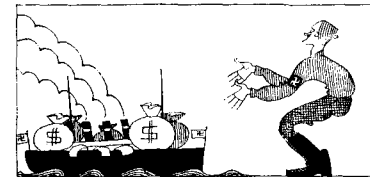
COVER

ROBERT O. REID

Any Week

WE'VE suspected for some time that sooner or later one of our readers was going to solve what Mr. Paul Dubois Collard of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, calls "the satanic alien Red Russianism which now threatens white Aryan dominance." We are very happy to give you Mr. Collard's solution, hoping it will help you to know better next time. "There is no permanent cure in the firing squad," says Mr. Collard with some truth. "Neither is the Honorable Frank Hague, noble as his purpose is, on the right track. The cure lies in taxation. Upon every radical let us place double taxation on everything. Or even triple taxation. Thus we shall take away from them their funds. Without funds they cannot support their dastardly un-American activities. And upon every parlor pink who contributes to an alien, un-American cause, we shall place a special tax of five thousand dollars, the proceeds of such assessments to be devoted to charity to good Americans who, because of the wreckage the alien radicals have caused, are in dire straits."

BREATHING easier but still somewhat heavily we inform you that a gentleman in Minnesota notifies us that "millions of dollars of WPA money are pouring into the pockets of Adolf Hitler." Experience whispers that the gentleman may be exaggerating a trifle. In fact we told him so. But he became quite annoyed at our small skepticism. Try as we would we could not badger him into telling us how he arrived at his figures but, eager to be fair, we tell you what he said. Said he: "There are nearly a million

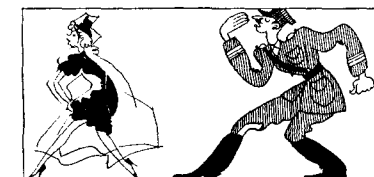


Nazis on relief in this country. Each has pledged to send to Hitler one dollar a month out of what the American taxpayer gives him. Figure it out for yourself. And when you add to that the vast sums sent to Germany every month by pro-Hitlerites who are not on relief you have something."

IF WE publish anything inaccurate it will not be the fault of Mr. Edmund McDavett of Chicago, Illinois. Mr. McDavett offers to join our staff for "a respectable fee" and devote himself to pre-publication faultfinding. McDavett says: "I can't guarantee that I can

fix up all your mistakes but I can call them and then it is up to you to fix them. I am the greatest faultfinder in the world. If you don't believe me ask my wife. According to my wife I can find more fault than a Republican running for a Democrat's job. I would be very useful too, being trained to take the rap for things I didn't do."

BUT here's Captain Tell G. Harrison of Toronto, Canada, with something worth talking about. The captain is not an admirer of these transparent raincoats the gals wear when the going's wet. "A gloomy day," says the captain, "is bad enough without any help from the ladies in those transparencies. What most of them should be wearing is something we can't see through and equipped with a large hood that fastens down the front too."



WE'RE having our rumor bin enlarged. This became necessary when it was known that we were to publish these Jimmy Roosevelt articles. We're told, for example, that Mr. Roosevelt sold his side of the controversy at an enormous price to the highest bidder and that we topped the field. We're almost tempted to say that isn't so, but suddenly realize that nobody will believe us. Anyway, it isn't so. Another tells us that we were paid a huge sum to publish the stuff—oh, a couple of hundred thousand dollars or so. And, of course, this bribe came out of the taxpayers' pockets. But nobody has said (at least we haven't heard about it) that for publishing these pieces we're going to be appointed to an important and expensive as well as unnecessary political post where the salary is ample and the graft honest. But they'll be saying it. In spite of our oft-repeated opinion that a guy's a sucker to take a government job if he can keep himself in pants and pretzels by any other racket.

WE HAVE a complaint from Mr. Gordon Spellacy of Terre Haute, Indiana. He, like hundreds of thousands of similarly sagacious people, reads Collier's regularly and conscientiously. "There is one thing you ought to have, though," says Mr. Spellacy, "and that is weather reports."

OKAY: It's raining.

W. D.



*“To see a boy or
girl of fifteen*

with Perfect Teeth — is not as unusual nowadays as it was forty
years ago when I began my practice,” said an experienced dentist. “In my
opinion the improvement is due largely to better diet.”

Like all other living parts of the body, your teeth are nourished by the food you eat.

Nature carries on for you a tooth maintenance program which requires constantly renewed supplies of the minerals calcium and phosphorus. Vitamins A, C and D are also necessary to the health of the teeth. Fortunately, all the essentials are in the ordinary diet. A balanced diet of vegetables, fruits, eggs, milk, cheese, lean meat, fish and cereals (partly whole grain) will furnish most of the supplies which Nature uses. An excess of sweet foods should be avoided.

Teeth benefit also from regular exercise. Every time you chew a hard crust of bread, crisp toast or crackers, or other crunchy foods, you are helping to keep your teeth sound and your gums firm. Raw vegetables such as carrots, celery and cabbage also furnish the hard resistance so important to tooth health.

Some foods, including meat, naturally require thorough chewing and so provide exercise for the teeth. But, as many foods are too soft, you must plan your diet to give your teeth sufficient exercise every day.

While food and exercise are necessary to preserve your teeth, they represent the *inside* care. *Outside* care is also essential—visits to your dentist every six months and, of course, the correct daily use of the toothbrush for the care of teeth and gums. Dental floss assists in reducing tooth decay by removing particles of food from crevices not accessible to the toothbrush.



The Metropolitan booklet “Good Teeth at all Ages” gives much useful information and practical suggestions on how to care for your teeth, as well as a list of tooth-building foods. It will be sent free on request. Address Booklet Department 938-C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD . . . ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. . . . LEROY A. LINCOLN, PRESIDENT

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Welcome!

MEN, down on your personal calendar are days that mean much to those who mean a lot to you. It may be a birthday, an anniversary—some other outstanding date—but whatever the occasion, a box of Whitman's Chocolates is the happy way to convey your best wishes . . . the ideal way to show your thoughtfulness . . . and to get a real welcome in return. *Make a note of this now*—and, remember, there's a nearby dealer ready to serve you with a beautiful array of Whitman's packages.

THE THING TO DO . . .

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The SAMPLER \$1.50

Enticing fruit centers, crisp nut and chewy centers—famous honey nougat—and dozens of other delectable delights to tempt the taste of every candylover. 17-oz. Sampler (100 pieces, 35 kinds), \$1.50. Also 2, 3 and 5 lbs.

The FAIRHILL \$1

A grand array of favorite confections—nut pieces, fruit pieces, caramels, crisp and chewy pieces, in Whitman's exquisite chocolate coatings. 1 lb. size—\$1. Also 25c, 50c, \$2, \$3 and \$5 sizes.

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

When the border feuds between England and Scotland were at their peak some four hundred years ago, ladies of large Scottish households often "dished up the spurs." This custom was to serve a set to the men as the last course of a meal, as a gentle hint that the meat supply was running low and that, therefore, it was time for them to put the spurs to the horses and again raid England for more cattle.

The world has always used animal substances and extracts as therapeutic agents. Among them in the Middle Ages were the eggs of ants, teeth of tigers, eyes of crabs and the oil of scorpions. Today medicine employs as many, if not more, a few of which are insulin, adrenalin, pepsin, cantharidin, ox gall, thyroid gland and pituitary extracts and a variety of serums.—By Randall R. Greeley, Penacook, New Hampshire.

The little principality of Liechtenstein, lying between ex-Austria and Switzerland, has no army, navy or other means of protection against armed invasion. Nevertheless, so many German emigrants have applied for citizenship that the country has, in several cases, asked and received \$15,000 for a single naturalization, or 1,500 times as much as one pays to become a citizen of the United States.

York Minster, or the cathedral of St. Peter in York, England, has 109 windows containing 25,500 square feet of medieval stained glass, which is three-quarters of all such glass still existing in that country. One of these windows is 78 feet high by 35 feet wide, or larger in area than a tennis court.—By Blanche Hichens, Laton, California.

Movie censors, in one or more countries, delete scenes in which persons pray, kiss, sing hymns, say grace at table, get married or are falsely imprisoned; also scenes in which there is any reference to God, the devil or divorce. One Oriental country even tries to avoid scenes showing acts of courtesy toward women, such as offering a chair or opening a door. "Such politeness breeds ideas of equality which are not to be encouraged."

There are approximately four hundred varieties of cheese on the markets of the world. Yet at least seventy per cent of all the cheese consumed in the United States is Cheddar, which originated in Cheddar, England, in the 17th century.—By T. W. McCabe, Madison, Wisconsin.

Those who officially investigated the affairs of Ivar Kreuger, after his suicide in Paris in 1932, were obliged to read eight million telegrams and cablegrams that had been sent and received by him and his associates during fourteen years' manipulation.

Flowers are pollinated not only by insects, wind, water and man, but also by birds such as hummingbirds, honeyeaters and sun birds, and by mammals such as bats, and by climbing marsupials such as the money mouse of Western Australia.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address: Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.





★
Winning cheers from audiences and laudatory comment from sponsors, the Collier's movie, "Yankee Doodle Goes to Town," is now offered to business organizations. Timely, packed with active historical interest, this thrilling twenty-five minute "talkie" highlights our history in terms of business and the established mediums of public expression which aided business in making this country the richest on earth. Made for Collier's by one of the leading West Coast major studios, in the opinion of one of America's leading movie makers: "It is without question one of the finest jobs of this kind I have ever seen."

Perfectly suited for sales conventions and meetings, it will entertain and inform selling

Who said this country could never "be united into one compact empire under any species of government whatever?"

What was America's first national selling campaign? Who wrote the "copy" and why?

What has a lady's bonnet to do with the settling of the West?

In what form did Harriet Beecher Stowe's immortal classic, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," first appear?

What is the trade-mark's place in the development of American industry?

What are "the three little words" that changed our life story—that helped bring about repeal?

What is the last "black plague" to go, and how are we eradicating it?

organizations, dealers and distributors. Right now, "Yankee Doodle Goes to Town" is being used effectively by great corporations in defining sales programs . . . and in building enthusiasm for the tried and true functions of American industry.

Your advertising agent or Collier's representative will have full details on how a print of this film may be obtained. Or, if you prefer, a note to Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York, will bring you descriptive literature and complete information.

COLLIER'S • THE ACTIVE MARKET

Circulation: 2,600,000 Action-Minded Families



THE BEST TELEPHONE SERVICE

IN THE WORLD AT THE *Lowest* POSSIBLE COST

The constant effort of the Bell System is to give you more and better service and at the same time keep rates low. That is easy to say. It is not easy to do.

Two things make it possible. A well-trained army of men and women, and the best of tools and apparatus for their use. These are the basis of your Bell System service; two reasons why you get the best telephone service in the world.



The Wily Pigeon

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Success in Hollywood—where golf is frequently larceny but romance isn't always a major industry



Then the downpour shook itself and became a cloudburst, whereat they fled to the clubhouse

IT WILL help things out if you will kindly remember that the Silverdale Golf and Country Club is a trifle on the swank side and is located hard by the studios of Hollywood. It is infested by film persons, male and female of high degree and low.

If you are a country cousin from Sachem Falls or Damariscotta, you may discover your favorite actress swinging a tentative mashie, practicing putts or sipping a beaker of tea on the smooth turf abast the bar.

The course is littered with eminent directors, subdirectors, supervisors, assistant directors, stars, producers, villains, heroes, beautiful extra damsels, haughty leading ladies, rich agents for actors, radio gossips and indiscriminate

persons, all making a merry living in the movies. It is possible for a stranger to obtain a temporary or visitor's card at Silverdale, permitting him to play golf, purchase drinks and tip the help.

Assuming you are a stranger, one of your early encounters will be with the pigeons—The Pigeons of Silverdale, a group of mild-mannered gentlemen. You could knock a golf ball up and down the wide world, visiting each and every course, and never would you find gentlemen like the pigeons, for they are unique, like the African colugo and the Indian gavial.

Golf players who are pigeons never actually decide in advance to be pigeons. A man doesn't awaken some brisk morning, stare in the mirror and say to him-

self: "I do believe I shall be a pigeon." Not at all. He inadvertently gets to be a pigeon, just as some men become left-handed or dyspeptic.

These pigeons at Silverdale have been in existence for several years, and their little band is composed of golf players who do not suffer mental anguish while losing games and money. To be a pigeon, one must cherish the unshakable conviction that every golfing man on earth is strictly honest, upright, square in his dealings and the soul of probity. One must be amiable, unsuspecting, careless of money and able to take a steady beating at golf by men whom he regards as friends. A true pigeon takes a drubbing day after day, and writes checks for fifty dollars, smiling happily the while.

The way it works out, if you and I are co-members and you are my pigeon, and you shoot about 90 while I shoot about 80, I am obviously ten strokes the better man, and when we play for ten dollars Nassau I should start you at least four or five strokes up, to give you a fair chance. But I don't do that. I start you two strokes up, one on each side, which normally guarantees that you cannot beat me and that I am almost certain to collect thirty bucks when day is done.

If you continue in childlike content to take two strokes up from me, week after week, with no yelps of agony—if you go along thus placidly, with never a howl of bloody murder or shriekings that I am a crook, a dastard, an assassin, a renegade, a stealer of pennies off a dead

man's eyes, then you're a good pigeon. Occasionally, I will let you triumph, whereupon you will purr and come back hungrily for more.

The very youngest pigeon of them all was Alex McCorkle, who was tall, rangy, intense and looked like Johnny Weissmuller and Doug Fairbanks on their good days. For three months he took a steady trouncing and the cheerful grin never left his countenance for a moment. He could take it.

Alex came from Cincinnati, one-time home of the bubbling beer stube and the flying slot machine. He bounded into Hollywood like a confident lion, offering his talents forthwith to the czars of the movie industry and the czars were not interested.

At the studio ramparts, cold-hearted buzzards in human form refused to argue with him about his art or a job or anything. They refused to attach him to the pay roll, or let him inside the studio, or spare him a kind word, and so he walked and wore the trade-mark on his shoes into a blur. Undismayed and chin in air, he carried on.

"There must be," he told himself in his furnished room, corner of Vine and Franklin, "some way to bust into these here movies. Other mugs worm in and newspapers are always quoting producers about how they yearn for new

blood on the screen. What the hell and if I am not new blood, then what am I?"

In the early weeks of his job-hunting, there was one thing he longed to do and abstained from doing. He ached to play golf. It was the game he loved and adored. When he passed a golf course, his eyes bulged and his mouth watered, but sturdily he denied himself, until one evening, when he was in a thoughtful mood, a notion came into his mind. It had been a day of studio disappointments. His face brightened and young Alex said: "I might as well have a little exercise. I believe I'll play golf at Silverdale."

NOW then, in joining up at Silverdale, it was Alex's canny belief that in due time he would become acquainted with those famous fellows who direct film stories and hire actors—meet the stars and the men who put up those fantastic sums mentioned in the movie sections. They would know him familiarly as Alex and inevitably discover his talents, whereat somebody would be certain to wonder why a young man of his charm and looks had never taken a pop at the films.

Alex realized this would take time. He knew that you cannot casually join a golf club, start playing with the members and calling them Wes and Hank.

First, they must like you and invite you to play.

He started in unobtrusively, betting three dollars Nassau with this and that one, along with stray medal wagers of no great size. He became known as a nonyelper and so he was presently playing with men like George Rasch, Mike Dailey, Carstairs Shor, Guy Latrobe and Bill St. John, and when you golf with these worthies you are right up there with the cream of Hollywood.

They are prominent movie shots, at home or abroad. Guy Latrobe happens to be a popular leading man, whose beaming mug is as well known in Madagascar as on Hollywood Boulevard. Carstairs Shor is a renowned and irascible director. Mike Dailey finances film enterprises and gets back his money and theirs. And if you looked around, you might see such happy warriors as Gregory La Cava, Bill Fields, George Marshall, Oliver Hardy, Guy Kibbee, Leo McCarey, John Ford, Frank Craven and Frank Lloyd, all mashie swingers who decided years ago that there is no reason ever to lose a golf game if you will use common sense on the first tee.

It was Mike Dailey who did the financial spading, in those early moments when Alex was an unknown quantity.

"About what do you shoot?" he asked, giving Alex a hard look.

"Around 88," said Alex.

"I'll give you two strokes on each side," said Mike and a small wager was made. Mr. Dailey won the first nine that day, tied the second and tucked away four dollars. Alex shot an 89. In time, everybody in the club understood that Alex would shoot an 89, for that became his regular score, a couple above or a couple below, and the members knew how to handicap him. They were sympathetic concerning his faults.

"There's no trouble with your game," they told him. "You shoot nice golf, only you have a bad slice. Once you can that slice, you'll murder us."

"You're telling me," grinned Alex, making up a new one.

"Your short game is swell and you can putt like a fiend."

"I know it. It's the slice. I keep working on the blasted thing, but it seems to have me licked."

"You'll cure it."

"Certainly will," said the young man, and day after day he went along losing his father's funds to the genial freebooters of Silverdale. At no time was there serious danger of his starving in the streets of Hollywood, for his people in Cincinnati were far from the relief rolls. They had money in the bank for old age, which Alex spent cheerily, knowing he could pay them back when he commenced to click.

And that is precisely what he was determined to do—click. He wore nice clothes. He stood up straight, with shoulders squared. He kept his hair cut and his nails trimmed. He weighed 167 pounds, had brown eyes and hair, was six feet tall and was born in Ohio and these are the authentic figures of the average star today.

HE AVOIDED one thing—asking. You can hardly play golf with film directors and stop one of them on the fourth fairway to ask if he will give you a part in his next. You could try it, but it wouldn't be such a good idea. If they open up and say to you: "Alex, you're a handsome scoundrel and ought to be in the movies," that's different.

If they happen to say that, you're in. So Alex waited patiently, made no foolish blunders and lost his papa's pesos with never a squawk. On the rainiest day of the entire season he appeared at the club and found it abandoned. Nobody was inside or outside, except a few dank caddies, so he summoned one of them and sloshed off to the first tee, where he dropped a wet ball on a wetter peg and drove it down the line.

Far ahead of him was another citizen of the community, who had no caddie, carried her own bag with four clubs and splashed along contentedly, the raindrops falling unheeded from her ornamental nose. Even a dull mind could perceive that these two mud larks must have dearly loved the pastime, as there is no California law compelling residents to walk outdoors and drown themselves on a golf course.

At the sixth green, he caught up with the stranger, by the simple accident of hitting a long iron shot that rolled across her line of putt. She glanced backward and, oddly enough, did not glare, swear or growl, as most golfers do. She actually looked pleasant, and nature had given her a complete set of features for so doing. He came up, apologized and inquired in a polite voice if she were alone, which was like asking the same thing of a flagpole sitter.

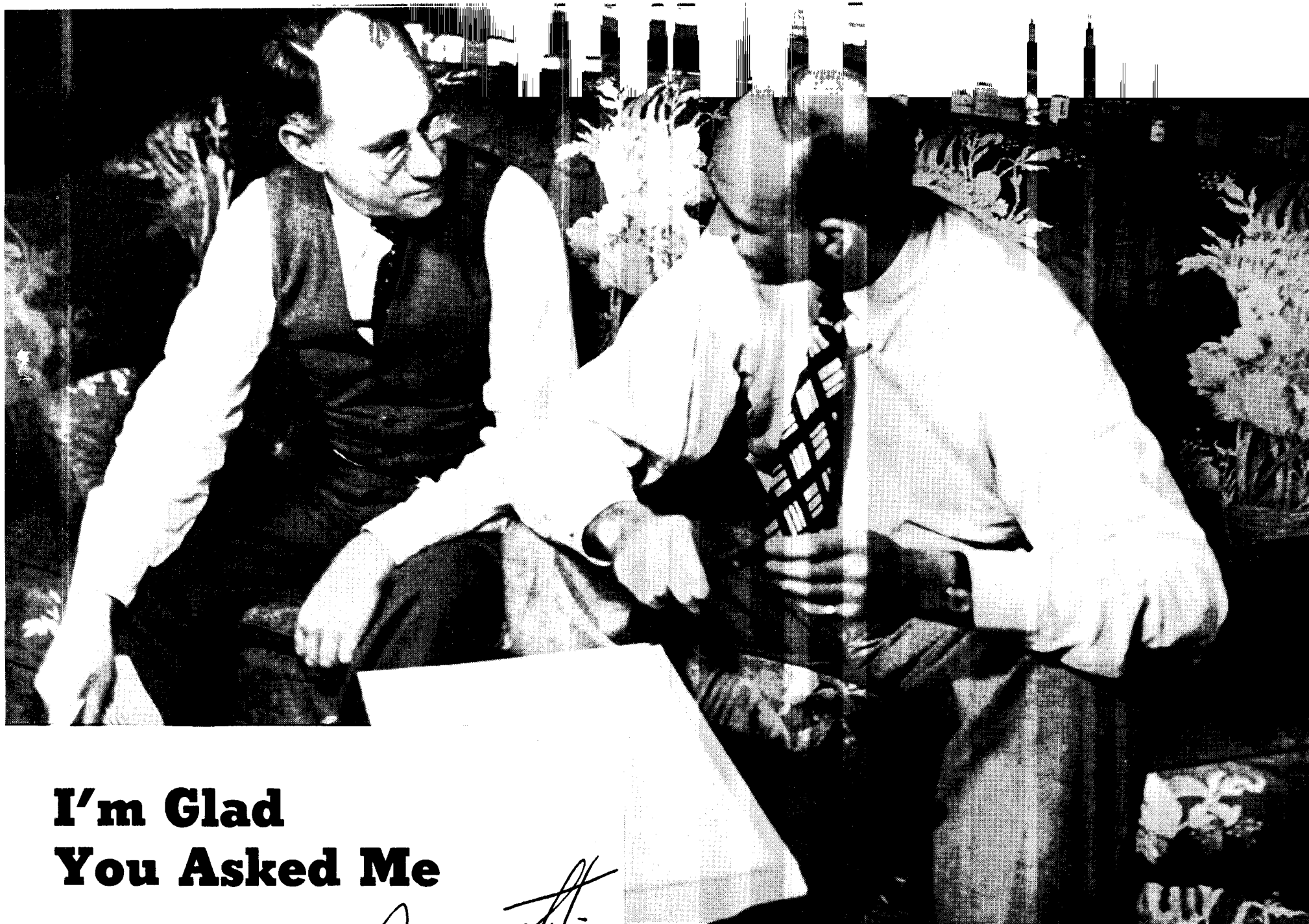
She replied that she was undeniably without partners or associates at golf, there being not even a wet sparrow in sight, and under these brilliant circumstances, he introduced himself to Tempe Benedict—pronounced Tempe—and asked if he might play along.

"Certainly," she answered and they

(Continued on page 37)



Miss Benedict flounced out and Alex was left to wonder at the perverseness of the sex



I'm Glad You Asked Me

Jimmy Roosevelt

By Walter Davenport

II

JIMMY ROOSEVELT, having had his temperature taken for the sixth time in a day and having been denied food for the third time since noon, sighed gloomily. He hitched himself higher in his hospital bed, upset four piles of letters and documents, told his secretary that he would not talk on the telephone to a Mr. Eddle (or something like that) of Paducah, Kentucky, and to tell a delegation of ladies that he could not give them \$25,000 to found a kindergarten for the children of Portuguese fishermen in San Jose, California.

And having done this he resumed his discussion of whisky insurance. He had demonstrated that his yearly income was more than nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars short of the million he was supposed to be reaping by criminally unethical means. But we shall not, of course, go over that again. You read it in last week's Collier's.

For a young fellow of thirty he was being rather smeared with rumor—pub-

lished and unpublished. For example, there was the story that he, a mere tyro in the insurance business, had become, by decidedly questionable means, America's leading whisky insurance man. The truth is that he is one of the least important. But as we told you last week, these articles are doing a lot of damage to romance. Worse, so are the files of the insurance firm of Roosevelt & Sargent and, alas, of the United States government.

Said young Mr. Roosevelt:

"The only whisky insurance on the books of Roosevelt & Sargent is what we placed for the National Distillers Products Corporation. It was during the first half of 1933 that I was introduced to Seton Porter, president of that corporation. He said that they were going to buy two distilleries in Pennsylvania. He had had some difference of opinion with the brokers who already handled his insurance. Those brokers had told him that they were about the only ones

capable of handling the business because insurance men as a general rule were not anxious to underwrite distilleries and warehouses. Porter said he'd see. It was his opinion, too, that National had been paying too much for its insurance. Wasn't there something new in whisky policies? Was he compelled to go on indefinitely paying the same towering premiums? Wasn't there something he could do about it?

"There's nothing unusual in that. If you're insured and are not satisfied with your policy, there is nothing to stop you from calling in your broker or agent and asking him to change your policy. And if he can't you're foolish if you don't call in somebody else. And if somebody else can give you what your old broker can't or won't or doesn't think of—why, he's your man.

"Well, that put it up to us. National Distillers weren't going to buy something they didn't want from us simply because my name was Roosevelt, because my father was President. Why should they? I had nothing to offer but insurance. . . . Listen.

Nothing for Sale but Insurance

"Before we go any farther I'm saying that never have I been asked by a prospect or a client to do anything except write insurance contracts. It has never been suggested to me in any form, directly or indirectly, that I intercede for a client or a prospect in any government branch, commission, bureau or depart-

ment. And this has surprised me. I quite expected some sort of overtures. I would have turned down such requests had they been made. And naturally I have never suggested to any client, prospective or actual, that I might exert political influence in his behalf. It will be interesting to watch what happens to the firm of Roosevelt & Sargent when my father is no longer President, when I am no longer the secretary of a President. If my name and my influence are the chief reason why we do business, then with that influence gone we should go downhill rapidly. Unless, of course, we're capable, legitimate insurance men. But it will be interesting. They'll tell you—probably have—that I shall have made my pile by that time and will retire. Okay. Look at those income tax returns again. Either I've made false returns and ought to be in Alcatraz or I haven't made that pile. And I'm not likely to make it if I remain with my father as his secretary. But never mind. All that will be set down as specious. They know. They know. Listen, did you hear that Jimmy Roosevelt's got the insurance on all the steel corporations in the country because he promised them that he—? Where were we?

"One of the things Seton Porter said was that his attorneys had argued against taking over the insurance policies on the distilleries that National was about to buy. Could we, Roosevelt & Sargent, write a contract whereby the old owners would not suffer on short-rate cancellations and at the same time

Roosevelt & Sargent, Inc., insurance in all its branches.
John Sargent (left), with erstwhile partner Jimmy Roosevelt

LAWRENCE MONAHAN

INDIVIDUAL INCOME TAX RETURN

FOR NET INCOMES FROM SALARIES OR WAGES OF MORE THAN \$5,000
AND INCOMES FROM BUSINESS, PROFESSION, RENTS, OR SALE OF PROPERTY

For Calendar Year 1932

File This Return With the Collector of Internal Revenue for Your District on or Before March 15, 1933

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY BELOW

James Roosevelt

19 Coolidge Hill Road

Cambridge

Mass.

Occupation, Business, or Profession

Insurance broker

REVIEWED
SECTION B
BY J. H. HARRIS
DATE 12 18 1934

Do Not Write in These Spaces
File No. 1040-2766
Serial Number 815747
District 1
Date of Filing MAR 27 1933
First Payment

- Are you a citizen or resident of the United States? **Yes**
- If you filed a return for 1931, to which Collector's office was it sent? **Boston**
- Is this a joint return of husband and wife? **No**
- State name of husband or wife if a separate return was made and the Collector's office to which it was sent
- Were you married and living with husband or wife on the last day of your taxable year? **Yes**
- If not, were you on the last day of your taxable year supporting in your household one or more persons closely related to you?
- How many dependent persons (other than husband or wife) under 18 years of age or incapable of self-support received their chief support from you during your taxable year? **One**
- If your status in respect to question 5, 6, or 7 changed during the year, state date and nature of change **Yes, child**

9. State whether your books are kept on cash or accrual basis **cash**

INCOME

1. Salaries, Wages, Commissions, Fees, etc.	Amount received	Expenses paid
(State name and address of employer)		(Explain in Schedule F)
2. Income from Business or Profession (From Schedule A)	19,270.70	
3. Interest on Bank Deposits, Notes, Corporation Bonds, etc. (except interest on tax-free covenant bonds)	22	
4. Interest on Tax-free Covenant Bonds Upon Which a Tax was Paid at Source		
5. Income from Partnerships, Syndicates, Pools, etc. (State name and address)		
6. Income from Fiduciaries (State name and address)	276.03	
7. Rents and Royalties (From Schedule B)		
8. Profit from Sale of Real Estate, Stocks, Bonds, etc. (From Schedule C)		
9. Taxable Interest on Liberty Bonds, etc. (From Schedule E)		
10. Dividends on: (a) Stock of Domestic Corporations subject to taxation under Title I of 1932 Act	30	
(b) Stock of Domestic Corporations not subject to taxation under Title I of 1932 Act		
(c) Stock of Foreign Corporations		
11. Other Income (State nature of income)		
(a)		
(b)		

DEDUCTIONS

13. Interest Paid	
14. Taxes Paid (Explain in Schedule F)	612.43
15. Losses by Fire, Storm, etc. (Explain in Table at foot of page 2)	
16. Bad Debts (Explain in Schedule F)	
17. Contributions (Explain in Schedule F)	17
18. Other Deductions Not Reported Above (Explain in Schedule F)	
19. TOTAL DEDUCTIONS IN ITEMS 13 TO 18	629.43
20. NET INCOME (Item 12 minus Item 19)	18,641.27
21. Less: Net loss for 1931 (Submit Schedule)	
22. NET INCOME FOR TAX COMPUTATION (Item 20 minus Item 21)	18,641.27

COMPUTATION OF TAX (See Instruction 23)

23. Net Income Subject to Tax (Item 22 above)	18,641.27
24. Less: Interest on Liberty Bonds, etc. (Item 9)	
25. Dividends (Item 10 (a))	30.00
26. Personal Exemption	2500
27. Credit for Dependents	333.33
28. Total of Items 24 to 27	2,863.33
29. Balance subject to Normal Tax (Item 23 minus 28)	15,777.94
30. Amount taxable at 4% (not over \$4,000)	4,000.00
31. Amount taxable at 8% (Item 29 minus 30)	11,777.94
32. Amount of Capital Net Gain or Loss (From Schedule D)	
33. Normal Tax (4% of Item 30)	160.00
34. Normal Tax (8% of Item 31)	966.73
35. Surtax on Item 22 (See Instruction 23)	376.85
36. Tax on Net Income (total of Items 33 to 35)	1,503.58
37. Adjustment for Capital Gain or Loss (125% of Item 32)	none
38. Total Tax (total of Items 36 and 37)	1,503.58
39. Less: Income Tax Paid at Source (7% of Item 20)	2,800.00
40. Income Tax Paid to a foreign country or U. S. possession	
41. Balance of Tax (Item 38 minus 39 and 40)	1,500.78

AFFIDAVIT

I swear (or affirm) that this return, including the accompanying schedules and statements, has been examined by me, and to the best of my knowledge and belief is a true and complete return, made in good faith, for the taxable year stated, pursuant to the Revenue Act of 1932 and the Regulations issued thereunder.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11 day of March, 1933.
Notary Public James Roosevelt
Address of agent: 19 Coolidge Hill Road, Cambridge, Mass.

An amended return must be marked "Amended" at top of return. Checks and drafts will be accepted only if payable at par.

SCHEDULE A

ITEM 16 - OTHER EXPENSES

Travel	\$4,422.77
Miscellaneous	82.18
Stamps and Telephone	226.42
Insurance on car	47.54
Garage	81.00
Repairs on car	185.11
Gas and oil	150.26
Bad Debts	2,055.90
	\$8,260.18

National Distillers would not have to pay more than they would were they to take over the existing coverage? Sargent and I worked on that for a while and found the answer. We could. We got the contract.

"That apparently pleased Porter. Sometime later he called me in and told me that the rest of the company's insurance was placed through a Baltimore firm. He suggested that Roosevelt & Sargent, and O'Brien-Russell, make him a proposition as satisfactory as our other one with a view to taking over the whole thing. Porter said that he was not wholly satisfied with his present arrangement because he had been told that it was impossible to place a considerable amount of additional insurance on National's Louisville plant. Could we?"

"We did a bit of hustling and reported back to Porter that we could—that in fact we had placed it. All that we required was his signature. And that's precisely how we got that account—the only whisky account we have. And we got it by writing a new form of whisky insurance policy and having it accepted by the Underwriters Association. Perhaps others knew

nothing about this new policy. Perhaps you'll say that wasn't fair to them. Well, they had a perfect right to scrap the old form and write another. No law against that. We thought of something new. They didn't. And our bright idea was not the product of genius.

"Look. During prohibition, insurance rates on whisky were very high. Perhaps you know why. The bootlegger, the hijacker, the whisky cutter—the presence of all those gentlemen made the possession of whisky a bit perilous. The owner was likely to drop in some morning and find water or nothing in barrels that yesterday contained whisky. Moreover, some of the people who controlled the whisky business during prohibition were somewhat untrustworthy—even a trifle shady. Not reliable.

"With repeal, the business became legitimate, in the hands of legitimate businessmen. Therefore, the old rates could be reduced. New insurance forms could be written. We took advantage of that. And the new schedules we wrote for National Distillers saved them \$65,000 a year in premiums. Through us

SCHEDULE A—INCOME FROM BUSINESS OR PROFESSION (See Instruction 2)

1. Total receipts from business or profession (state kind of business)	Insurance Broker	\$12,525.98
2. Labor		
3. Material and supplies		
4. Merchandise bought for sale		
5. Other costs (itemize below or on separate sheet)		
6. Plus inventory at beginning of year		
7. Total (Lines 2 to 6)		
8. Less inventory at end of year		
9. Net Cost or Goods Sold (Line 7 minus Line 8)		
10. Salaries not included as "Labor" in Line 2. (Do not deduct compensation for your services)		420.00
11. Interest on business indebtedness to others		
12. Taxes on business and business property		
13. Losses (explain in table at foot of page)		
14. Bad debts arising from sales or services		
15. Depreciation, obsolescence, and depletion (explain in table provided at foot of page)		275.00
16. Rent, repairs, and other expenses (itemize below or on separate sheet)		820.00
17. Total Deductions (Line 9 plus Line 16)		905.00
18. TOTAL DEDUCTIONS (Line 9 plus Line 17)		9,055.98
19. NET PROFIT (Line 1 minus Line 18) (Enter as Item 2)		\$3,469.98

Explanation of deductions claimed on Lines 5 and 16

SCHEDULE B—INCOME FROM RENTS AND ROYALTIES (See Instruction 7)

1. KIND OF PROPERTY	2. AMOUNT RECEIVED	3. COST OR VALUE OF PROPERTY (If sold, state date)	4. DEPRECIATION (If sold, state date)	5. REPAIRS	6. OTHER EXPENSES (Itemize below)	7. NET PROFIT (Enter as Item 2)

Explanation of deductions claimed in Column 6

SCHEDULE C—PROFIT FROM SALE OF REAL ESTATE, STOCKS, BONDS, ETC. (See Instruction 8)

1. KIND OF PROPERTY	2. DATE ACQUIRED	3. AMOUNT REALIZED	4. COST	5. GAIN OR LOSS (Enter as Item 2)

State how property was acquired

SCHEDULE D—CAPITAL NET GAIN OR LOSS FROM SALE OF ASSETS HELD MORE THAN TWO YEARS (See Instruction 8a)

1. KIND OF PROPERTY	2. DATE ACQUIRED	3. DATE SOLD	4. AMOUNT REALIZED	5. COST	6. GAIN OR LOSS (Enter as Item 2)

State how property was acquired

SCHEDULE E—INTEREST ON LIBERTY BONDS AND OTHER OBLIGATIONS OR SECURITIES (See Instruction 9)

1. OBLIGATIONS OR SECURITIES	2. AMOUNT OWNED	3. INTEREST RECEIVED OR ACCRUED	4. FEDERAL AMOUNT (If sold, state date)	5. AMOUNT OWNED (If sold, state date)	6. INTEREST ON AMOUNT OWNED (Enter as Item 2)
(a) Obligations of a State, Territory, or political subdivision thereof, or the District of Columbia			All	XXXXXX	XXXXXX
(b) Securities issued under Federal Farm Loan Act, or under such Act as amended, Treasury Bills, and Treasury Certificates of Indebtedness			All	XXXXXX	XXXXXX
(c) Liberty 3½% Bonds and other obligations of United States issued on or before September 1, 1917, and obligations of U. S. possessions			All	XXXXXX	XXXXXX
(d) Liberty 4% and 4½% Bonds and Treasury Bonds		157	\$5,000	XXXXXX	XXXXXX
(e) Treasury Notes			All	XXXXXX	XXXXXX

SCHEDULE F—EXPLANATION OF DEDUCTIONS CLAIMED IN ITEMS 1, 14, 16, 17, AND 18

<u>TAXES</u>		<u>DONATIONS</u>	
Mass. Income	\$30.49	American Legion	\$ 5.00
Mass. Excise	40.45	Y. M. C. A.	5.00
Tax on checks	2.32	Boston College	5.00
Tax on gas	53.52	Salvation Army	2.00
City of Cambridge	425.11	Cambridge Tubercular & Health	2.00
	\$612.49		\$17.00

EXPLANATION OF DEDUCTION FOR DEPRECIATION CLAIMED IN SCHEDULES A AND B

1. KIND OF PROPERTY (If buildings, state material of which constructed)	2. DATE ACQUIRED	3. AGE WHEN ACQUIRED	4. PROBABLE LIFE AFTER ACQUISITION	5. COST (Exclusive of Land)	6. MARCH 1, 1913, VALUE IF ACQUIRED PRIOR TO THAT DATE (Exclusive of Land)	7. DEPRECIATION ALLOWED (OR ALLOWABLE) SINCE ACQUISITION	8. DEPRECIATION ALLOWABLE THIS YEAR
Automobile	1931	new	4 years	\$2,200.00		none	275.00

EXPLANATION OF DEDUCTION FOR LOSSES BY FIRE, STORM, ETC., CLAIMED IN SCHEDULE A, AND IN ITEM 15

1. KIND OF PROPERTY	2. DATE ACQUIRED	3. COST OR VALUE AS OF MARCH 1, 1913, WHENEVER GREATER	4. SUBSEQUENT IMPROVEMENTS	5. DEPRECIATION ALLOWABLE SINCE ACQUISITION	6. INSURANCE AND SALVAGE VALUE	7. DEDUCTIBLE LOSS

1932

National Distillers is insured for from \$60,000.000 to \$100,000.00 depending on the stocks they have on hand. Our firm's profit on this business is seven and a half per cent of the annual premium paid by National Distillers. This annual premium will run anywhere from \$250,000 to \$350,000. Another seven and a half per cent of that premium—whatever it may be—goes to O'Brien-Russell, with whom we are associated. This business would be larger if we hadn't been underbid on National's casualty insurance last year. And it is possible (but not if we can help it) that we may lose the whole thing to a lower bidder next year.

"Look here," sighed young Mr. Roosevelt, downing an ounce of orange juice and an anemic cracker. "See here, this is beginning to sound silly. (They might make it two crackers even if they do taste lousy.) Do you want me to get out the book and tell you the story of every policy we've ever written? Which one? Transcontinental and Western Airways? All we handle for TWA is their compensation. That's all. John Hertz of Chicago is

one of the important directors of TWA. He's also a friend of both Sargent and me. Fred Roper, son of the Secretary of Commerce, places some of that line's insurance, but we've never shared a dollar in commissions with him nor he with us. Why should we? The insurance he places is in no way related to what we've written. And no air-mail contracts were given TWA since Roosevelt & Sargent did business with them. Don't take my word for it. Ask Jim Farley.

"George Washington Hill? See here, one of the things you do in the insurance business is keep your ears open. Do you have to do that in other businesses? You don't say. Well, it was in 1931 that we heard that Mr. Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, was considering having his life insured. An associate of John C. Paige, who had handled the American Tobacco account for years, tipped me off. This was, as I say, in 1931. It is only fair to grant that the influence of the Roosevelt name at that time was not staggering. Certainly not in Washington. Anyway, Paige's man said that he couldn't handle the Hill

Form 1040
THIRTY-THIRD EDITION
INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE
(Auditor's Stamp)

RECEIVED
COMPTROLLER OF THE TREASURY
MAY 12 1934

INDIVIDUAL INCOME TAX RETURN

FOR NET INCOMES FROM SALARIES OR WAGES OF MORE THAN \$5,000
AND INCOMES FROM BUSINESS, PROFESSION, RENTS, OR SALE OF PROPERTY

For Calendar Year 1933

File This Return With the Collector of Internal Revenue for Your District on or Before March 15, 1934

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY BELOW

JAMES ROOSEVELT

305 Walnut Street
(Street and number, or rural route)

Brookline Norfolk Mass.
(Post office) (County) (State)

1. Are you a citizen or resident of the United States? ☒ YES
2. If you died a return for 1933, to which Collector's office was it sent? Boston
3. Is this a joint return?
4. State name of husband or wife if separate return was made and the Collector's office to which it was sent. Bethany, C.
5. If not, were you during your taxable year supporting in your household one or more persons closely related to you?
6. How many dependent persons (other than husband or wife) under 18 years of age or incapable of self-support received their chief support from you during your taxable year?
7. If your status in respect to question 5, 6, or 7 changed during the year, state date and nature of change.
8. Were you married and living with husband or wife during your taxable year? ☒ YES
9. State whether your books are kept on cash or accrual basis. CASH

Occupational Classification of Item 1. Salary, Wage, Commission, Fee, etc. Check (✓) in proper block that ONE occupation from which you received principal amount in Item 1.
☐ Physician, surgeon, or dentist.
☐ Judge or lawyer.
☐ Technical engineer, chemist, or architect.
☐ Other professional.
☒ Insurance broker (check).
☐ All other (check).

INCOME		Amount received	Excesses paid (Explain in Schedule E)
1. Salaries, Wages, Commissions, Fees, etc. (State name and address of employer)	Income from Shepard Broadcasting Co., included in schedule A		
2. Income (or Loss) from Business or Profession. (From Schedule A)	Other miscellaneous income included in schedule A		
3. Interest on Bank Deposits, Notes, Corporation Bonds, etc. (except interest on tax-free covenant bonds)		19 566 68	
4. Interest on Tax-free Covenant Bonds Upon Which a Tax was Paid at Source		51 71	
5. Income (or Loss) from Partnerships, Syndicates, Pools, etc. (State name, address, and kind of business)		300 00	
6. Income from Fiduciaries. (State name and address)	F. D. Roosevelt Trust Fund	195 30	
7. Rents and Royalties. (From Schedule B)			
8. (a) Profit from Sale of Stocks and Bonds held two years or less. (From Schedule C (a))		1 172 22	
(b) Profit or Loss from Sale of Other Assets held two years or less. (From Schedule C (b))			
(c) Profit or Loss from Sale of Capital Assets (if not reported as Item 30). (From Schedule C (c))			
9. Taxable Income on Liberty Bonds, etc. (From Schedule D)		76 50	
10. Dividends on Stock of: (a) Domestic Corporations subject to taxation under Title I of 1932 Act.		351 90	
(b) Domestic Corporations not subject to taxation under Title I of 1932 Act.			
(c) Foreign Corporations			
11. Other Income. (State nature) (Use separate schedule, if necessary)			
12. TOTAL INCOME IN ITEMS 1 TO 11		21 714 21	

DEDUCTIONS		
13. Interest Paid. (Explain in Schedule E)		
14. Taxes Paid. (Explain in Schedule E)		319 10
15. Losses by Fire, Storm, etc. (Explain in Table at foot of page 2)		
16. Bad Debts. (Explain in Schedule E)		
17. Contributions. (Explain in Schedule E)		27 00
18. Other Deductions Authorized by Law. (Explain in Schedule E)		
19. TOTAL DEDUCTIONS IN ITEMS 13 TO 18		346 10
20. NET INCOME (Item 12 minus Item 19)		21 368 11

COMPUTATION OF TAX (See Instruction 23)		
21. Net Income Subject to Tax (Item 20 above)		21 368 11
22. Less: Interest on Liberty Bonds, etc. (Item 9)		76 50
23. Dividends (Item 10 (a))		351 90
24. Personal Exemption		2500 00
25. Credit for Dependents		400 00
26. Total of Items 22 to 25		3 328 40
27. Balance subject to Normal Tax (Item 21 minus 26)		18 039 71
28. Amount taxable at 4% (not over \$4,000)		4 000 00
29. Amount taxable at 8% (Item 27 minus 28)		14 039 71
30. Amount of Capital Net Gain or Loss (if not reported as Item 8 (c)). (From Schedule C (c))		
31. Normal Tax (4% of Item 28)		160 00
32. Normal Tax (8% of Item 29)		1 123 18
33. Surtax on Item 20 (see Instruction 20)		549 46
34. Tax on Net Income (Total of Items 31 to 33)		1 832 64
35. Adjustment for Capital Gain or Loss (12½% of Item 30)		
36. Total Tax (total of or difference between Items 34 and 35)		1 832 64
37. Less: Income Tax Paid at Source (see Item 4)		6 00
38. Income Tax Paid to Federal Government (country or foreign possession)		6 00
39. Balance of Tax (Total of Items 36 and 37)		1 826 64

AFFIDAVIT

I swear (or affirm) that this return, including the accompanying schedules and statements, has been made to the best of my knowledge and belief is a true and complete return, pursuant to the Revenue Act of 1932 and the National Industrial Recovery Act and the Regulations issued thereunder.

(See Instruction 27)

(If return is made by agent, the representative must be made on this line)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8 day of March, 1934.

NOTARIAL SEAL

(Signature of officer administering oath)

(Title)

(Signature of individual or agent)

An amended return must be marked "Amended" at top of return. Checks and drafts will be accepted only if payable at par.

SCHEDULE A - INCOME FROM BUSINESS OR PROFESSION

TRAVEL	\$ 3421.89
ENTERTAINMENT, POSTAGE AND TELEGRAPH	2550.11
CAR EXPENSE	408.77
RENTAL EXPENSE	824.70
REPAIRS AND MAINTENANCE	50.00
TOTAL	7775.47

1. KIND OF PROPERTY	2. DATE ACQUIRED	3. DATE SOLD	4. AMOUNT RECEIVED	5. COST	6. NET PROFIT OR LOSS
(a) STOCKS AND BONDS HELD TWO YEARS OR LESS	1933-07	1933	\$ 3700 15	\$ 8864 00	\$ 1172 22
Total (a) (Transfer net profit or loss to Item 8 (a))					\$ 1172 22
(b) OTHER ASSETS HELD TWO YEARS OR LESS					
Total (b) (Transfer net profit or loss to Item 8 (b))					
(c) CAPITAL ASSETS					
Total (c) (Transfer net gain or loss to Item 8 (c) or 30)					

1. KIND OF PROPERTY	2. DATE ACQUIRED	3. DATE SOLD	4. AMOUNT RECEIVED	5. COST	6. NET PROFIT OR LOSS
(a) STOCKS AND BONDS HELD TWO YEARS OR LESS	1933-07	1933	\$ 3700 15	\$ 8864 00	\$ 1172 22
Total (a) (Transfer net profit or loss to Item 8 (a))					\$ 1172 22
(b) OTHER ASSETS HELD TWO YEARS OR LESS					
Total (b) (Transfer net profit or loss to Item 8 (b))					
(c) CAPITAL ASSETS					
Total (c) (Transfer net gain or loss to Item 8 (c) or 30)					

1. KIND OF PROPERTY	2. DATE ACQUIRED	3. DATE SOLD	4. AMOUNT RECEIVED	5. COST	6. NET PROFIT OR LOSS
(a) STOCKS AND BONDS HELD TWO YEARS OR LESS	1933-07	1933	\$ 3700 15	\$ 8864 00	\$ 1172 22
Total (a) (Transfer net profit or loss to Item 8 (a))					\$ 1172 22
(b) OTHER ASSETS HELD TWO YEARS OR LESS					
Total (b) (Transfer net profit or loss to Item 8 (b))					
(c) CAPITAL ASSETS					
Total (c) (Transfer net gain or loss to Item 8 (c) or 30)					

1. KIND OF PROPERTY	2. DATE ACQUIRED	3. DATE SOLD	4. AMOUNT RECEIVED	5. COST	6. NET PROFIT OR LOSS
(a) STOCKS AND BONDS HELD TWO YEARS OR LESS	1933-07	1933	\$ 3700 15	\$ 8864 00	\$ 1172 22
Total (a) (Transfer net profit or loss to Item 8 (a))					\$ 1172 22
(b) OTHER ASSETS HELD TWO YEARS OR LESS					
Total (b) (Transfer net profit or loss to Item 8 (b))					
(c) CAPITAL ASSETS					
Total (c) (Transfer net gain or loss to Item 8 (c) or 30)					

1. KIND OF PROPERTY	2. DATE ACQUIRED	3. DATE SOLD	4. AMOUNT RECEIVED	5. COST	6. NET PROFIT OR LOSS
(a) STOCKS AND BONDS HELD TWO YEARS OR LESS	1933-07	1933	\$ 3700 15	\$ 8864 00	\$ 1172 22
Total (a) (Transfer net profit or loss to Item 8 (a))					\$ 1172 22
(b) OTHER ASSETS HELD TWO YEARS OR LESS					
Total (b) (Transfer net profit or loss to Item 8 (b))					
(c) CAPITAL ASSETS					
Total (c) (Transfer net gain or loss to Item 8 (c) or 30)					

1. KIND OF PROPERTY	2. DATE ACQUIRED	3. DATE SOLD	4. AMOUNT RECEIVED	5. COST	6. NET PROFIT OR LOSS
(a) STOCKS AND BONDS HELD TWO YEARS OR LESS	1933-07	1933	\$ 3700 15	\$ 8864 00	\$ 1172 22
Total (a) (Transfer net profit or loss to Item 8 (a))					\$ 1172 22
(b) OTHER ASSETS HELD TWO YEARS OR LESS					
Total (b) (Transfer net profit or loss to Item 8 (b))					
(c) CAPITAL ASSETS					
Total (c) (Transfer net gain or loss to Item 8 (c) or 30)					

1. KIND OF PROPERTY	2. DATE ACQUIRED	3. DATE SOLD	4. AMOUNT RECEIVED	5. COST	6. NET PROFIT OR LOSS
(a) STOCKS AND BONDS HELD TWO YEARS OR LESS	1933-07	1933	\$ 3700 15	\$ 8864 00	\$ 1172 22
Total (a) (Transfer net profit or loss to Item 8 (a))					\$ 1172 22
(b) OTHER ASSETS HELD TWO YEARS OR LESS					
Total (b) (Transfer net profit or loss to Item 8 (b))					
(c) CAPITAL ASSETS					
Total (c) (Transfer net gain or loss to Item 8 (c) or 30)					

1933

RECEIVED
SECTION B
BY J. A. P. FARNHAM
DATE MAY 22 1935.

FORM 1040 MUST BE FILED WITH THIS RETURN
INDIVIDUAL INCOME TAX RETURN
FOR NET INCOMES FROM SALARIES OR WAGES OF MORE THAN \$3,000
AND INCOMES FROM BUSINESS, PROFESSION, RENTS, OR SALE OF PROPERTY
For Calendar Year 1934

or fiscal year begun _____, 1934, and ended _____, 1935
File This Return Not Later Than the 15th Day of the Third Month Following the Close of the Taxable Year
PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY BELOW

James Roosevelt
305 Walnut St.
Brookline
(Street and number, or rural route)
Brookline (City) Mass. (State)

Do Not Write in These Spaces
File No. 2460
Serial Number 201103
RECEIVED
REMITTANCE
APR 13 1935
COLL. OF INT. REV.
BOSTON OFFICE

1. State whether you are (a) a citizen of the United States, or (b) a resident alien. **yes, citizen Boston**
2. Were you married and living with husband or wife during your taxable year? **yes**
3. State name of husband or wife if a separate return was made and the collector's office to which it was sent. **Betty C.**
4. If not married, were you during your taxable year supporting in your household one or more persons closely related to you?
5. How many dependent persons (other than husband or wife) under 18 years of age or incapable of self-support received their chief support from you during your taxable year? **ONE**
6. State whether your business is kept on cash or actual basis.
7. If on cash basis, state the date when you received payment for goods sold or services rendered.
8. If on actual basis, state the date when you received payment for goods sold or services rendered.
9. If you are a partner in a partnership, state the name and address of each partner and the name and address of the partnership.
10. If you are a partner in a partnership, state the name and address of each partner and the name and address of the partnership.
11. If you are a partner in a partnership, state the name and address of each partner and the name and address of the partnership.
12. Did you make a return under the calendar year 1933? (Answer "yes" or "no") **no**

Income	Amount received	Excess paid (shown on Schedule A)
1. Salaries, Wages, Commissions, Fees, etc. (State name and address of employer)		
Various commissions	\$ 4,955.18	
Broadcasting and speaking	\$ 941.10	
2. Income (or Loss) from Business or Profession (From Schedule A)		
Interest on Bank Deposits, Notes, Corporation Bonds, etc. (except interest on tax-free covenant bonds)	\$ 33.43	
4. Interest on Tax-free Covenant Bonds Upon Which a Tax was Paid at Maturity		
5. Income (or Loss) from Partnerships, Syndicates, Pools, etc. (State name, address, and kind of business)		
Roosevelt and Sargent	\$ 37,215.75	
6. Income from Fiduciaries (State name and address)		
7. Rents and Royalties (From Schedule B)		
8. Capital Gain (or Loss) (From Schedule C)		
9. Taxable Interest on Liberty Bonds, etc. (From Schedule D)		
10. Dividends on Stock of: (a) Domestic Corporations subject to taxation under Title I of 1934 Act	\$ 1,075.75	
(b) Domestic Corporations not subject to taxation under Title I of 1934 Act		
(c) Foreign Corporations		
11. Other Income (State nature) (Use separate schedule, if necessary)		
12. TOTAL INCOME IN ITEMS 1 TO 11	\$ 49,187.37	

DEDUCTIONS	Amount
13. Interest Paid (Explain in Schedule F)	\$ 200.00
14. Taxes Paid (Explain in Schedule F)	\$ 387.23
15. Losses by Fire, Storm, etc. (Explain in table at foot of page 2) Depreciation	\$ 174.91
16. Bad Debts (Explain in Schedule F)	
17. Contributions (Explain in Schedule F)	\$ 328.50
18. Other Deductions Authorized by Law (Explain in Schedule F) See attached schedule	\$ 8,869.26
19. TOTAL DEDUCTIONS IN ITEMS 13 TO 18	\$ 9,960.00
20. NET INCOME (Item 12 minus Item 19)	\$ 39,227.37

COMPUTATION OF TAX (See Instruction 23)	Amount
21. Net income (Item 20 above)	\$ 39,227.37
22. Less: Personal exemption \$ 2,500	
23. Credit for Dependents 400	
24. Balance (Surplus net income)	\$ 36,327.37
25. Less: Interest on Liberty bonds, etc. (Item 9)	
26. Dividends (Item 10 (a))	\$ 1,075.75
27. Earned income credit (See Instruction 22)	\$ 1,400.00
28. Balance subject to normal tax	\$ 33,851.62
29. Normal tax (4% of Item 28)	\$ 1,353.26
30. Surplus on Item 24 (See Instruction 23)	\$ 4,284.55
31. Total tax (Item 29 plus Item 30)	\$ 5,637.81
32. Less: Income tax paid at source (2% of Item 4)	
33. Income tax paid to a foreign country or U.S. possession	
34. Balance of Tax (Item 31 minus Items 32 and 33)	\$ 5,637.81

AFFIDAVIT (See Instruction 27)
I/we swear (or affirm) that this return (including its accompanying schedules and statements, if any) has been examined by me/us, and to the best of my/our knowledge and belief is a true, correct, and complete return, pursuant to the Revenue Act of 1934 and the Regulations issued thereunder.
Sworn to and subscribed by James Roosevelt before me this 13 day of April, 1935.
Notary Public for the State of Massachusetts

AFFIDAVIT (See Instruction 27)
I/we swear (or affirm) that I/we prepared this return for the person or persons named herein and that the return (including its accompanying schedules and statements, if any) is a true, correct, and complete statement of all the information respecting the income tax liability of the person or persons for whom this return has been prepared of which I/we have any knowledge.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13 day of April, 1935.
Notary Public for the State of Massachusetts

SCHEDULE E - INCOME FROM DIVIDENDS	Amount
Allis-Fisher	\$ 400.00
American Tel. & Tel.	41.75
Consolidated Gas of N. Y.	32.74
North American Edison	75.00
North American	77.16
First Boston Corp.	50.00
	\$ 1,075.75

SCHEDULE F - EXPLANATION OF DEDUCTIONS CLAIMED IN ITEMS 1, 14, 16, 17, AND 18	Amount
Broker's license	\$ 50.00
Wages Paid	1,400.00
Telephone and Telegraph	307.14
Travel Expense	2,474.04
Advertising	130.00
Miscellaneous Office Expense	600.41
Commissions paid	27.50
Rent	180.00
Edison	1.75
Gas & Oil	33.58
Repairs	170.00
Garage	60.00
	\$ 6,003.76

1934

insurance job and why didn't I try.

"However, we did not pause to consider what other insurance firms might be doing about getting that contract. We didn't even inquire what other firms were after it. In such instances, the thing to do is—anyway, we went to the offices of the American Tobacco Company and met Mr. Paul Hahn, assistant to Mr. Hill. Howard Cullman, a close friend of my family, introduced me to Mr. Hahn. Mr. Cullman was commissioner of the Port of New York Authority. Remind me to tell you about him and the Authority later. Interesting.

"No one was quite sure how much insurance Mr. Hill would take. No one knew whether it would be ten million or none. But all of us—all of us who were soliciting the business—aimed high, although we knew that business conditions did not warrant the ten million we all shot at. Selling an insurance policy—a life policy—for ten million dollars is no hand-waiving process.

"Therefore, the propositions must have been widely varied. For more than six months I worked on this proposition. Believe me, I left nothing

legitimate undone. But it is said that just before Father was nominated, or immediately after, Mr. Hill was at Warm Springs, Georgia, and that I telephoned Father that I wanted him to be nice to Mr. Hill because much depended upon it—for me. That's utterly untrue. I neither telegraphed, wrote nor telephoned—nor sent a message. As far as I know Mr. Hill was not Father's guest in Warm Springs until after election—almost five months after I got the contract to insure Mr. Hill's life for \$2,500,000.

"And neither I nor my firm has done a dollar's worth of business with Mr. Hill or the American Tobacco Company since I sold him that life policy. If those who spread the telephone story had thought it necessary to come to me for information I would have been glad to set them straight. I should have gladly, too, given them access to my income tax returns. But who am I that anyone should come to me for facts about me?

"On November 29, 1932, I learned that Mr. Hill was to visit Father at Warm Springs. He was the possible
(Continued on page 33)

SCHEDULE A - INCOME (OR LOSS) FROM BUSINESS OR PROFESSION (See Instruction 2)	Amount
1. Total receipts from business or profession (state kind of business)	
Cost of Goods Sold	
2. Labor	
3. Material and supplies	
4. Merchandise bought for sale	
5. Other costs (explain below or on separate sheet)	
6. Plus inventory at beginning of year	
7. Total (Lines 2 to 6)	
8. Less inventory at end of year	
9. Net Cost of Goods Sold (Line 7 minus Line 8)	
10. Salaries not included as "Labor" in Line 2 (do not deduct compensation for your services)	
11. Interest on business indebtedness to others	
12. Taxes on business and business property	
13. Losses (explain in table at foot of page)	
14. Bad debts arising from sales or services	
15. Depreciation, obsolescence, and depletion (explain in table provided at foot of page)	
16. Rent, repairs, and other expenses (explain below or on separate sheet)	
17. Total (Lines 10 to 16)	
18. Total Deductions (Line 9 plus Line 17)	
19. NET PROFIT (or Loss) (Line 1 minus Line 18) (Enter as Item 2)	

SCHEDULE B - INCOME FROM RENTS AND ROYALTIES (See Instruction 7)	Amount
1. Kind of Property	
2. Amount Received	
3. Cost or Value at Beginning of Year	
4. Depreciation (Explain in table at foot of page)	
5. Repairs	
6. Other Expenses (Explain below or on separate sheet)	
7. Net Profit (Enter as Item 2)	

SCHEDULE C - CAPITAL GAINS AND LOSSES (See Instruction 8)	Amount
1. Description of Property	
2. Date Acquired	
3. Date Sold or Exchanged	
4. Amount Realized	
5. Cost or Market Value at Beginning of Year (If sold, state date)	
6. Cost or Market Value at End of Year (If sold, state date)	
7. Depreciation (Explain in table at foot of page)	
8. Gain or Loss	
9. Net Gain or Loss	
10. Gain or Loss to be reported in Item 2	

SCHEDULE D - INTEREST ON LIBERTY BONDS AND OTHER OBLIGATIONS OR SECURITIES (See Instruction 9)	Amount
1. Obligations or Securities	
2. Amount Owed	
3. Interest Received or Accrued	
4. Principal Amount of Obligations or Securities	
5. Interest on Amount of Obligations or Securities	
6. Net Interest (Enter as Item 2)	

SCHEDULE E - INCOME FROM DIVIDENDS	Amount
1. Name of Corporation	
2. Amount Received	
3. Dividend Received	
4. Dividend Received	
5. Dividend Received	
6. Dividend Received	
7. Dividend Received	
8. Dividend Received	
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98. Dividend Received	
99. Dividend Received	
100. Dividend Received	

SCHEDULE F - EXPLANATION OF DEDUCTIONS CLAIMED IN ITEMS 1, 14, 16, 17, AND 18	Amount
Emergency Relief	\$ 200.00
Post Santa Claus	10.00
Boy Scouts	12.00
Seymour Foundation	2.00
Plymouth Tuberculosis Society	2.00
Christmas Fund	2.50
	\$ 228.50

SCHEDULE G - EXPLANATION OF DEDUCTIONS CLAIMED IN SCHEDULES A AND B	Amount
1. Kind of Property	
2. Date Acquired	
3. Cost or Market Value at Beginning of Year	
4. Amount Paid for Depreciation	
5. Depreciation Allowed (Explain in table at foot of page)	
6. Remaining Cost or Market Value at End of Year	
7. Life Used (Explain in table at foot of page)	
8. Depreciation Allowed (Explain in table at foot of page)	
9. Depreciation Allowed (Explain in table at foot of page)	
10. Depreciation Allowed (Explain in table at foot of page)	
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100. Depreciation Allowed (Explain in table at foot of page)	

SCHEDULE H - EXPLANATION OF DEDUCTIONS CLAIMED IN SCHEDULE A AND IN ITEM 15	Amount
1. Kind of Property	
2. Date Acquired	
3. Cost	
4. Subsequent Improvements	
5. Depreciation Allowed (Explain in table at foot of page)	
6. Insurance and Salvage Value	
7. Depreciable Loss	

Little Stranger

By Walter Henry

AS SOON as I heard about it, I went to Regan's saloon. Regan was there. He was a big man, with the coldest black eyes I've ever looked into. When I came in, he was behind the bar. I walked to the bar and said: "You going through with this business?"

He was tinkering with a gun. He gave me a dirty look. I told him what I had to tell him. It didn't take long.

When I was through with Regan, I went out and found the boy. He was leaning against a post outside the Fenton House. His horse, a scrawny pinto, was tied to the post. He must have ridden that horse twenty miles that morning; the brute was white with sweat, and he looked half dead.

When I came up, the boy turned his head and looked at me. He couldn't have been more than twenty. He wore a battered, old sombrero, and his boots weren't any too new. His face was long and narrow; it was brown, from the sun. His eyes were gray and bloodshot—and shifty. His mouth was a weak one, with lines cutting down deep on either side of it. He was just a little bowlegged, and not much to look at.

I stepped up beside him and said: "You slapped the wrong man, boy. Regan's a bad one."

He stared at me and said: "If he'd had his gun, I'd 'a' killed him. He called me a liar."

I studied his face. I knew how he felt—a boy, and a stranger without friends at that, about to meet an experienced gun fighter in a street duel. But I would never have guessed he was scared, from anything his face showed.

"Listen, stranger," I said. "Nobody knows you here. Nobody gives a damn whether you fight that man or not. Get on your horse and clear out. You've got nothing to lose."

The boy dug the toe of his boot in the dust. I noticed that his spurs were new. "I ain't yellow," he said quietly. "I'm stayin'."

I took out my watch and looked at it. Twenty-seven minutes past twelve. I had three more minutes to work in. I wanted to save this boy if I could. I couldn't take any chances.

"Regan's a bear cat on the draw," I said. "He'll beat you to it, sure as hell."

The boy didn't say anything. He pulled out the makin's, rolled a cigarette with quick, expert movements of his fingers. When he lighted the cigarette, his hands trembled.

I tried once more. "A kid like you hasn't got a Chinaman's chance against a man like Regan. For the love of God, boy, leave this town quick. Right now, while the going's good!"

"Maybe you're right, friend," he said. "And I thank you. But I think I'll stick around. What's the time?"

I looked at my watch. "Half past twelve," I said.

HE THREW away his cigarette butt, straightened his shoulders, pulled his hat on tight. He loosened his gun belt a little. He pulled his gun out—he was a left-hander, I noticed—tested the trigger, slipped it back into the holster.

"All set," he said, and stepped out into the street. When he got to the middle of the street, he halted, turned to his right, and started off. I thought that the lines about his mouth had deepened, and under his tan he looked pale. But his eyes were like gray ice as he walked.

He moved very slowly. He held his head rigid. He walked on the balls of his feet. He seemed to be looking straight down the center of the street. But I could see that he wasn't missing anything.

The street was about four hundred yards long, at a guess. I figured that if Regan was around now—as he'd told the boy he would be—he would probably wait in his saloon, at the other end of the street. The thing would happen as the boy passed his place and Regan stepped out.

The boy may have figured it that way, too.



This time I didn't follow him. It might be safer in the doorway of the Palace; I stayed there

But he wasn't taking any chances. One slow step at a time, he moved. He kept touching the butt of his gun—just touching it. Now and then he'd stop, and look cautiously around.

I trailed him. I stayed on the sidewalk. I kept about ten yards behind him. I wasn't afraid of any wild bullets from Regan.

The Palace, a saloon—not Regan's place—was halfway down the street—only two hundred yards from where we started, but it took the boy a long time to reach it. When he reached it, he surprised me; he turned quickly and walked in.

I jumped after him. When I got inside, he was at the bar. "A shot of whisky," I heard him say to the bartender, in that dead, hard drawl of his. There were four or five punchers standing near the door. Two of them were friends of Regan. None of them said a word; none of them moved. They all seemed frozen.

The boy took the drink at one gulp. He threw a silver dollar on the bar and walked out. He passed me as though he had never seen me.

Two hundred yards more to go. It might happen at any moment now. I couldn't be sure just what would happen; I didn't know Regan well enough to dope it out.

THE boy reached the center of the street, wheeled to the left, and went on toward Regan's. He moved slower than before. This time I didn't follow him. It might be safer in the doorway of the Palace; I stayed there. . . . I kept wondering what Regan was going to do.

There were five hundred people in that town. Half of them, behind closed blinds and corners, were watching.

Once, just before the boy reached a corner, he yanked out his gun. I thought we were going to have it then. Nothing happened.

When he was opposite Regan's place, one of the punchers whispered: "Now!" I took a quick look at my watch. It was twelve thirty-seven. . . . The boy passed Regan's place. He reached the end of the street. He turned there and stood looking toward us.

I said: "Looks like the kid's wasting his time," and I went out and waited for the boy in the middle of the street.

He came back the same way he made the first trip. One step at a time, one slow step at a time, eyes straight ahead. When he reached the Palace, I trailed along again. I knew then that if it was going to happen it would happen in this last stretch. "Careful, boy," I called out. "Don't take any chances."

It seemed like an hour before we reached the pinto. I'm an old man, now, but I'll never forget how I felt as we reached that horse.

The boy got there before I did. I ran to him. I put out my hand. "Shake, boy!" I said. "Put it there! I've seen mighty few men who would do what you just did."

He didn't see my hand. He didn't even look at me. He said, "I ain't yellow," and began untying the pinto.

I hadn't planned to tell him. Now I gave it to him straight. "No," I said, "you ain't yellow, boy. But I guess I saved your life!"

He seemed mildly interested. "Yeah?" he said slowly and climbed onto his horse.

I watched him start to roll a cigarette. "Listen, young feller," I said. "I couldn't let Regan kill a boy like you. So I up and gave him some news."

"Yeah?" He flicked a quick look at me.

"Sure," I said. "I told that quitter your name was William Bonney," I laughed. "Ever hear of Bonney, boy? He's hell with a gun, they say. . . . You know who I mean—Billy the Kid!"

The boy stared at me for a moment. He didn't change expression. "Well, now, ain't that curious, stranger," he drawled. His eyes bit into mine hard. "I am Billy the Kid."

And that time he cleared out . . . in a hurry.

MY UNCLE Edward shut the rod box angrily. "Diana," he said, "I offer you a week's fishing on the Spey, and instead you propose to go off by yourself on some fool idea of catching your first salmon in the Pyrenees. Don't be silly!"

I was sorry for him. These dyed-in-the-wool conservatives go purple at the wattles at the mere thought of doing anything unusual.

"As a writer," I retorted, "what I want is copy and experience."

"I'd hate to tell you what you want, Diana, but if you were a boy, I'd love to demonstrate it with the back of a hairbrush."

I turned my back on him, and he produced a fearful cliché about finding some man who'd sit me down with a bump, and show me what was what.

"At the moment I'm less bothered about finding a man than borrowing a few rods," I said coldly.

"Why?" he came back. "You haven't a hope of catching anything. These Pyrenean rivers are fished, poached and netted to blazes. You'll get nothing."

But he lent me a spinning outfit, and sent me off with the assurance that he had no intention of deserting the Spey to attend my inquest.

Determined to prove that he was wrong, I did not go direct to the people with whom I had arranged, through an agent, to stay, but drove my car to the village of Peyrehourade, where the *Inscrits Maritimes* have government authority to use nets. I thought the experience might prove instructive—and it was.

Ignoring the fact that there would be no salmon unless a reasonable number were allowed to run the river for spawning, a procession of nets, night and day, swept the river from bank to bank. They caught nothing, but that was not the point. The principle was all wrong, and I said so to some of the fishermen. But they took no notice. I returned to my car in a huff.

The forty-mile journey could not have been lovelier. The river ran through a gorge on my left and to the south the snow peaks of the Pyrenees pricked a

sky of Sevres blue. But in every likely pool the water was being combed by rod-and-line fishermen, and nobody had caught a thing.

From the agent's description I had expected to be fishing private water, and the discovery that anybody who could afford thirty-five francs for a fishing permit was entitled to fish sixty kilometers of water was infuriating.

I solaced myself with the thought that my host, Monsieur Ruysant, had been declared a salmon fisherman of great renown, and in imagination I expected to find him a sort of French edition of Uncle Ned. A fresh shock awaited me when a small, tub-shaped man, with three chins and a garlic breath, careered into the courtyard and wrung me warmly by both hands.

"I am glad to 'ave you," he declared, in cockney but fluent English. He introduced me to his wife, an elderly woman with gay eyes, and to his small son, Girond, a serious little fellow who was so determinedly polite that he wore his hat in and out of the house for the purpose of sweeping it off his head whenever I appeared.

MONSIEUR RUYSANT piloted me up an outside staircase to my room. I asked him what the chances were of getting a fish. His answer was oblique. I was very little for fishing, but the sunshine was lovely, soon I would be as brown as a carrot. . . .

"And eat? You shall eat so much that you do not have room for him all. And you shall enjoy every minute. I have from England two other guests—a doctor very eminent, Sir Henry Chalmer, and his friend Feathers."

"Feathers?" I repeated.

"It is the name they nick for him, Feathers Conway."

"Have they caught anything?"

Monsieur Ruysant bounced his hands up and down on the spring mattress of an enormous bed.

"Very, very comfortable, indeed," he said. "I am born in this bed, also my son Girond. Ah, I smell the dinner. We shall not stop to wash."

But it was twenty minutes before I had changed and made my way to the salon.

My host and hostess and the two guests were already at the table. The boy Girond was sitting at the end of the room reading a magazine. His cap was on and he sprang to his feet and whipped it off as I came in.

Madame introduced me to Sir Henry and to Feathers.

An eminent surgeon once told me that successful doctors are divided into two classes—the pseudo aristocrat and the vet. Sir Henry belonged to the latter category. He was dry and had no suggestion of polish. My arrival interrupted a story he was telling. His greeting was a frown and lifting his lower portions about two inches clear of the seat of the chair.

Feathers, who looked like a very bad drawing of a staff officer, was quite a different cup of tea. No sooner had his eyes settled upon me, and in one of them was a blue glass monocle, than I knew I had clicked with him. Don't ask me how I knew it, for the creature was completely inarticulate. In lieu of conversation he made grumbling, sighing noises, such as you might hear in a cow barn during milking hours. He was, however, stiffly polite, and knocked his chair over in coming to his feet. Little Girond sprang up to set it on four legs.

"Wa-ah-unks!" said Feathers, in appreciation of the service.

I was given a place between him and my host. After which Sir Henry remorselessly picked up the thread of his story. It dealt with his experiences in the South African war, and I marveled that anybody could remember anything so dull.

In an interval for mastication, Monsieur Ruysant got out the fact that I wrote stories for American and English magazines.

Just Beyond the Fighting

By Roland Pertwee

Uncle Edward's niece Diana hooks herself an adventure



My arrival interrupted a story Sir Henry was telling. His greeting was a frown



"A fiver." It was a lot, but I was in that kind of mood.

Sir Henry shook his head.

"No. Though it would serve you right, for you are a very unpleasant young woman."

"Huh! Yellar," said I, out of any gangster film.

"Wahwahwah! Easeas!" Feathers subscribed as a general protest.

But Sir Henry had more to say.

"If I thought you could stand up for five minutes in that river I might take you on. But you couldn't. If you tried you'd be washed away and become jetsam, and a good job too."

It was no fault of mine that I happened to be little but to have a joke made about it was more than I could stand.

"All right," I said, "if you won't risk any money I'll take it out in doctor's fees. But I'll get a salmon in the Pyrenees, and I'll get one before you do. What's more, I'll make you eat it from the tail first."

I know it sounded like an idle boast, but it wasn't. What he had said about the power of the river had given me an idea. I would go up to one of the little mountain streams and get my fish there. The fact that I had paid the Ruysants for a week's board and lodging didn't influence me. I was willing to let the money go.

SIR HENRY, who was not impressed, returned to the house without a word. But Feathers lingered.

I won't attempt to reproduce our conversation. No ordinary alphabet would supply the sounds. Yet, somehow, he managed to convey a willingness to help. He was deeply shocked at the idea of my going off alone into the mountains, but whether on account of fears for my safety, or disappointment at losing me, I couldn't really say. His one constructive act was the loan of a tent, of the kind used by Boy Scouts. He even volunteered to show me how to pitch it, but it finished up by my showing him how it was done.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "I too see the card you show the guard. It is for mademoiselle, not for madame. You are a very, very naughty girl!"

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Sir Henry, who had been steadily approaching Pretoria, was annoyed by the interruption. He said:

"My life is too busy to bother with magazines."

"Ah mouf-wouff!" Feathers protested, rather charmingly, I thought.

Perhaps Sir Henry felt he had been hitting too hard. His next remark seemed to suggest it.

"I very much doubt whether I could write a short story."

"I don't see why not. You can tell a damned long one," I threw back.

Trying to score off important people is very idiotic, but he'd asked for it and got it. From Feathers came an eruptive choke, the result of a piece of lamb going down the wrong way, and the wink that Madame flashed me was a medal for valor. I much preferred it to Monsieur Ruysant's investiture, carried out by a roaming foot under the table.

I flattered myself that I had got away with the first engagement pretty well, but I had underestimated Sir Henry as an antagonist. He looked at me through a pair of steel spectacles.

"One of the few ailments over which medical science is powerless," said he, "is the enlarged ego. You, young lady, suffer from it in an advanced stage." Then, without giving me time to reply, he resumed his march through the veldt.

OF ALL the people present I was inclined most to pity the luckless Feathers. He was in the unhappy position of having to support a friend against a girl who had hit him a nasty smack over the aorta. And being without words, he had no machinery for doing it.

Dinner over, I went out into the garden in an amethystine dusk. The hour was too late for fishing, but I put up the rod Uncle Ned had lent me to practice a few casts.

I did not anticipate much difficulty in casting a

spinner, and, taking up a position near the house, I chose a clear patch ahead to cast at. The reel had a brake and appeared foolproof.

"Now," I thought, "I mustn't forget to give it a nice easy swing and a good follow through."

The swing was perfect, but something went wrong with the follow through, for the weight I had attached smashed one of the windows of the house and hit Sir Henry in the nape of the neck as he was settling down with a copy of the British Medical Journal.

With a yell of agony and surprise he leaped to his feet and his eyes fastened upon Girond, who had followed me out with the intention of putting in a little brisk hat work.

It was natural for a man of Sir Henry's type to assume that small boys spend their lives throwing stones and, bent on vengeance, he plunged into the garden.

"Hoi!" I shouted, "let him alone. I did it."

He stopped, a hand raised and his brows down.

"Deliberately?"

I would liked to have replied "Yes," but hadn't the nerve.

"No, and I'm very sorry."

Because it went against the grain to apologize to him I looked down and saw that I had let the line overrun and there was the most unholy tangle round the barrel of the reel. Sir Henry saw it too, and smiled sourly.

"Then might I suggest you try your 'prentice hand in a less populated area."

A "Wa-wa, starstarstar," behind me proved that Feathers had come to my rescue.

But I was boiling.

"You can leave out that 'prentice hand stuff. I bet I'll catch as many fish as you do, and that won't be difficult, as you haven't caught one."

For the first time I saw a twinkle of amusement in Sir Henry's eyes. "How much?" he asked.

The poor fellow must have got me badly, for when, at the crack of a lemon-and-gray dawn, I came downstairs with a handbag, I found him mounting guard over the car. He had brought, as a parting gift, a sleeping bag and offered it with the words:

"Betaveis. Coluperenites."

Then he sighed and watched me drive away.

I couldn't help wishing that I liked men better. But try as I would I could not avoid seeing their stupid sides. . . .

At Oloron I bought three cans of pâté de foie gras, some sardines, tea and condensed milk and packed them in a haversack, which I left on the seat beside me. I already possessed a little primus stove and a saucepan. I felt delightfully independent as I jumped back into the car and continued my journey eastward—and upward.

I MUST have traveled over an hour, mounting higher and higher, when I came to a picket of French troops. One of the sentries signaled me to stop and asked where I thought I was going. I told him fishing.

"Not this way, Mademoiselle," he said. "This way leads to the Spanish frontier."

Very sulkily, I reversed the car and drove back by the way I had come. It was the first time I had been interfered with on account of a war, and I resented it. As a British citizen I felt I had a right to go where I liked.

I am not quite sure where this contretemps took place, but the country thereabout was wild and deserted with a few scattered farms. I had gone back perhaps a mile when I saw a track leading to the left. In a spirit of pique I took it, and I hadn't been going ten minutes before I regretted the decision. The track rose with alarming steepness and fell away precipitously on the right into a gorge through which a river boiled frighteningly. I (Continued on page 35)

It's the Way You Say It

By Ruth Seinfel

Helen Traubel of the Metropolitan, one of many great singers trained by Boghetti

COLLIER PHOTOGRAPHS

Lisa Sergio, N.B.C.'s only woman announcer, has a natural voice for radio

IN 1940 you will be casting your vote for a President of the United States. You may think you'll be voting for a platform, a party or a man. More likely you'll be voting for a voice.

A newspaper columnist wrote words to this effect recently, and nobody contradicted him. Instead, those eccentric people called voice coaches, who used to be ignored by any but stage-struck and opera-bitten boys and girls, have suddenly become the objects of a lot of flattering attention. Firms like Standard Oil have hired them to take the vocal kinks out of their sales staffs. Governor Alf Landon turned to one of them for help in repairing the unfortunate effect of his radio voice, but too late.

"You can't put make-up on your voice," says one of the trainers of human vocal organs. "You can grow whiskers on your lip or chin, trick your face up with eye shadow and lipstick. But if you want to do something about your voice, be prepared for honest labor. Voices are the most important reason why so many beautiful girls are waiting on tables in Hollywood restaurants."

This particular expert happens to be Giuseppe Boghetti, who has rendered a number of Philadelphia debutantes easier to listen to. He has also trained some notable singing voices, among them Helen Traubel of the Metropolitan and the Negro contralto Marian Anderson whom Maestro Toscanini considers to have one of the great voices of the ages, and who incidentally has one of the most beautiful speaking voices that ever thanked an admiring public from a concert platform.

That same speaking voice used to be rather guttural, Mr. Boghetti remembers. What happened was that while Miss Anderson was practicing to get her singing tones up into her head she managed to get her speaking voice up there, too.

"Aw-ee" and See What Happens

Getting her voice up into her head is what Cousin Ella, who sings in the choir, is trying to do when she goes around holding her nose and humming "M-mmmm, n-nnnn, mind, none." But what's Cousin Ella going to do when there isn't an *m* or an *n* in the word she has to sing? That's why, says Mr. Boghetti, it's better to practice with vowel sounds. Purse your lips and sing "Aw-ee" and see what happens to your voice.

What you've done is to coax the sound waves into bouncing against the bones of your face, the sounding board Nature gave you. You've made your voice resonant, and resonance is one of the elements of a good voice. But only one.

Well, what makes a good voice? President Roosevelt has one of the best we're likely to hear on the air, the experts are almost a hundred per cent agreed.

But if you asked them why you would get about a hundred different explanations. His range isn't remarkable; he hits about the same number of tones the average American baritone is likely to use. He doesn't pull the organ stops the way silver-tongued Bryan or Billy Sunday used to do. He doesn't tremble with emotion like Hitler or leap from a whisper to a roar like Mussolini. What he seems to do is just talk naturally, using the tones that come most easily, with their rich overtones unmarred by strain, and he always manages to have enough breath to finish strong when he comes to a period.

Breath control, vow the singing teachers, is what does it. Remember Governor Landon, they say. Not only did he use only about one fifth the normal range of a male voice, not only were

(Continued on page 43)



Mr. Mudge put his foot right down on that. "You wouldn't wanta wear one of them suits, Angel," he said

The Doctor said "Ouch!"

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

NADINE just simply could not see why all the girls who worked in Dr. Curtis' office were crazy for doctors but she, and why she hadta' be the only one to stand up against Dr. Preston Tough Guy Curtis and tell him where to get off. All the other girls, even Miss Byforth, the head nurse, said, "Yes, Doctor" and "No, Doctor" in a meek-mosey manner of their speech.

It made Nadine's blood run cold lots of times to hear how Dr. Curtis treated the other girls. Especially how he treated poor Miss Byforth that everybody knew had been in love with Hard-boiled Bimbo Curtis for nine years. He would maybe only grunt at Nettie Jordan, the other registered nurse, or bark

Adventures of the red-haired Nadine and that Mr. Mudge. Doctors' offices are so quiet!

at Christine, the X-ray technician; but he would get sarcastical with Miss Byforth and make her cry.

Not that it was any of Nadine's business how Dr. Curtis treated Miss Byforth, since Nadine was employed to run the switchboard and be receptionist on Miss Reavey's day off. Just the same, a girl of high

and independent spirits can stand only so much, and she can see the true justice of a matter even although she is not an R. N. or a technician.

The plain and simple truth was that Miss Byforth had a heart and did not like to see people suffer while Dr. He Man Treat 'Em Rough Curtis did not care how much you suffered.

"Well, Byforth," Dr. Curtis would say, sarcastical, "have you given the anesthetic?"

"No, Doctor," Miss Byforth would say, meek-mosey. "But couldn't she have a little ethyl chloride—she's quite upset—"

"For a splinter? Oh, no, Miss Byforth. Let's do a brachial plexus block!"



Switchboard service was very poor while Nadine listened through the half-open door

This was very dirty double talk to Miss Byforth since anyone that has worked in a doctor's office knows you would not hafta do a nerve-block for a splinter; but it *would* be okay to spray on a little ethyl chloride to ease the pain. Sure enough, the patient hollered like everything that time but Iron Man Curtis went right on probing.

Nadine, listening, did not say anything. The next time Dr. Curtis jumped all over Miss Byforth, however, Nadine said plenty. Dr. Curtis was out on a residence call one morning when Mrs. Jablonsky's special nurse at the hospital called and told Miss Byforth the patient had gas pains somepin fierce and had not slept a wink all night. She was in a hysterical condition, besides, and could she have a quarter grain of morphine?

"Give her some codeine," Miss Byforth said. "I'll check with Dr. Curtis as soon as I can reach him."

Hard as Nails Curtis hit the ceiling when he got to the office and Miss Byforth told him about Mrs. Jablonsky.

"Gas pains, phooey," he said; "she's a spoiled baby. Give her an aspirin!"

"B-but I said she could have some codeine—"

"Oh, you did? So you're running my practice now, are you? Well, it's got to stop. I won't have my patients filled with dope, understand? You've got to stop pampering my patients and furthermore—"

So poor Miss Byforth's face got red and she ran into the medicine room to cry. And Nadine—why, it seemed like she had reached the end of her endurance with Big Blood and Thunder Curtis alla time bullying Miss Byforth.

"You oughta be ashamed of yourself, Dr. Curtis," Nadine said, she was so mad. "Miss Byforth has got some respect for humanity and does not enjoy seeing people suffer like you do. Have you ever had any gas pains?"

Well, it was kinda funny. Big Shot Curtis looked like he could not believe his ears, a girl standing up to him that-away.

"No, Red," he just said. "Don't believe I ever had gas pains. Go get Miss Byforth—uh—I'll apologize."

So Nadine marched right into the medicine room and there was Miss Byforth boohooing into a wad of gauze wipes. And the awful thing about it was that Miss Byforth was so under the thumb of Cut 'Em and Laugh Curtis that she did not want him to apologize to her.

"I'm the one who should apologize, Nadine," she said. "Codeine wasn't the thing. I just didn't think. I'll apologize—"

"Don't be such a sap, Miss Byforth!" "I hear the switchboard buzzing, Nadine."

WHICH just goes to show you how doctors have the old Indian sign on registered nurses and how Miss Byforth, who was truly beautiful and could've married half a dozen fellas, two of them rich patients and not widowers with children either, would rather be a door mat for Give 'Em an Aspirin Curtis. He was no bargain even although kinda good-looking if you were partial to tall thin fellas that were alla time too serious in life.

What if he was a surgeon with a low mortality rate and a big practice? You could just deliver Nadine from doctors, not knowing where they was nights and never home for meals regular and half the time women patients making eyes at them and nurses like Miss Byforth, who oughta know better, falling right down and worshiping their footsteps. . .

"Pssst, Nadine!"

"Yes'm?"

"See who that is in the reception room. Miss Reavey's busy—"

So Nadine, thinking nothing of it,

walked out in the reception room and there was this fella, Mr. George Mudge. His right hand was wrapped up in a towel and he was kinda wandering around and whistling "Ti Pi Tin."

"Did you wish to see Dr. Curtis?"

Mr. Mudge stopped in his tracks, looked Nadine up and down, and grinned kinda fresh.

"Yeah . . . but I'd rather see *you*!"

Nadine ignored his silly remark.

"What is the nature of it?" she inquired.

The case history of Mr. George Mudge—which he recited without any prompting—was short and simple. It seemed like why Mr. Mudge had been playing a game with a stamping press in the machine shop of which he was part owner. Another fella would put a quarter under the stamping press and Mr. Mudge would try to sneak it out before the press came down and mashed his fingers.

"I took two-and-a-quarter from the sucker," said Mr. Mudge, in conclusion. "But Rudy, jest for a gag, speeded it up on me. Wanta look?"

Nadine looked away and shook her head hastily.

"The doctor'll look at it," she said. "I guess you better come right in."

Mr. Mudge patted Nadine on the head.

"I'm in your hands, Nurse!" he said.

SWITCHBOARD service in Dr. Curtis' office was very poor for the next twenty minutes while Nadine listened through the half-open door of Treatment Room 3.

"H'mm . . . gave 'em quite a squeeze! I'm afraid we're going to have to take this nail off."

"Okay . . . glad it ain't no worse, Doc."

"It's going to hurt a little—"

"The novocain, Doctor!"

"Aw, I don't need nothing. Cut away, Doc."

"That's the spirit! . . . Fix me some splints, Byforth. . ."

Miss Byforth came out of Room 3, her face red. Nadine stopped her on the way to the medicine room.

"Ain't he gonna give him a drink or nothing?"

"No."

Miss Byforth saw rebellion smoldering in Nadine's eyes and hastened to say defensively: "He doesn't want anything or I'm sure Dr. Curtis would—"

"Yeah, he'd give him a sticka gum to chew!"

Miss Byforth gasped as if at sacrilege.

"Dr. Curtis is our employer and the ablest surgeon in the state. Please remember that, Nadine."

"Yes'm."

Mr. Mudge left Treatment Room 3 a trifle pale, but even jauntier and fresher, if anything, than when he had gone in. His hand was heavily bandaged.

"Oh," he said as he saw Nadine at the switchboard, "ain't you a nurse?"

Nadine was haughty.

"I could've been did I happen to desire that type of a career," she said.

Mr. Mudge patted the top of her head.

"I'm mighty glad you ain't, Sis," he said; "nurses is too knowing. I like a gal that can still blush. Like you're blushing now!"

"Me blushing? This is my normal complexion."

"Yeah? Then you're running a fever!"

She saw Mr. Mudge going through the door.

"Be seeing you, Angel!" said Mr. Mudge, waving his bandaged paw.

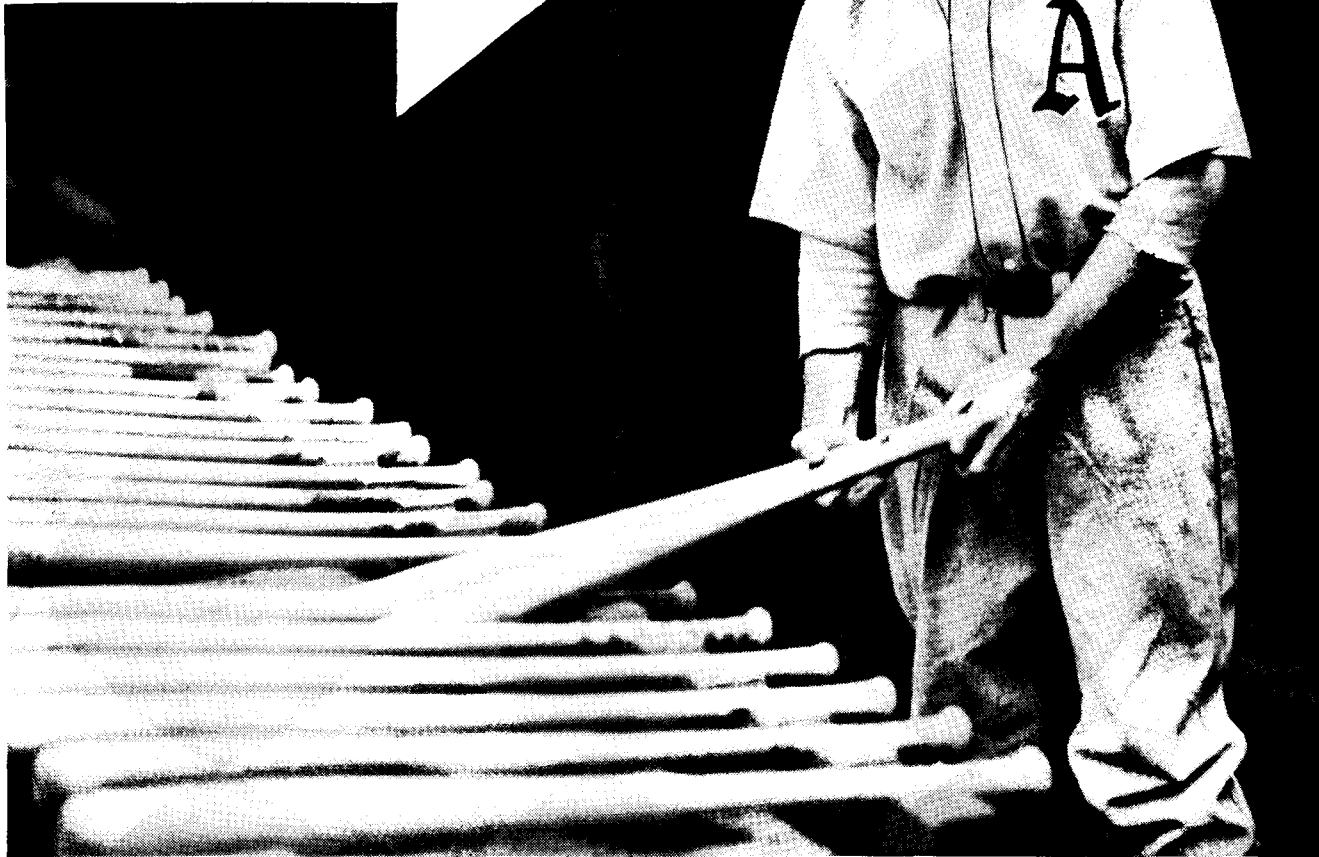
It was not none of Nadine's business, strictly, to warn Mr. Mudge that he had oughta lay down and rest as soon as he got home, from the shock and all. But, my goodness, Nadine knew that Dr. Curtis probably had not bothered to

(Continued on page 31)

California Kid

By Quentin Reynolds

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE MONAHAN
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



Ty Cobb's one and only attempt at scouting brought Slugging Sam Chapman to the A's

THE new kid joined the Athletics in Cleveland and the newspapers carried stories that began: "Sam Chapman, former All-America football player at the University of California, is the first ballplayer to make the jump from college diamond to major-league ball park since John McGraw picked Frankie Frisch off the Fordham University campus." Yeah, they gave young Sam Chapman a big build-up all right.

He reported to the club at noon just four days after college had ended. He met Connie Mack and Mr. Mack said, "My, you're a big boy. Now get yourself a uniform and go out and shag some flies."

The kid put on a uniform and went out there in the big barren waste of the Cleveland ball park. Then when practice was over with he walked to the bench and sat down.

Connie Mack looked at him and said casually, "Go in there at left field, son."

"Who, me?" Chapman asked.

"Yes, son," Mr. Mack said mildly.

Sam Chapman hadn't had a chance to meet his new teammates yet. But anyhow he went out there. There was a man named Johnny Allen pitching for Cleveland that afternoon and Mr. Allen was hot. Mr. Allen looked contemptuously at this college-boy rookie and burned that apple across the plate. He burned it across so fast and withal so mysteriously that our young hero went up there four times and collected exactly no hits. In addition he made a bad error in the outfield. The boys in the press box shook their heads and said, "The kid is nervous. It's a shame to put a kid like that in there."

Sam was dressing afterward in the

clubhouse and Mr. Mack came over to him. He smiled and said, "Son, don't let that bother you."

Actually Chapman wasn't letting it bother him. He'd just had a bad day; he hadn't been nervous. He had plenty of confidence in himself.

They started to sing his requiem before he'd played three games. The jump was too big, they said. What was the matter with old Ty? Yes, Chapman was the only ballplayer Ty Cobb had ever recommended in his life. It was Ty who wired Connie Mack to grab the kid and Mack had enough confidence in Cobb to send the kid a contract. But the boys in the press box weren't impressed. They weren't impressed until the team hit St. Louis a few days later.

Birth of a Big-Leaguer

Oral Hildebrand was tossing them around for the Browns and Oral Hildebrand is owner of one of the best curves ever seen outside of Hollywood. On this day Hildebrand's curve was a beautiful thing. He was keeping it low and it was sizzling. Sam went to the plate the first time and struck out on three pitched balls.

"A sucker for a hook," the bench jockeys yelled. "Back to college, sonny boy."

Sam went up again. This time it took only four balls to strike him out. They were all curves. Curves are the acid test of whether a man can stay up in the Big Show. Lots of ballplayers can murder fast balls but can't hit curves. If they can't hit hooks they might just as well have stayed in bed. Then Chapman went up again and once more he whiffed

and someone in the stands started to sing, "Take Me Out of the Ball Game."

Finally he went up the fourth time. Hildebrand threw him a hook and Sam almost broke his back swinging at it. Oral threw another and again Chapman swang, as the ballplayers say. He swang right lustily and right futilely and some nimble-witted heckler yelled, "Throw the bum a football. Maybe he can hit that."

But Hildebrand didn't throw a football. He threw another curve. Chapman swung again but this time he didn't miss. This time he hit the ball squarely and it sailed into deep center field. The crowd jumped up and followed the flight of the ball. This crowd had never seen a hit like that and it must be remembered that a gentleman named Ruth has played in that St. Louis American League ball park many a time. It was not only the longest hit ever made in the park, it was one of the longest hits ever made in the history of baseball. Chapman trotted around the bases methodically, not a bit excited. Up in the press box the boys were saying, "So that's why ol' Ty recommended the kid."

Since then young Sam (he was just twenty-one the other day) has done everything that a good ballplayer is supposed to do. Temperamentally he is the perfect athlete. Slumps don't bother him. Crowds can't annoy him. He is lightning fast on the bases and second basemen don't like to get in his way when he's sliding in. There are several questions that a young ballplayer has to answer when he comes up: Can he hit curve balls? Is he fast? Is his judgment good on fly balls? Can he take it?

Sam answered that last question not

so long ago in Detroit. Poffenberger, the eccentric and swift Detroit tosser, was a bit wild that day and whether his wildness was intentional or not is a moot question. Sam stepped up and Poffenberger threw one at his head. Sam just dropped to the dirt in time to avoid decapitation. Charley Berry, coaching for the A's on the third-base line, winced. Poffenberger was giving the kid the works, hey? The Detroit pitcher wound up and threw again. Once more Sam had to sprawl on the ground to keep from losing his head. Again Chapman stepped to the plate. Connie Mack, his eyes shaded by the inevitable score card, was watching intently from the dugout. Would the kid pull away from the next ball? The kid didn't. Instead he stepped into it and slapped it into the upper left-field stands for a home run. He showed that he could take it all right.

Hitting is Easy—for Hitters

Chapman is a big, good-looking kid who seems a bit puzzled that anyone should make a fuss over his making good in the major leagues.

"The pitchers don't seem any tougher here," he says, "than they did at college. They are a little faster and they have better control, that's all. But if you can hit you can hit."

Not long ago he struck out five times in a double-header against the Yankees. He looked bad that afternoon and there were those who thought that the immense crowd had rattled him a bit.

"I've played at the Rose Bowl," Sam laughed. "Why should crowds bother me? Anyhow, you never notice the crowd when you're playing."

The fact that he is the only player ever to be recommended by Cobb doesn't unduly inflate Chapman.

"I don't know Cobb, never met him," he says. "Once when we were playing Stanford, I think it was, some of the boys said that he was in the stands. I had a good day that afternoon. I guess that was when he told Mr. Mack about me."

Chapman is not what the boys call a cute hitter. He just goes up there and swings. He doesn't try to outguess the pitcher as some batters do. He is the perfect natural hitter, which means that he has a phenomenal eye.

"I just try to follow the ball and when it comes in my groove I hit it," he says. "That's about all there is to hitting anyway. Throwing from the outfield is different. Earl Mack has been working with me on that. I still throw to the wrong base now and then."

"A lot of players come up to the big time, have one good year and then fade right out," I suggested to Sam. "Any chance of your doing that?"

He considered the question carefully. "I've always played baseball," he said thoughtfully. "First on the sand lots in my home town of Tiburon in California. Then I played with the Tamalpais High School team. I played third and short in those days. I always had it in mind that I'd be a ballplayer. I always wanted to play. I learned a lot playing with the American Legion team out home too and then I went to college. I always wanted to play baseball and now," he added grimly, "that I have my chance I'm not going to blow it."

Connie Mack, conservative, quiet Connie Mack says: "Chapman is the best young prospect I've seen come up to the A's in many years. He's going to be a great ballplayer. My goodness, he takes a nice cut at the ball."

The chances are that soon we'll all forget about Sam Chapman, the All-America from California. Instead we'll be singing the praises of Sam Chapman of the A's, who at this writing is hitting a neat .358 which isn't bad for a youngster.



She looked wildly around. He watched the color fade from her cheeks, the horror deepen in her eyes

The Spymaster

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

SABINE ALEXANDRA MARGARITA, Princess Pelucchi, young and beautiful Italian wife of the wealthy American banker, Henry D. Prestley, opens the London season with a brilliant reception and ball for suave Ambassador Patani, a distant relative of hers who is in England on an undisclosed mission. Everybody of social and diplomatic importance is present.

Admiral Guy Cheshire, former admirer of Sabine's, is a reluctant but observant guest. He and General Lord Robert Mallinson, secret heads of the British Intelligence sections for the navy and army respectively, exchange confidences about the alarming increase in espionage activity in England. They note Antonio Machinka, a restaurateur, and the caterer for the ball, hovering in the background, and Cheshire suggests that the man will bear watching.

Countess Elida, lovely young sister of Sabine, chides the admiral for overworking her friend, Commander Ronald Hincks, and preventing him and Captain Rawson from coming to the party. Cheshire admits they are busy. When the alluring Sabine corners him and invites him for cocktails the next Thursday, she refers obliquely to the trend of affairs in Europe. Cheshire eyes her thoughtfully and says nothing will keep him away.

The following night, after playing bridge at the club with Prestley, Sir Herbert Melville of the police, and Lord Fakenham, the powerful publisher, Admiral Cheshire learns that his trusted aid, Geoffrey Rawson, is a traitor to his country and that Ronnie Hincks has had guilty knowledge of his activity. Rawson has transmitted copies of naval plans and specifications to an alien government. He confronts the two officers with his proofs, and says he will discuss the matter with them in the morning.

That night Rawson commits suicide.

II

CHESHIRE glanced casually through the two piles of letters his secretary had laid before him and waved her out of the room.

"Send Commander Hincks to me," he directed.

The young man entered the room a few minutes later. Already a subtle deterioration seemed to have taken place in his appearance. He was correctly and carefully dressed but he was ghastly pale and there was a little twitch of the features apparent now and then when he spoke. He stood at attention before Cheshire's desk. The latter passed Rawson's letter over to him.

"Read that," he ordered.

Hincks read and returned it without comment. His fingers were shaking.

"That," his chief said deliberately, "is the letter of a brave man. The last words he wrote were lies but they were written to make what amends he could for the harm he had done. Perhaps you are wondering why you are not under arrest?"

"I have not attempted to escape," was the quiet reply.

"You know quite well it would be useless. The reason why you are still at liberty is because the value of our work here would be destroyed and our prestige would suffer if the truth were known. It is important that there should be no whisper anywhere as to the fact that Rawson committed suicide because he was betraying his trust or that you are under arrest because you must to a certain extent be suspected of having aided him. He chose the man's way out but

of course he has made it a little more difficult for you."

Hincks was obviously suffering tortures. His lips twitched but he remained silent.

"Now listen carefully," Cheshire continued. "You carried out your system of dual control, even to your method of parting with the information that one of you stole. A tracing of half the plan of my cruiser was posted by one of you to a person by the name of Henry Copeland at Lambeth post office. That man did not receive the letter—I did. He presented himself and asked for it a little later, but although I had two of my best men on duty there, he gave them the slip. Who is Henry Copeland?"

The young man distinctly shivered. His questioner waited in severe silence. Hincks moistened his lips with his tongue.

"The Henry Copeland to whom the letter was addressed is a man whose real name is Florestan," he confided. "He is in the employ of a large firm of merchants in the city."

"Name and address?"

"Brown, Shipman & Co., 127 Holborn."

Cheshire scribbled down the few notes, then he looked up again.

"The tracing of the other half of the plan was to be disposed of, I presume, in the usual fashion? Answer me."

"Yes, sir."

"To whom were you delivering it?"

"If you will pass me your own revolver, sir, I will make use of it," was the firmly spoken reply. "It is impossible for me to answer your question."

"You are a fool," Cheshire declared. "I have not fully made up my mind, but my present idea is that you should live to make, at any rate, such atonement as you can. To whom were you to deliver it?"

FOR a single moment Hincks seemed suddenly to have become himself again. His voice was steady. His manner controlled.

"I have already been false to the service, sir," he said, "and if I am to stoop to the degradation of answering that question, it would be impossible for me to continue alive for another five minutes."

Cheshire stroked his chin and reflected. "It is a reasonable point of view," he remarked coldly. "I will help you."

Commander Hincks stared. There was already a black line underneath those deep-set eyes of his. The admiral scribbled carelessly upon a slip of paper and held it out in front of the young man. The latter read what was written there and a little moan escaped his lips.

"When was this pleasant ceremony to have taken place?" his torturer demanded, tearing up the fragment of paper and dropping the pieces into the wastepaper basket.

Hincks suddenly faltered in his attitude. He had been standing stiffly at attention the whole of the time. His knees seemed to give way. He caught at the

side of the desk, then quite suddenly he drew himself up again.

"I cannot answer your question because I do not know, sir," he said firmly. "I will confess that I have had my suspicions. I actually knew nothing."

"And what about this Henry Copeland, whose real name is Florestan?"

"I knew nothing of him, sir, except that there have been large transactions with his firm and other departments of the admiralty. I was puzzled. I was suspicious. I failed in my duty by not making an immediate report to you. That is all that I have to say, sir."

"Hand me the other half of the tracing."

Hincks drew out his pocketbook and passed a folded slip of paper across the desk. A single glance was enough.

"It is my desire," Cheshire announced, "that for the moment you do not follow the illustrious example of Rawson. You will continue your activities here under my supervision and direct instructions. Any questions?"

"None, sir."

"I need not tell you," Cheshire went on, "that any attempt on your part to telephone or to communicate with any of Rawson's friends will be looked upon as an aggravation of your offense. The service will take the risk of publicity and you will promptly die in the dishonor you deserve, but from which I am endeavoring to save you. I am understood?"

"Yes, sir."

"I may take it, then, that I have your parole?"

"Yes, sir."

"You can go, Hincks."

The young man left the room. His passage through the outer offices was unremarkable. It was not until he reached his own quarters that the sob he had smothered in his throat escaped him.

ONE of the most distinguished and beautiful women in Europe, who, only two nights before had entertained the whole diplomatic world of the Court of St. James's, entered at twenty minutes to eight that evening the plainly furnished little dining room through the folding doors that separated it from the back apartment—a shabbier sort of place altogether with a dreary view down into some seldom-used alleys. She was carrying a man's hat in her hand and she began to talk before she had crossed the threshold:

"A perfectly horrible hat, Geoffrey! Really, you are very careless about your appearance. I wonder—"

The man who had been standing looking down into the busy street with his hands behind his back turned slowly round. The hat slipped through her nerveless fingers. She stared at him in horror.

"Guy!" she faltered. "Why, what are you doing here?"

She looked wildly around. He watched the color fade from her cheeks, the horror deepen in her eyes. He moved quietly toward her.

"Geoffrey is not available," he announced. "I thought I would come myself."

She would have collapsed but for his firm clutch upon her arm. He guided her to a chair.

"Don't faint, Sabine," he begged. "Come, we are old friends. There is nothing so terrible to be faced, after all."

His voice was icy but his effort at reassurance was obvious. He went on talking. Her eyes were fastened upon him.

"These young fellows," he continued, "are getting all the fun nowadays. I'm not sure that they deserve it. They're rather bunglers. Better try a spot of this wine."

He filled a glass from the sherry decanter on the sideboard and held it to her lips. Her fingers brushed his as she

raised her hand. They were deathly cold.

"This is hideous," she gasped. "How did you know?"

He sighed patiently.

"No one gives my poor branch of the service credit for anything," he observed. "Of course I knew. It is my business to know. Sailors aren't all fools . . . Drink that down. Nothing very terrible is going to happen."

She obeyed him, shivering. He took the glass back to the sideboard.

"Feeling better?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Because as soon as you are able," he went on, "I should like to ring for dinner, if you don't mind. I took the liberty of making one small alteration in the menu while I was waiting. Lobster never agrees with me. I changed it to grilled sole, but I am allowing you a sauce."

"YOU mean that you are dining with me here instead of Geoffrey?" she asked in a bewildered tone.

"Of course. I thought you would have guessed that. I have even brought you the little document you were expecting," he concluded, producing an envelope.

The horror seized her once more.

"You are mocking me, Guy!"

"Not altogether," he assured her. "We may have to exchange a few more serious words presently. Just now let us carry on."

"What are you going to do about me?" she demanded.

"Depends upon yourself," he replied.

"If you take my advice everything will be all right. We are used to spies—thick as locusts in this radius. We are learning how to deal with them."

She shrank back.

"Not—"

"No, no," he interrupted soothingly. "Nothing of that sort at all. I will explain presently. What I should really like now is to see you sit up at table."

"Give me some more sherry, or better still a cocktail," she begged.

He refilled her glass.

"Cocktails are coming," he told her, "but sherry is better for your digestion. There—armchair for you, back to the light—not that you need it—and sherry. Shouldn't drink all of it. There's vodka coming along with the caviar."

"Is this the feast before the execution?" she inquired with a faint smile.

"There won't be any execution," he assured her. "You are a woman of the world, Sabine. You must take this little matter philosophically. You could not have expected to have carried through all the time. Besides, Geoffrey Rawson was the wrong person for you to choose, and Ronnie Hincks, after all, is young and too deeply imbued with a sense of discipline to question seriously the doings of his superior officer. Of course they are both my A. D. C.'s—that's something—but Hincks is not really a schemer. Rawson made one or two mistakes, or we should not be having this pleasant party."

"YOU may ring," she told him. "I am quite ready."

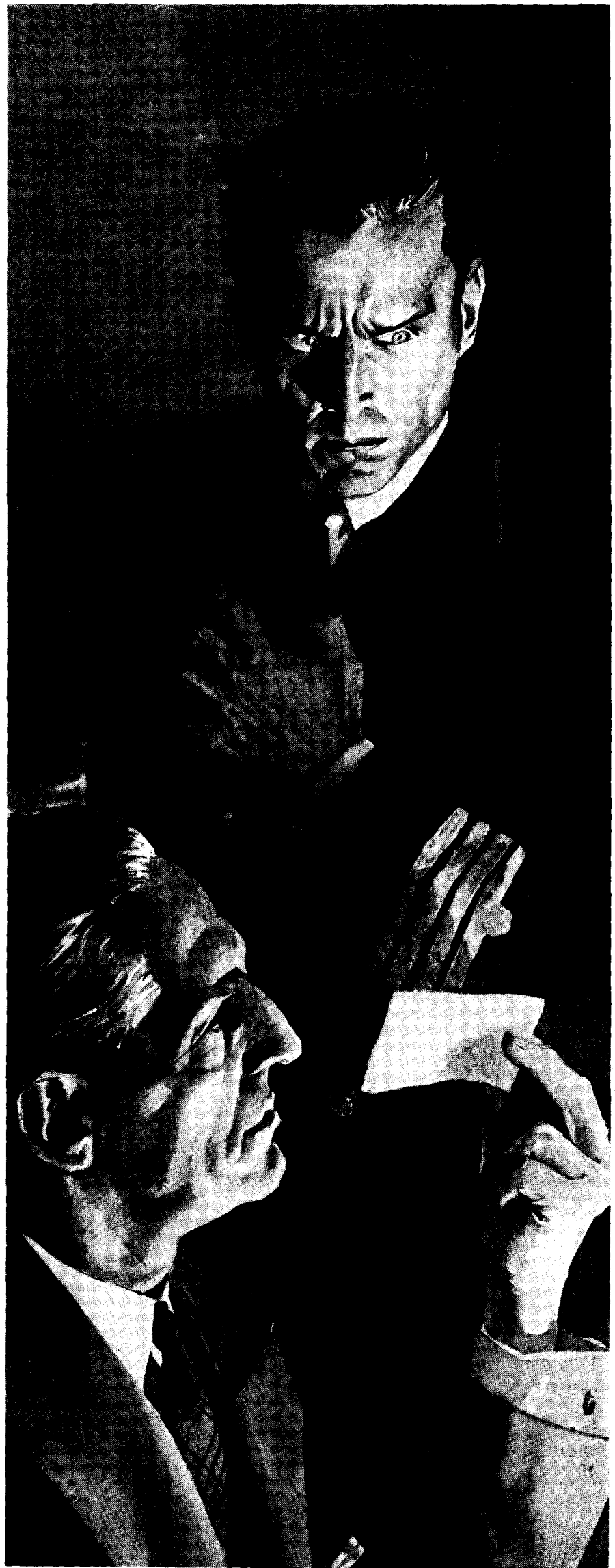
A maitre d'hôtel, olive-complexioned, black-haired, typical, presented himself, followed by a waiter. He bowed and hurried on the preparations.

"Monsieur Machinka," he announced, "has been called away on urgent business."

"Bad luck," Cheshire commented coolly. "I am not altogether surprised, though. He will probably be back again in a day or two. We will trust you to serve the dinner, Luigi. Pretty nearly all foreigners here, aren't you?"

"Italians and English, sir," the man answered smilingly. "English and Italians always get on well together. No

(Continued on page 49)

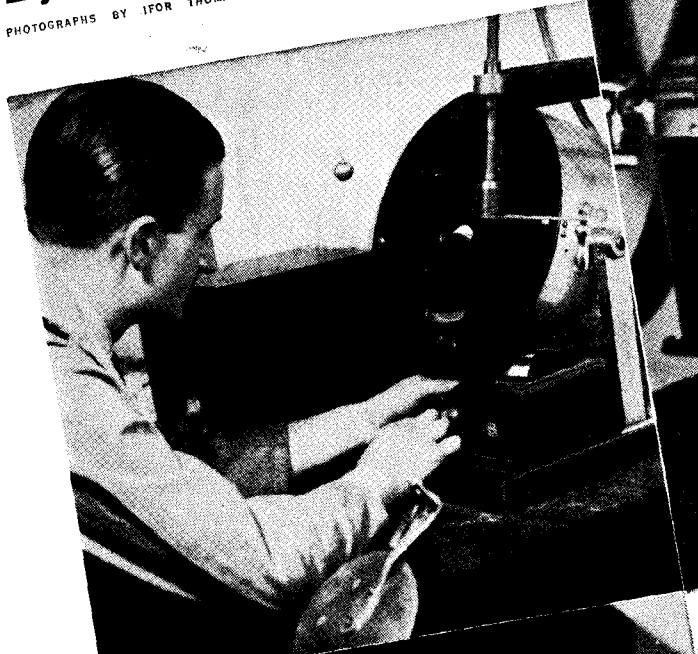


Commander Hincks read what was written there and a little moan escaped his lips

On the Topic of Cancer

By Victor G. Heiser, M. D.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



Science can, and does, save the lives of thousands of cancer victims each year, and modern X-ray apparatus like the above is one of its weapons

Tiny in size, mighty in effect, these radon-filled tubes send their destroying emanations deep into cancer tissue. They must be handled from behind lead screens and their intensity of radiation is carefully measured (top)



CANCER is the most dread of diseases; a note of horror has always clung about the very word. "He died of cancer" sounds more shocking than "He died of heart failure," though heart disease is the first, cancer the second cause of mortality. The long-drawn-out suffering and the virtual certainty that the pain would continue to inevitable death have made cancer Vergil's personification of fear—"An immense, misshapen, marvelous monster, whose eye is out."

The great blanket of fear that swathes the public is largely a heritage from the conviction of even a few years ago when cancer was incurable. When I was an interne nobody was cured. We all believed it was perfectly hopeless, that nobody ever got well. But last November I attended a meeting where the most recent developments in the treatment of cancer were fully discussed and I was simply amazed at the progress. Within the last decade cures have been made in ever-increasing numbers. The layman rarely hears of them.

Among the strange features of cancer are that it is never epidemic but always with us; that its onset is slow and insidious, not one in which the telephone summons the doctor to an emergency, though a doctor is sought for hundreds of lesser ailments. Many of the specters conjured up would be exorcised if people were informed enough to seek examination at the slightest suspicion, instead of hugging their misery to themselves.

"Fight Cancer with Knowledge," is the cancer crusader's slogan. The time

has come to let in more light on the whole subject, even though little enough light, in spite of all the theories of centuries past, has as yet illumined the shrouded mystery of its inception.

Cancer, named for the crab by Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, who observed how this growth stretched out tentacles in all directions, is among the oldest of known diseases. Evidence of bone tumor has been found among the fossils of prehistoric reptiles—of dinosaurs and plesiosaurs that lived millions of years ago in the Mesozoic era.

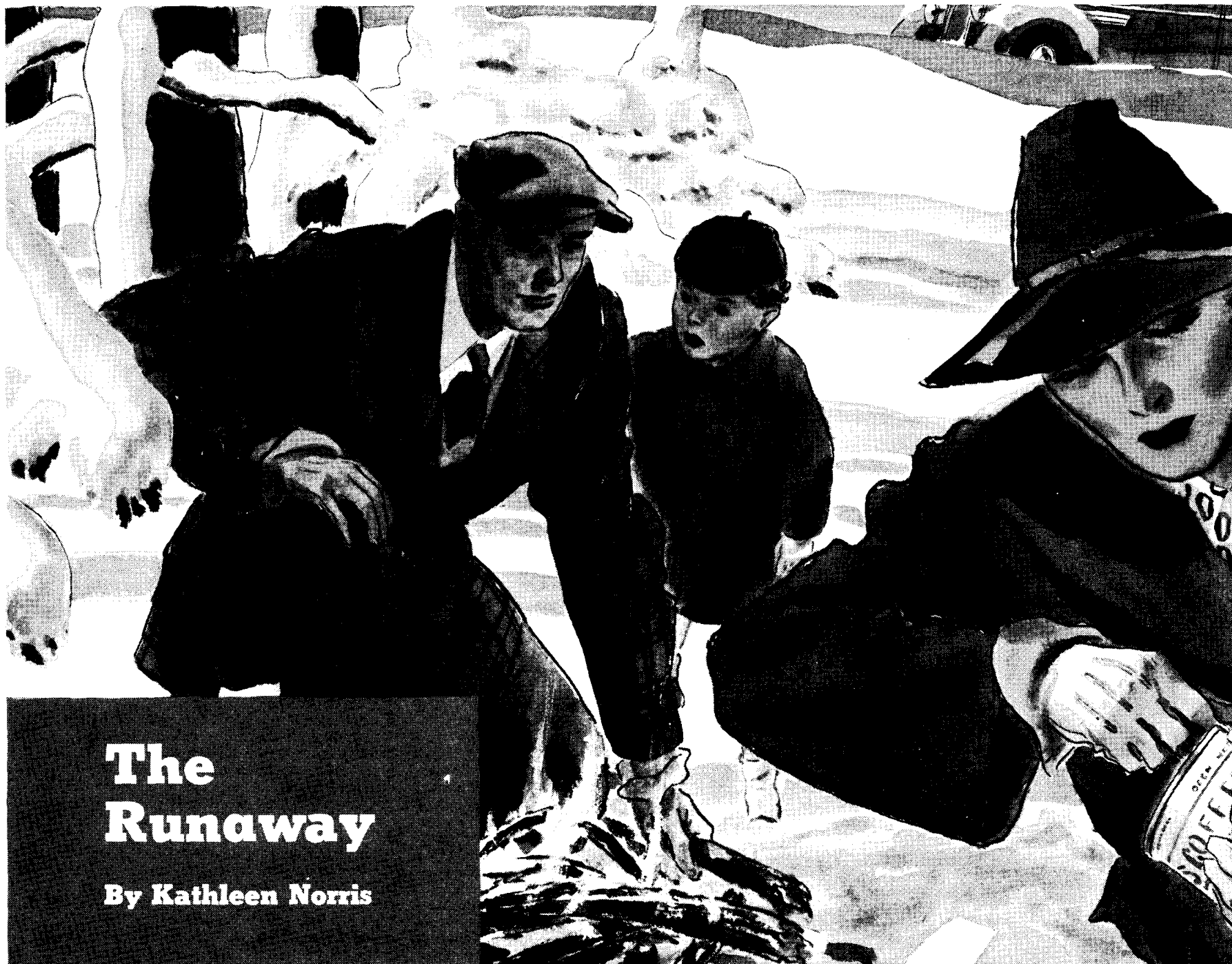
Almost everything has been recommended by way of cure. Surgery was suggested as far back as the Hindu Ramayama of 2000 B. C.; the Ebers Papyrus, 1500 B. C., also proposed a salve of arsenic and vinegar, and this "Egyptian Ointment" was in high favor until the sixteenth century.

Galen said a disease can never be controlled until the causes and origins of it are known. The old master has been proved wrong. The search for the true cause of cancer has gone on unceasingly and has not yet been found. Meanwhile, we are accomplishing much through our knowledge of its pathology.

A brief description may clear up some popular misbeliefs. Tumors merely mean swellings. These, however, can be of three types—the bump on the head, the "benign" form and the heretofore death-dealing "malignant" tumor, or cancer. The first is the result of some injury or inflammation, which ceases as soon as healing takes place.

The second is more complicated.

(Continued on page 52)



The Runaway

By Kathleen Norris

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WALTER KLETT

The Story Thus Far:

SHORTLY before she dies in Chicago, a woman who does not reveal her identity gives the young Spencer Gibsons twenty thousand dollars with the understanding that they are to take care of her baby, a girl, and move to California.

The Gibsons live up to the agreement. They adopt the baby, name her "Rebecca Gibson." And they tell her nothing of her past, until just before her marriage.

Her marriage—to handsome Gavin Flood—does not bring her happiness. Gavin drinks, gambles, makes no effort to support her. When her baby, "Gibbs," is born Becky decides to run away, and not tell Gavin where she is going.

As soon as Gibbs is old enough to travel, Becky goes to New York City. There she finds a job; and there, two years later, she meets a man—middle-aged Doctor Stephen Dinsmore—who knows her history. It is not, however, until Laurence Moulton, a stepnephew of the noted artist, Duane Fox, falls in love with her, that Dinsmore tells her who she is. This is the story, in brief:

Years before, Dinsmore had been in love with a fascinating girl: Madeleine Satterlee. Madeleine, fond of him but in love with another man, had declined to marry him. The other man—Duane Fox—had loved her; but, already married and unable to secure a divorce, he had finally drifted out of her life.

Still adoring Fox, a charming, cynical, careless fellow, she had at last married Dinsmore. Then, on their wedding evening, Madeleine had received a cable from Fox—a message informing her that Fox still loved her, and was coming to her.

A short time later, she had run away with Fox. And she had not been happy. Just before the birth of her baby, Fox's child, she had disappeared. It was she who had paid the Gibsons to undertake the care of her little daughter—Becky!

All this Laurence Moulton had known. Herebefore Becky had fancied she loved him. Now, shocked by his failure to tell her the story,

she devoutly hopes that she will never see him again.

Following a number of long talks with Doctor Dinsmore, Becky returns to California. She finds her home, near the town of Salletts in the San Joachim Valley, much the same as it had been when she had gone away. She finds Gavin a changed man—he is no longer drinking, and he is struggling hard to make a little money. . . . Dinsmore, in San Francisco to perform a difficult operation, pays Becky a visit. As he greets the various members of the Gibson household, Becky—radiantly happy—feels as though she must be dreaming!

Conclusion

THREE days later, coming out of the Exchange, with Gibbs beside her and with her arms full of bundles, at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, Becky was surprised to see Gavin waiting at the wheel of her parked car.

"Gavin, I thought you'd gone up to the camp yesterday!"

"Nope," he said. "Harry's up there. But I stayed overnight at Joe Martin's."

"Oh? You didn't telephone."

"Nope. Going home?"

"On my way." She bestowed her parcels in the back seat, which was already packed with boxes and bundles. "You've put some things in here?" she asked.

"Things Harry wanted." Gavin's hand in its heavy driving glove was playing with the gas feed, but he did not start the car. "I hear what's-his-name's coming back," he said.

"Doctor Dinsmore? Coming tonight. And he flies east tomorrow," Becky answered.

"I see." Gavin stressed the first word as if there were something difficult to understand in the statement.

"Are you coming home for dinner, Gavin?"

"Nope. Once was enough." He was speaking with deliberate rudeness, with a deliberate lack of sympathy. He had joined the family for dinner on the occasion of Stephen's first visit; had been civil; his manner just on the edge of boredom through the meal. Afterward he had said that he must go uptown and had vanished, leaving a much relieved atmosphere behind him. Since then Becky had scrupulously refrained from mentioning Stephen in his presence.

"He's in love with you, isn't he?" he said now.

"Who? Stephen? He—why, no; what would make you think that?" Becky stammered uncomfortably. "He likes me."

"I wonder!" Gavin said dryly. "I thought he was an old doctor with a beard," he went on.

"He's forty-nine."

"And a lot more than that!"

"No; that's all. His sister told me in reference to something else."

"How d'you mean 'in reference to something else?'"

"Well, I mean that she didn't think I was especially interested; she didn't say it just for my benefit!"

"But you were especially interested, eh?"

"I don't know that I was."

Becky approached with her coffee tin. "You'd picnic in a jail!" Gavin observed admiringly

Gavin said "I see" again, and appeared to ruminate.

"Mother wants these things, Gavin; she's making upside-down cake and everything."

"All right, we'll get started. I suppose she's having a regular party for him. She thought he was just about tops, didn't she?"

"She likes him," Becky agreed simply. Least said, soonest mended, when Gavin was like this.

"I've got to go by Sadlers'," he said, "and leave a message."

"Well, I don't want Gibbs out too late in this weather. It feels as if it is going to rain again."

They drove southeast, passing the straggling outskirts of the town.

"So he can afford to bring a car and a man all the way up from the city, can he?"

"Apparently." Gibbs comfortable and quiet in her lap, Becky looked at the cold winter landscape. The little houses seemed to have withdrawn into themselves, shriveled somehow. Bare little yards, garbage barrels with their covers half on, children's red- and green-wheeled toys abandoned among the frosted toppled chrysanthemums and

(Continued on page 39)

The Nation's Guest

By Jack Miley

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



"Senator" Wild Bill Lyons, court jester and official administrative assistant to Jim Farley

ALONG Broadway they call him America's guest, for he is always being entertained by some celebrity or other. His social engagements are booked as far ahead as a circus. His pals are financiers, statesmen, stagefolk and sports stars. He can call more notables by their first names than anybody else in New York, not excluding Grover Whalen. When you see him bustling importantly into the Astor lobby or the Waldorf lounge, swinging his sword cane and puffing at his dollar cigar, he casually confides such pressing appointments as these, depending upon the season of the year:

"Well, I'd better get up to the Yankee Stadium and see Gomez beat those Tigers. I told Lefty I'd be there." . . . Or, "I'm off for the Kentucky Derby tonight, as the guest of my old friend, Col. Matt Winn." . . . Or, "I'm running up to Saratoga tomorrow, with Jack Dempsey's party." . . . Or, "Lunt and Fontanne are opening their new show tonight. Yeah, I told Alf and Lynn I'd drop around."

It's all true, too. The Senator, as he is called by everyone who knows him, proceeds on the assumption that everyone likes him. The assumption has grown into a fact. Everyone likes the Senator; he is a perfect foil for practical jokers, an antidote for a dull evening, an amiable, garrulous Broadway landmark. He spent about twenty years on Broadway and its side streets but except for occasional visits he has deserted New York for Washington, D. C.

Down in Washington they call him the Pastmaster General, and he is paid \$7,500 a year to care for Big Jim Farley's personal scrapbooks. He is one of the best-read men in the capital, for he thumbs through several hundred newspapers and magazines weekly looking for editorial comments and cartoons that concern his boss. He labors in a magnificent, walnut-paneled office you could flood and use for a hockey rink. He lives in a suite at the fashionable Mayflower Hotel, residential headquarters for Farley and other opulent New Dealers. He rides down Pennsylvania Avenue in a government limousine whose wheelbase is only slightly less than that of a locomotive. His official title is that of Administrative Assistant to the Postmaster General and he rates plenty in governmental circles.

This generalissimo of the glue pots, who will earn \$60,000 in salaries during the two Roosevelt tenures, is Senator Wild Bill Lyons, a routin', tootin', two-gun terror from the Texas cow countries, via New York's garment center. For the Senator traveled in men's clothing for thirty years through the West before he hooked up with the New Deal. He once ran for the Colorado legislature—but not fast enough, for he didn't quite make it—and he's called himself Senator ever since. Wild Bill sold two-pants suits with belted backs to the Piutes. He peddled Kampus-Kut togs to the Comanches. And he persuaded the crafty Crees to swap their loincloths for peg-tops. He was born in Waco, Texas, seventy-five years ago and his father, Peter Lyons, was a merchant there. But the Senator left the banks of the Brazos as a youth, after riding briefly with the Texas Rangers—as their guest.

From Pants to Politics

At least, he says he rode with the Rangers, but there is no record of it. Several years ago, though, Pa Ferguson did give the Senator an honorary commission in that outfit. This honor is about as exclusive as was a Kentucky colonelcy in the regime of Ex-Governor Ruby Laffoon. It and a dime will get you a bowl of soup in any lunchroom.

After leaving the Rangers to shift for themselves, he drifted into Denver and began dabbling in politics in a small way—as a Democrat, of course. On his office wall in Washington he has a framed clipping that is proof of his political progress there. This yellowed item states that President Wilson and Secretary of State Bryan sent Wild Bill to Mexico on a secret mission in 1916. When you press the Senator for details, he breaks out his scrapbook and shows you that he was a clerk in the consular service there. He remained long enough to purchase and peruse a Spanish-American dictionary, which he still keeps on his desk. But he found international diplomacy dull and returned to the clothing business.

When the New Deal came into existence, the Senator, who had been dividing his activities between Denver and New York, decided to chuck his salesman's job and devote his entire time to the unselfish service of his country. He became actively identified with the first Roosevelt campaign, when Farley made him sergeant at arms, or doorkeeper emeritus, at Democratic headquarters in the Biltmore Hotel. The Senator's duties were simple but strenuous. His chief chore was to fend off all pests and unendorsed favor-seekers who wished to bend Honorable Farley's ear.

An old self-styled Ranger, the Senator soon proved himself a bad hombre when aroused. One day Farley heard a terrific commotion outside his door. There was thumping, scuffling and shouting. Desks and chairs were overturned and screaming stenographers were fleeing. There was the Senator, wrestling and cuffing a visitor who had challenged his authority. He had a strangle hold on his man and was slowly choking his victim blue in the face when Farley pried them apart. "I was just giving this nut the bum's rush, Jim," explained Wild Bill. "I asked him what he wanted to see you for, and he said he wanted to give you fifty thousand dollars. I guess he's one of them Republican spies, coming around here to agitate us and cause trouble. Fifty thousand dollars—haw!"

When the Democratic campaign manager got a good look at the two-fisted Senator's bruised and bedraggled victim, he was flabbergasted. For the caller Wild Bill had tried to evict was William Woodin, who was to become President Roosevelt's first Secretary of the Treasury. And Mr. Woodin did have a \$50,000 check for the campaign fund. The Senator was more subdued thereafter and managed to reach election day without further violence.

The Perambulating Arsenal

Senator Lyons is a thick-set, swarthy-skinned man who looks as if he might have Indian blood in his veins. As a matter of fact, it is his proudest boast that he is one hundred per cent Jewish and an orthodox religionist. He probably thinks he is a Cabinet member. "I am the only Jew ever to sit in a presidential cabinet in these United States," he proudly but erroneously tells friends.

The Senator, who moves with catlike agility and who seems physically tireless, would be a striking figure of a man, despite his advanced years, except for one thing: He bulges at the wrong places because he carries so much artillery on his person. He wears a gun on each hip.

His sword cane is a foppish touch to the Senator's wardrobe and he is just a little ashamed of it. He has a shotgun cane that is more of a he-man's stick. The Farleys brought him this from France. The Senator's peripatetic popgun is a blunderbuss, cleverly encircled with malacca and with a trigger hidden in its handle. With this murderous prop, which throws a spray of leaden slugs, the Senator claims he can knock a fly off a raisin cake at forty paces.

In addition to the above-mentioned armament, the Senator's pockets usually bulge with loose ammunition, for it is well to carry a few extra rounds in case of ambush. When the Senator is weighted down with his full lethal equipment, he is packing plenty of extra poundage. One scorching day at the Democratic convention in Philadelphia, he collapsed under the burden of all his firearms and toppled down a staircase in the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. A couple of Kansans tried to assist him to his feet, but Wild Bill saw their sunflower badges and roared:

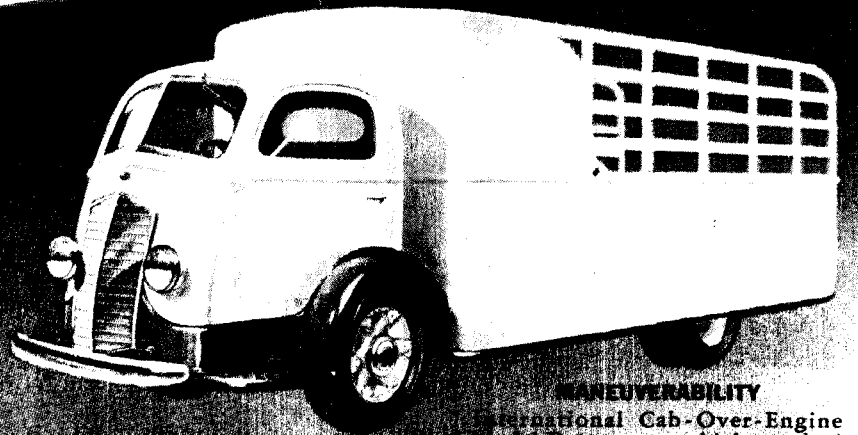
"Let some delegate from the loyal South help me! I'll not be touched by men who breathe the air polluted by Alf Landon! He is a menace to the country—and to my job!"

Aside from his Indian fighting with the Rangers, which we will touch upon later, it is not in the records that the Senator, despite his ferocity, ever shot anybody. He claims there are twenty notches in his pistol's yellowed ivory handle, but it is whispered by the Senator's enemies that he hacked these after knocking clay pigeons to pieces in Coney Island shooting galleries. We personally recall an evening in a Broadway night club during prohibition when the Senator whipped out a gun and offered to match his marksmanship with any man's. A very tough citizen—he was Public Enemy No. 7 at the moment, but climbing rapidly—leaned across a table and said in a chilled-steel voice: "Put that thing away, Pop—this ain't the Fourth of July!" The Senator obliged and carnage or something was averted.

It is a matter of record that none, including the Senator himself, will deny, that Wild Bill once shot up Billy LaHiff's Tavern, a New York chop house frequented by the sports crowd. The Senator was not entirely to blame, though, for Perfumery Jack Kearns, Jack Dempsey's old manager and one of the more accomplished ribbers, or trouble provokers, of the fight game, steamed the Senator up to shooting pitch. Wild Bill was Jack's guest for a midnight snack and the tavern was jammed when Kearns went to work on Wild Bill.

"Senator," Kearns began, "I don't know why I brought you here when there are so many good places we could have gone. I don't like this place, Senator, and I don't like that guy LaHiff. You know why I don't like him? I'll tell (Continued on page 48)

Whatever You Haul



MANEUVERABILITY
International Cab-Over-Engine Model D-300—a new high standard for close work in crowded traffic.

INTERNATIONALS HAUL IT

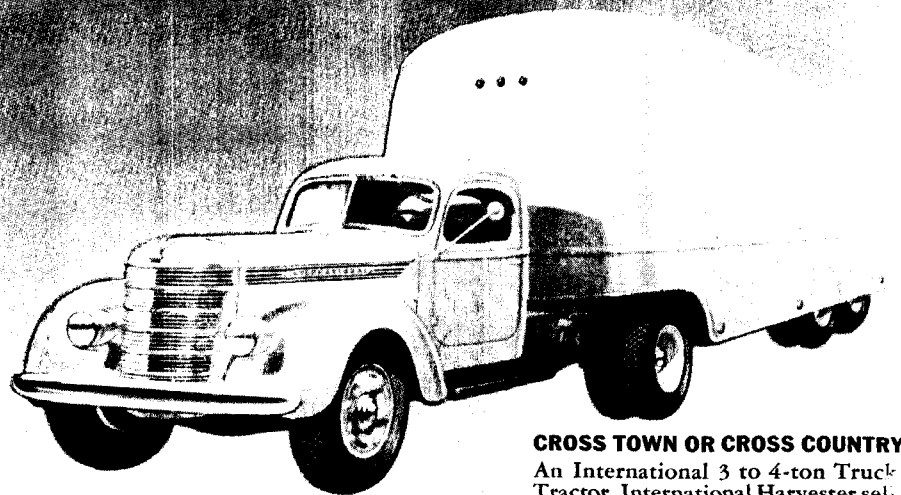
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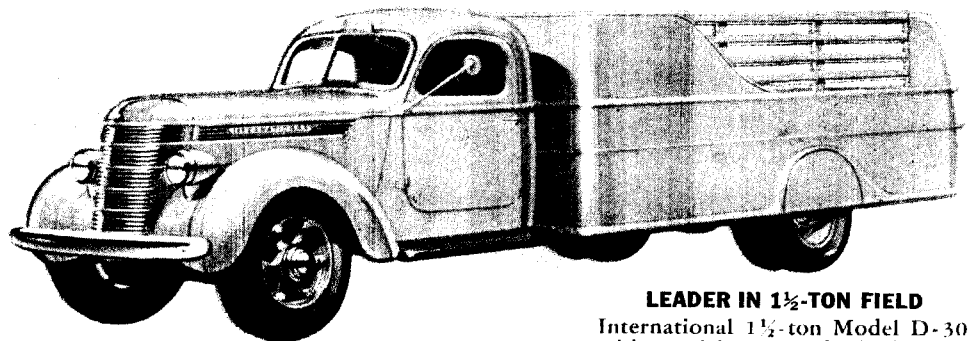
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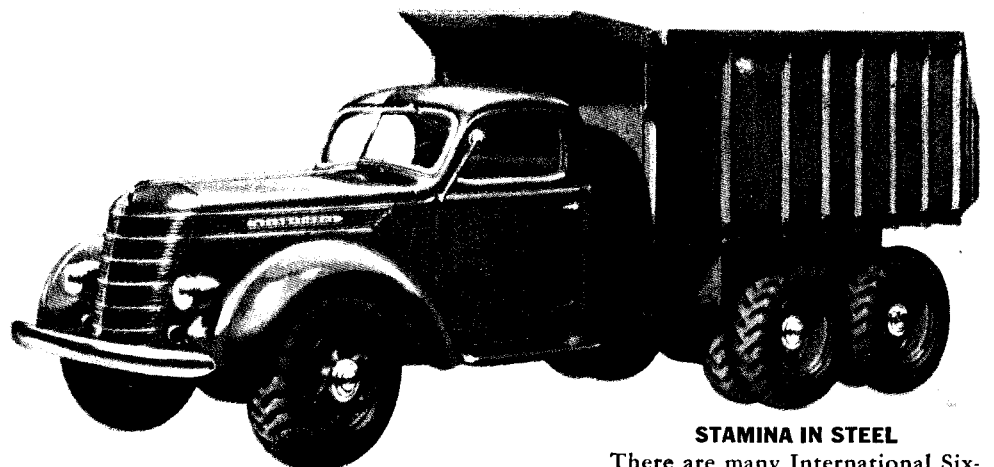
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MOBILGAS^{AND}MOBIL

CHOICE

**The Winner: MOBILGAS
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OF THE U.S.A.**

***YOU CAN TRUST THE
SHREWD JUDGMENT
OF AMERICAN
MOTORISTS TO CHOOSE
THE BEST GASOLINE
ON THE MARKET***



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—THE WINNER! Again this year, the nation's 26,000,000 motorists choose Mobilgas as America's most popular gasoline.

Thanks for this vote of confidence! Thanks for your steady patronage!

We pledge ourselves to keep right on making the best gasoline your money can buy.

Mobilgas will continue to give you quicker firing. Smoother engine performance. Greater mileage. Extra power. Faster pick-up.

Because Mobilgas has *always* given the motorists of U.S.A. what they want...

A million and a half cars stop every day at the Sign of the Flying Red Horse!

Profit by their experience. Next time *you* need gas, stop at a Mobilgas dealer's...say, "Fill 'er up." Then step on the starter and learn what it means to pick the WINNER...learn why more motorists buy Mobilgas than any other gasoline in the U.S.A.!

IL OIL

**SOCONY-VACUUM
OIL COMPANY, INC.**

AND AFFILIATES
MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM CO.—GENERAL PETROLEUM CORPORATION





The yelling rose to a maniacal crescendo. The girl said, "Time we were going, now"



The Blue Dress

By Michael Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

Indian fighters should keep their minds on their work. Not that it's always easy to do

AT THE head of his company, Captain Joseph Davidson rode through the west gate of Fort Varian and out into prairies washed with sunrise and the dew.

A prairie lark, from under his horse's hoofs, bounced into the sky with a clear, startled song; and long lances of light struck the far blue foothills of the Rockies. Somewhere out there to the northwest, toward the Teton country, were three or four thousand Sioux warriors on the loose, under old Rainy Eagle, that squint-eyed and murderous war chief.

Captain Davidson's orders were explicit.

"Joe," the commandant had said last night. "You know about Rainy Eagle—the damned old fool?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, damn it, we've got to find out where he is. All right. Take your company out on reconnaissance. Not more than four days to the northwest. Now mind. No damned glory expedition."

"Very well, sir."

"Mind what I say, now. You young skippers . . . Never mind. Establish contact, if possible. Not more than four days out. Then come back and report. No unnecessary fighting: if you do, I will personally beat the ears off of you if you ever get back. Rainy Eagle is out in force. In considerable force, as a matter of fact. See?"

SO COMPANY E was riding through fields of wild flowers, like sunrise clouds entangled with the earth: riding into this ancient wasteland that every spring made young again. A long line of troopers and horses, two abreast. The captain heard the confused clomping of hoofs, muffled by the softness of crushed wild flowers; the faint rhythmic jingling of spurs and bit chains; the blubbery blowing of a horse as it tossed its head.

Now that they were outside the post, Captain Davidson reached for his hip pocket, and took out a brand-new plug of tobacco. He bit off a corner, tucked it into his cheek and then, rising and

turning in his stirrups, he tossed the plug back to the bearded first sergeant; a little mutilated brown square spinning irregularly in early sunlight over the heads of Lieutenant Timothy Eckersall Fogarty and Shoshone Johnson, the scout, who were riding just behind him. The sergeant reached up a hairy paw, snatched the tobacco out of the air and grinned his snaggle-toothed thanks. He bit, and passed it to the bugler, whose bugle was bumping at his thigh. The bugler bit and gave it to the color-bearer, and the lancehead with its red-and-yellow pennon dipped as the toothless color-bearer gnawed, holding the plug in both hands.

Lieutenant Fogarty, so newly out of West Point that he wore still-shiny boots on this frontier reconnaissance, looked shocked, and a little superior.

Chewing, in lazy time to the long rolling canter, Captain Davidson looked at these wide horizons and thought about the people, the generations that would be coming to them after men like him

(Continued on page 44)

The Doctor said "Ouch!"

Continued from page 20

caution Mr. Mudge and a fella like Mr. Mudge, being a mere layman without medical experience, was apt to overdo. So Nadine left the switchboard and said what any girl of common humanity instinct would.

"You better take it easy with that hand, Mr. Mudge. We don't want any infection setting in, see?"

"That's an idea!"

"I beg poddon?"

"Maybe this is gonna be fatal!"

"Oh, we are very sure it won't be, Mr. Mudge. It's jest minor surgery, so you needn't—"

Well, then it turned out that Mr. Mudge was like all the rest of them: you act nice toward a fella out of common humanity and he gets the goofy notion that you have a personal interest in the case. So, when Mr. Mudge said: "It ain't my hand—it's my heart, Honey Child," Nadine realized she had made a mistake.

"It may be your head," she said severely.

Mr. Mudge departed chuckling.

Two hours later, after Dr. Curtis had left for his late-afternoon hospital calls, the switchboard buzzed.

"Angel?"

"Who? Oh . . . uh . . . this is Miss Cullinan speaking—"

"This is George Mudge. Say, I got to see the doc right away!"

"Dr. Curtis has left for the day, Mr. Mudge."

"But my hand hurts, Angel—"

"Just a moment, Mr. Mudge."

NADINE consulted with Miss Byforth. She was a bit flustered, saying: "He claims his hand hurts but he jest wants to come up here and act silly." Miss Byforth took the calmly professional attitude. Mr. Mudge might be starting an infection, she said, and should be told to come to the office at once. Dr. Pasmile, who was Dr. Curtis' assistant, would treat him.

While she awaited Mr. Mudge's second appearance, Nadine made several mistakes on incoming and outgoing calls. She was being mildly reprimanded by Miss Byforth for ordering an ambulance instead of towel service when Mr. Mudge frolicked in.

"It aches and throbs, Angel. I'm a goner!"

Well, Nadine almost died of mortification, him coming in thataway practically a stranger she never laid eyes on before and acting like they was friends, and right before Miss Byforth and Christine and Dr. Pasmile.

"This is Mr. Mudge," Nadine managed to say. "It seems his hand aches."

Christine giggled and Dr. Pasmile, the little smart aleck alla time wisecracking, said: "Oh, did Red bite you, Mr. Mudge?"

Mr. Mudge only laughed.

"Just a gag, Doc," he said. "My hand feels swell. Nurse Cullinan here can take care of it. We're going for a little ride and discuss the case!"

"Maybe that's what you think!" said Nadine.

Luckily, Miss Byforth took pity on Mr. Mudge and said right quick: "I think we'd better have a look at that hand. Maybe the dressing is too tight."

"It might be a good idea at that," Mr. Mudge said gratefully.

Dr. Pasmile and Miss Byforth took Mr. Mudge into Room 5 and Nadine could hear them laughing and talking, with Mr. Mudge doing most of the talking. Soon Miss Byforth came out and Nadine could tell she was still feeling sorry for Mr. Mudge.

"That crazy kid needs looking after," she said to Nadine. "He took the dressing off to win a bet that he still had his fingers. He'll be having a septicemia if he isn't more careful."

Well, this talk kinda got to Nadine and she began to feel awful sorry for Mr. Mudge. So when he came out with a new dressing on his hand and was gonna leave without saying even goodbye because he was so bashful after how mean Nadine had acted toward him, Nadine just simply could not stand it.

"I hope your hand feels better!" she said.

Mr. Mudge stopped in his tracks and came back to the switchboard. There was one thing about Mr. Mudge, Nadine discovered; you could get him bashful by acting mean but he bobbed right up again fresh as a daisy if a girl, why, she kinda softened up. Almost before Nadine realized it, she had agreed to go out to dinner with Mr. Mudge and to see a softball game afterward.

Nadine's discoveries about Mr. Mudge followed thick and fast, among them being: 1. He owned three fifths of the Mudge-Siska Machine Works. 2. He was an orphan, originally from Brooklyn, N. Y. 3. His list of bodily injuries, included a fractured vertebra from diving in shallow water; a flat foot (right) from allowing an I-beam to fall on it; three bridged front teeth (a fight in Panama City when with the U. S. N.) 4. He owned and managed the Mudge-Siska Girls, a softball team, but just for advertising. 5. He had the goofy notion that all girls who worked in doctors' offices wanted to marry doctors.

"I wouldn't marry a doctor, I'm sure," Nadine said merrily, as they drove to the softball park in Mr. Mudge's car.

"You're kidding me, Angel!"

"No, honest. It'd be an awful life."

"I dunno now—Doc Curtis ain't married, is he?"

Nadine simply hadta laugh.

"My dear Mr. Mudge," she said, "that is very humorous, it really is."

"Why?"

Well, Nadine just passed it off in a kidding way, not wanting to violate medical ethics by telling Mr. Mudge any tales outa school against Let 'Em Chew Gum or Holler Curtis. Besides, they had reached the softball park and here Nadine made a further discovery about Mr. Mudge that took all her attention.

IT SEEMED like why Mr. Mudge was a great favorite with the girls on the Mudge-Siska softball team. They all came piling around him in a simply disgusting way, calling him Mudgie and Georgie. They were mostly bleached blondes and they wore shorts and thin silk blouses so revealing that, well, Nadine would not've been caught dead on a public beach so attired.

The loudest one, a girl called Ginger according to the lettering on her blouse, tried to get snooty.

"Do you play, Miss Cullinan?" this girl asked.

"I used to could play a very good game," said Nadine, "at the Y. W."

"I'll bet you did!" said this Ginger person.

She winked at some of the other persons and they all laughed.

Mr. Mudge came back from talking to a fella and caught some of the remarks.

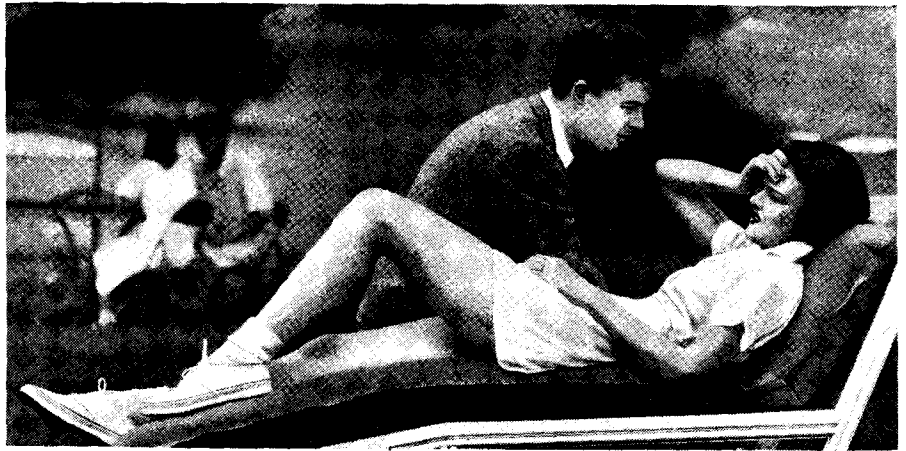
"The Y. W. turns out a lot of good softball players," Mr. Mudge said.

Ginger laughed with coarse, crude expression.

"Why don't you let her play, Mudgie?" she asked. "We got a suit that'll fit her."

Nadine jumped up, losing her temper.

For a quick come-back —take Sal Hepatica!



MRS.: Wouldn't you know? The day you and I are to lick the world in the tennis finals, I get this silly, logy headache! Even if I take a laxative, this sickish feeling is sure to linger.

MR.: Not if you take Sal Hepatica, honey.



MRS.: You mean . . . Sal Hepatica is different?

MR.: You bet it is! Millions of people prefer Sal Hepatica because it acts quickly yet gently, and also counteracts gastric acidity—chases that sickish feeling pronto. You'll see.



MR.: Darling, you were marvelous! Thanks to you, the loving cup roosts on our mantel this year.

MRS.: Thanks to you, you mean, and that glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica. I'm glad I've learned the secret of a fast come-back.

Chase logy headaches with

SAL HEPATICA

a sparkling mineral salt
laxative that counteracts
gastric acidity, too.

Get a bottle at
your druggist's today



TUNE IN every Wednesday night at 9 EDST, for the "TOWN HALL BIG GAME HUNT"

"All righty!" she said. "Where's the suit?"

But Mr. Mudge put his foot right down on that.

"You wouldn't wanta wear one of them suits, Angel," he said.

"I'm sure I would look just as good in one as they do, maybe better."

"That's just it, Angel," Mr. Mudge said. "I don't want to use you in no advertising, see?"

"Angel, ha ha!" said Ginger.

Mr. Mudge put a stop to that, too, by ordering Ginger and the other persons out on the field to warm up. Then, he apologized to Nadine for their bad manners.

Nadine waited until the third inning and then she said: "I think I better be getting the patient home now!"

"Okay, Angel," Mr. Mudge said.

Twice a day, for five days, Mr. Mudge came to Dr. Curtis' office for treatments. Christine and Miss Reavey and Dr. Pasmile started kidding Nadine.

Somehow, Dr. High and Mighty Curtis himself heard of the affair. He stopped at the switchboard one morning and, after dictating his time schedule for the day, made a personal remark.

"I understand love has come to this office, Red," he said.

Nadine stood right up to him, too.

"Oh, Dr. Curtis!" she said. "You and Miss Byforth?"

This practically took Dr. Call Me Butch Curtis' breath away, because Miss Byforth was standing at his elbow. "I meant you and Brother Mudge, Red," Dr. Curtis said. He turned right quick and started telling Miss Byforth about Mrs. Tredsey's appendectomy.

And was Miss Byforth peeved at Nadine! She cornered Nadine in the ladies' room down the corridor.

"If you ever make another fresh remark like that to the doctor," she said, "I shall have to see that you are discharged!"

WELL, how was that for a crust? Nadine did not lose her temper because she was truly sorry for Miss Byforth.

"I wasn't kidding," she blurted. "He's jest kept you dangling along all these years because he likes to see people suffer—"

"Why, Nadine!"

"And furthermore, if you wasn't such a baby you'd start out and make him suffer jest to see how he likes it—you'd at least go off and let some other doctor kick you around for a while!"

Miss Byforth did have some spirit, after all.

"I'm well aware that you are infatuated with Dr. Curtis, Nadine!" she snapped. "It's perfectly obvious—"

Nadine made a most unladylike noise.

"Me?" she gasped. "Me want a doctor? Say-y, I wouldn't marry a doctor if I was dying and needed a free operation! I got a real fella!"

All the rest of the afternoon Nadine, it seemed like why she could not keep her mind on the switchboard. Her infatuated with Dr. Makes Babies Cry Curtis? Was the whole world goofy?

Thus, when George himself brought up the subject that evening at Silver Lake Park, Nadine was just simply in no mood to discuss it:

"Angel?"

"Yeah, hon?"

"I'm agreeing to sell the softball team. Right?"

"Only because you know it ain't a good, wholesome atmosphere for you, George."

"Okay, okay. But how's for you doing something for me?"

"Sure. What is it?"

"How's for quitting your job in that doctor's office?"

Nadine just about went right up through the top of George's roadster, she was so angry. The idea of George not

having no better sense than to get jealous of Dr. Curtis, of all men, and him insinuating that she was like registered nurses in their silly pash for doctors. And besides, what right did George have even to suggest she quit her position and she and him not anywhere near engaged or anything of that nature?

"Take it easy, Angel," George said. "If we ain't engaged we're gonna be in about two seconds. Turn around!"

Well, of course, that made everything kinda different as when a girl is truly engaged to a fella she oughta make allowances for his jealous passions. So after George had kissed her gently and tender, Nadine promised she would resign her position in Dr. Curtis' office the very next morning. But only if George promised to sever all connection with the Mudge-Siska girls the very next morning, too.

"It's a deal, Angel!" George said, and then got affectionate again, the sweet fella.

Next morning, Nadine was sitting at the switchboard all ready to resign from her position as soon as Dr. Curtis arrived. The outside-call buzzer sounded:

gasp, "are you sure it's the appendix?"

Iron Man Curtis let out a long groan of first-degree intensity and cried: "Don't argue! Do something to stop this pain! I can't stand it . . . owwww—oh!"

The events of the next hour convinced Nadine that the very worst part of marrying a doctor would be when the doctor got sick to his stomach. Give 'Em an Aspirin Curtis yelled for morphine, but Dr. Pasmile wouldn't let Miss Byforth give him any. Dr. Pasmile said it looked like something called intermittent hydronephrosis. Dr. Curtis swore at him and said the pain now felt all of a sudden like it was something called renal calculi. Miss Byforth administered sodium amytal. At the switchboard, Nadine frantically called seven doctors named by Dr. Curtis between groans.

YOU would think, wouldn't you, that seven doctors would be able to tell right off what was the matter with poor Dr. Curtis? But no—they got in there and monkeyed around and argued with poor Dr. Curtis, who was half doopey from the sedatives Miss Byforth gave him on the sly when Dr. Pasmile wasn't

misunderstood why Nadine had been crying.

"I get it," George said, "you was stuck on that big sissy all the time!"

Well, George hadta go and make a scene and Nadine could not convince him of his unjust suspicions until she called in Christine and Miss Reavey to bear witness. They told Mr. George Muddlehead Mudge that his accusations were absolutely unjust. To clinch the whole thing, Nadine told George she would resign right off and wrote it out on a prescription blank.

"Okay, Angel," George said finally; "maybe I got off on the wrong foot."

But then, just as George and Nadine were starting out the door and leaving Dr. Curtis' office forever, and not a bit too soon either, Nettie Jordan, the other registered nurse, ran after them.

"Grace Byforth just phoned, Nadine!" she said. "The doctor is asking for you! He wants to see you at the hospital right away!"

"D-doctor Curtis? Askin' for me?"

"Yes. Take a taxi. Hurry!"

George Jealous Mudge gave a dirty laugh.

"The pay-off!" he said. "S'long, Angel. It was an education knowing you!"

Well, Nadine was so mixed up by this time and had feelings of natural common humanity and thought poor Dr. Curtis was prob'ly dying, so she let George think what he wanted to think in his jealousy . . .

Miss Byforth met Nadine at the door of the hospital room.

"Is—is he pretty sick?" Nadine said.

"No. It was just acute indigestion. But he won't believe us. He's so confused by the sedatives he thinks there was an operation. He says he'll believe you!"

Dr. Curtis, moaning faintly, opened his eyes when Nadine walked into the room.

"Hello, Red," he said. "You're the only one who isn't afraid to tell me the truth. What's the verdict?"

SO NADINE thought about poor Miss Byforth out there in the hall and about George, the big dumb, sweet, jealous fella, and how was a girl to square herself with the fella she truly loves who would make her a good husband and not drive a girl nuts like doctors alla time getting sick. And all of a sudden it seemed like why she got simply furious at Big Blood and Thunder Curtis that had caused she and Miss Byforth so much trouble.

"I heard 'em talking, Doc," Nadine blurted, "and I couldn't understand much of it what they said but they said somepin like 'the prognosis ain't good' or somepin like 'at—'" And Nadine began to snuffle from telling such a whopper.

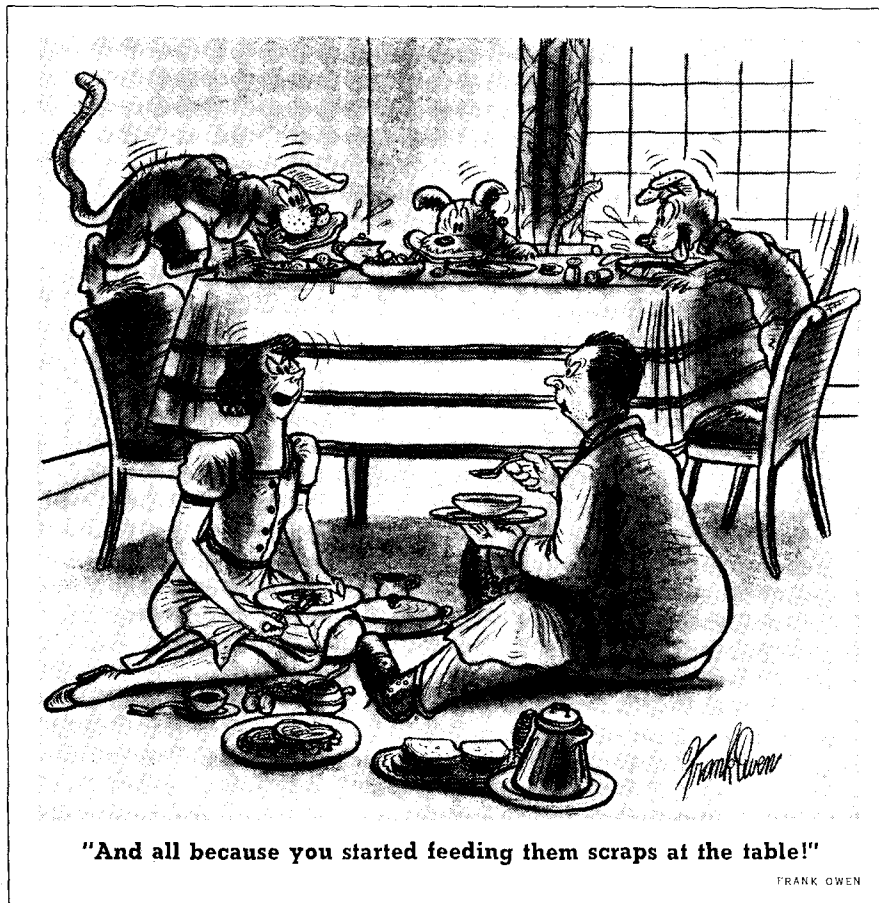
Dr. Curtis was, after all, a brave man.

"Thank you, Red," he said calmly. "Send Grace—Miss Byforth—in here at once!"

Well, it just goes to show you that a girl, why if she has sense enough not to be a-scared of doctors and even stand right up to them and lie to their face and cut herself off from the medical profession for good and all—why such a girl will not lose nothing by it. For, look, what happened right after Miss Byforth went into that hospital room.

George Sweetie Pie Mudge came tearing down the hall. He was terrible, awful peeved and yelled: "That guy ain't sick. It's just a gag to betray you, Angel! I'll fix him!"

So George busted right into the room and there was No Time for Love Curtis hugging and kissing Miss Byforth and talking right out about marriage in so many words. And was good old Georgie Mudgie's face red; and such a sweet fella, too, when he said: "You win, Angel!"



"Angel?"

"Yeah, honey."

"I fired all the girls and paid off. You quit yet?"

"He ain't come in as yet—but any minute—"

"I don't suppose you could leave a note?"

"I could, hon, but it ain't ethical—"

Nadine's conversation with George was abruptly ended at this point.

Dr. Curtis came staggering into the office. His face was white. Great beads of perspiration stood on his brow. He was clutching his stomach.

"Oh, gee, Dr. Curtis—whatsa matter?"

"I'm sick, Red. Dreadful pain . . . excruciating agony . . . get Byforth . . . and Pasmile . . ."

AIDED by Nadine, Dr. Curtis staggered to his office and collapsed on the couch, groaning somepin terrible. Miss Byforth and Dr. Pasmile came running in.

"What's wrong, Chief?"

"Acute appendix . . . dreadful agony—"

Miss Byforth almost fainted.

"Oh, Doctor . . . oh, Doctor," she

looking. Dr. Curtis claimed he knew better'n any of them and he could tell from the agony it was somepin called angina pectoris. Dr. Revin said it was the gall bladder and Dr. Huelston said it was kidney colic and Dr. Rosenberg said it looked like a classic picture of intestinal obstruction.

Whilst all this was going on, Miss Byforth and Dr. Pasmile got into a terrible fight over which doctor was to do the operation. Then they put poor Dr. Curtis in an ambulance bound for the hospital, with Miss Byforth holding his hand.

Right in the midst of all this, Mr. George Mudge arrived.

"Who was that doin' all the groaning?" he inquired.

"Dr. Curtis. He's got a stomach-ache," Christine said.

Nadine, hastily drying her eyes, heard George let out a big laugh.

"Can't take it, hunh?" George said.

So Nadine was all worked up from the excitement and she marched out and gave George a piece of her mind for laughing at poor Dr. Curtis. And George, the big jealous dumbhead fella, totally

I'm Glad You Asked Me

Continued from page 14

source of more business (which we never got). Therefore I wired Miss Marguerite Lehand—you know, Missy, Father's secretary. Here's the telegram: 'George W. Hill President American Tobacco Company and Vice President Paul Hahn as you know arrive at Warm Springs Thursday morning. I am trying not to ask many favors but will greatly appreciate it if you would take especially good care of both of them because it is important in a business way to me. He has interesting plan part of which directly concerns his own company and therefore somewhat confidential. Thanks ever so much. Jim Roosevelt.'

"But that, too, was a time when I did not get business. As I say, the only contract we ever wrote for Mr. Hill was that \$2,500,000 life policy on the yearly premium of which, say \$100,000, the firm of Roosevelt & Sargent draws five per cent and will continue to draw it until 1941—the regular nine-year renewal insurance agreement. After that—nothing."

More doctors arrived. One of them—a quite likable chap otherwise—made

insurance. Well, Cullman felt that it was no more than fair that a part of the business be given to somebody on the New York side of the Hudson—particularly on a new building they were erecting. Moreover, said he, why should the Republicans on the Jersey side get it all? Anyway, he'd give the new business to his friends. I qualified. I was a friend, a Democrat and was doing business on the New York side. I got it.

"And that's not the only political angle. We—Roosevelt & Sargent—as brokers, placed this business through the New York agency of John C. Paige and Company. And the senior partner in that agency is that All-America, line-crashing, hell-roaring Republican foe of the New Deal, the Honorable Hamilton Fish, Representative in Congress from New York.

"Believe me," said young Mr. Roosevelt, "I'm not being facetious. I'm not fool enough to try to laugh this situation off—these innuendoes, implications, whispers, ambiguities. I'm not a fool. I'm not permitting occasional successes to make me forget what underhandedness, political connivery and so on might do to my father. If all these rumors that I'm a snide—a political racketeer, a trader on the place my father occupies—if all these rumors are true, then certainly someone has proof, or evidence so close to proof that I should be brought before some tribunal. And if all these smear stories are so, they must involve many of the government agencies and many of those individuals and groups to whom I've sold insurance. Thus they, too, must be engaged in dark practices. Doesn't it seem to you that such improprieties are far too widespread for safety?"

No Political Insurance

"I am not in the political insurance business. Political insurance is insurance that is required by a political boss or body in order to win contracts from that boss or gang. Listen. I have never written a surety bond, a contractor's bond, fire insurance, life insurance or any other kind of insurance that might by any stretch of any definition be called political insurance. Never. And I never will.

"Oh, sure, it's been offered to me. I refused to place bonds for the late Joseph A. Maynard, Collector of the Port of Boston. I refused to accept such business from Joseph McGrath, the present collector at Boston, from Peter F. Tague, postmaster at Boston and many others. These gentlemen wanted nothing of me. They offered me the business out of pure friendship. But, you see, I couldn't take it.

"I have thus rejected a vast amount of business. I had the opportunity of writing the liability insurance of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation. That corporation was either building or was about to build a warship. It was about to bid on additional work. I told the officials who interviewed me that it would be impossible for Roosevelt & Sargent to do business with them. Moreover, neither I nor anybody with authority to represent my firm ever solicited business from the Bath Iron Works Corporation, another builder of warships. That subject came up before the Senate Munitions Investigation Committee in 1935. It was testified that one Roger S. MacGrath had solicited the insurance business of that corporation, presenting himself as my representative. The committee did not call me but I wrote them a letter, making it plain



"You see what I mean, Doctor? There's something about it that sort o' GETS yuh!"

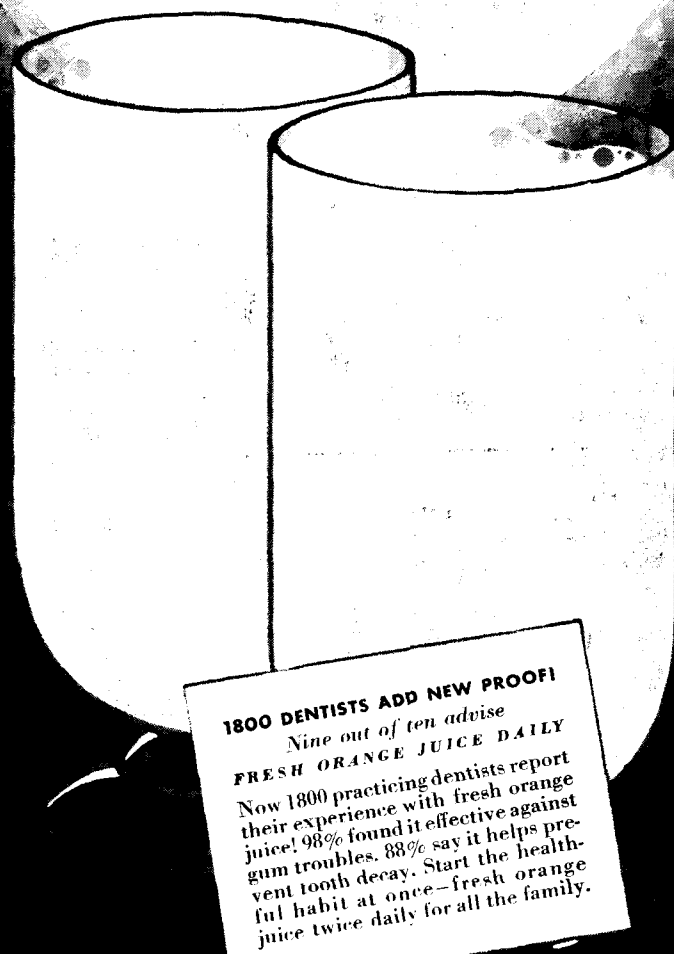
JAY IRVING

it rather clear that having us around so long wasn't warranted to speed up a patient's recovery. But we told him about our tonsils and he relented a little.

"Well, I got that Hill contract," sighed Jimmy. "Two and a half million dollars. I have not heard that as a reward the American Tobacco Company has had its taxes reduced, avoided a federal investigation or been given other government favors. But maybe that is all that Mr. Hill wanted—an insurance contract that satisfied him.

"Now about Cullman and that business I did with the Port of New York Authority. Here, at last, politics enters into the story. This will demonstrate that it pays, sometimes, to be a Democrat. Cullman has been a friend of my family for years. One goes to one's friends to sell insurance. You've been told that Arthur Murray, a New York insurance man, had most of the insurance on the Authority's properties. That's news to us—to Sargent and me. We've always known that the Frelinghuysen agency—former Senator Frelinghuysen of New Jersey—had all the Authority's

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1800 DENTISTS ADD NEW PROOF!
Nine out of ten advise
FRESH ORANGE JUICE DAILY
Now 1800 practicing dentists report their experience with fresh orange juice! 98% found it effective against gum troubles. 88% say it helps prevent tooth decay. Start the healthful habit at once—fresh orange juice twice daily for all the family.

BIGGEST CROP BRINGS BARGAINS IN FRESHNESS!

Never sweeter! Never juicier! And never so many rich-flavored California Valencias! That's what makes the record values in today's Sunkist Orange Sales.

Sunkist brings you just the finest Valencias. Fully tree-ripened. Practically seedless. Easy to peel, slice and separate. *Always BETTER, all WAYS!*

So enjoy a feast of freshness. Cool golden

glasses of the juice. The tender slices and sections in quick salads and desserts.

They enrich your diet in protective vitamins and minerals. Relieve fatigue. Help maintain your alkaline balance.

Stock up on Sunkist Oranges at your dealer's sale today. You save more when you buy in quantities.

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Sunkist Valencia Oranges

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Monday through Friday, "It's Sunkist Time!" with Ken Carpenter and Bill Goodwin. Saturdays only, "Billy Swift, the Boy Detective."

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I had never had a business connection of any kind with MacGrath.

"If you've got the impression that Jimmy Roosevelt is the only business-getter Roosevelt & Sargent have, get rid of it. Sargent had a lot of important business before he took me in. And he has added a lot. For example, Sargent has had the Merrimac Hat account since 1920. His contact with that firm is through its president, J. W. Farley, who is also Chairman of the Republican State Finance Committee in Massachusetts. But I'm still a Democrat.

"My firm has no chemical accounts, notwithstanding the assurances you've had to the contrary. None. O'Brien, Russell & Company, with whom we have a partnership agreement, insure the American Chemical Company. But we do not get a dollar out of that.

When Names Mean Nothing

"Hayden, Stone & Company. Yes, we're their insurance brokers. But not because of anything Jimmy Roosevelt has done. John Sargent has had that account since 1922. And we haven't, alas, important steamship company insurance. We've tried hard enough. We do get two hundred dollars a year from some insurance we placed for the Eastern Steamship Company, but that hardly qualifies us as one of the important marine insurance firms. We have \$6,000 a year from Armour & Company. At least we had. It is somewhat less now. The only business we do with Armour is marine insurance on shipments of South American beef to Great Britain—from South America direct to the British Isles. This business is handled for us in London by Kaye & Son who, of course, take a part of the commissions.

"Look here, we got that Armour business because we underbid competitors. That's all. There may have been a time when I believed that the prestige of my father would help me. But when a man is spending money for insurance he talks dollars, not names, not prestige.

"I've told you, haven't I, that we tried to get the Tidewater Oil contract—and didn't. Unhappily the only oil company's insurance we place is the Consolidated Oil Corporation's benefit plan. That's Harry Sinclair's company. For more than two years we worked with the legal department of Consolidated, devising a benefit agreement for their workers. Two years, mind you. That's not snatching anything from anybody. No insurance twisting there. It had been proposed to Consolidated that they adopt a trustee plan which, in addition to several other undesirable features, would be expensive—too expensive. The plan we offered saved the corporation thousands of dollars and saved the beneficiaries—the employees—considerable in taxes.

"The other insurance covering Consolidated was placed through a company that did not submit any such proposal as we had worked out. Nothing like it. They seemed content to protest that they could do anything that we could. Naturally we weren't going to abandon our efforts simply because a competitor got sore. Would you?

"What else are they smearing us for? Oh, yes—that about it being strange that young Jimmy Roosevelt is handling a wide variety of insurance; that a lot of business our firm does is specialty stuff; that because I'm not a specialist I can't possibly know enough about certain insurance lines to handle them—unless of course I'm doing business by coercion, political skulduggery and so on. It's not easy to understand how anyone could make a silly statement like that—unless it's to leave a smear.

"Of course I have a lot to learn. Of course I'm no expert in all lines. Good



"Certainly not! It doesn't make me feel small and insignificant at all!"

BARNETT TOBEY

Lord, I don't have to be. John Sargent has been in the insurance brokerage business for twenty years and he's still short of being infallible. But we have affiliates—O'Brien-Russell, for example—to whom we can go with questions, for law, for forms, for instruction, guidance, expert knowledge. We're merely brokers. All we do is find the prospect, offer him an idea, and if he demands something we don't know about we consult experts. I know of no commoner insurance brokerage practice. The truth is that no two insurance problems are identical. You're always digging up something new. And if you're wise you'll learn the answer—or quit business.

A Matter of Better Mousetraps

"Sure, you take business where you find it—and work very hard for it. I don't know how long John Sargent angled for the pension-plan contract of the New England Power Company in spite of the fact that Frank Comerford, its president, is one of John's close friends. We got the contract with the West Indies Sugar Company because its president, F. B. Adams, is my cousin. And we did a good job, too. And the account of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company was brought in by John Sargent. I had nothing to do with that one—nothing. John Sargent and Charles A. Stillman, vice president of Goodyear, are friends; but even so we had to underbid our competition. You have to do that—have to. That or offer something more attractive—use your brains.

"I wonder," sighed Jimmy, "if we oughtn't to quit talking about it. What else? Oh, that job I had with the National Grain Yeast Corporation. Like the Southern Corporation job, the yeast

job lasted three months. I took it chiefly because I wanted experience as a business administrator. I had learned something about selling. And when Frank Hale, president of National Grain Yeast, asked me to try my hand at organizing his sales force, to try to install some sort of system in his organization, I took the job. Our insurance business was doing well and I would have plenty of time to devote to that too.

"I was interested too because Hale was being sued by Standard Brands—the Fleischmann yeast outfit. Standard Brands accused him of infringing upon a German yeast formula that they had bought for \$5,000. I enjoyed that brief experience with Hale but could not agree with him when he refused Standard Brands' offer to settle out of court. As a matter of fact, Hale was right. He won the suit although the verdict is being appealed. But I did give him an organization, put in a new accounting system. And for the privilege of learning something about the business I was being paid at the rate of \$25,000 a year. I quit when I found that it was neither to Hale's interests nor mine for me to stay."

The late-afternoon visitation of doctors, nurses, X-ray wizards, chart bearers and dietitians appeared. Young Mr. Roosevelt groaned. The telephone rang. James began to talk:

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Fine. Fine. Great. Yes, sir, Mother will be here Friday. Where are you? California? Is it hot? Yes, sir, and it's getting hotter. Oh, yes, I've been following you in the newspapers. Don't like to read them because it makes me wish all the more that I was with you. It was fine to hear from you and Elliott. Yes, sir, I'm getting out of here Friday or Saturday. You bet... Fine... Fine... Fine..."

Just Beyond the Fighting

Continued from page 17

guessed, however, that on the farther side of the rise I might discover some sort of valley in which to camp for the night. I proved to be right, but I had never seen a more cheerless and lonely spot. The track, however, was too narrow to allow me to turn the car, so I bumped down at a terrifying angle and went up to the axles in mud at the last turn. I was stuck.

In that moment I would have been grateful even for the company of a man like Feathers. But since nothing could be done without help, of which there was none, I made the best of a bad job. I loaded myself with the tent, haversack and fishing kit and set off downhill. After a time I dumped the things I was carrying near a small pool. . . .

Evening was at hand and the air was brittle with cold. I must have climbed considerably without realizing it, for I had reached the snow line when a dark form staggered out from behind a rock and stuck a pistol in my face.

"France or Spain?" he croaked in a voice hollow from suffering.

"France," I managed to say.

The pistol dropped, and a look of wariness and distrust faded out of his eyes. Then he fell in a heap at my feet.

I SAW then that he was wearing a uniform torn almost to shreds in crossing the mountains. One of his trouser legs was ripped at the thigh, revealing an ugly, scarcely healed wound. On his face was a beard of at least a week's growth, and the flesh had fallen in from the cheekbones.

As luck would have it I had bought a little flask of Armagnac, and it was in my pocket. Rolling him over, I held it to his lips. At first the spirit only trickled down his cheeks, but a drop must have reached his senses for he came to with a start, grabbed the flask and drank the lot. Then his eyes closed again and he sat nodding like a mandarin, and muttering:

"Still frozen. Come closer."

He toppled back. His arms fastened round me like ropes and he held me tight.

I said: "Let go." But he took no notice. Then I began to get panicky, fearing that he had died on me and I should never be able to escape from that icy grip.

"Any food?" he asked presently.

"Yes, if you'll only let me get it."

"How far?"

"Not more than a mile there and back."

He gave a sort of groan and spoke one word: "Tomorrow."

Then he edged his face between my chin and shoulder and went to sleep.

For a while I lay quiet and tried to think things out. Then a feeling of irresistible sleepiness came over me. . . .

I woke as dawn was breaking, in time to hear my companion say, in a startled whisper:

"A girl! You must be a pretty good sort. . . . Have you been here all night?"

It was not a subject I intended to discuss. So I said, "If you can walk as far as the river I can offer you a choice of sardines or pâté de foie gras. I suppose you're hungry."

He got to his feet, rockily, and so did I. And that awful half beard split into a smile. He said:

"I hope you had a good night. This leg is a bit stiff. Would my human blanket offer me a shoulder to lean on?"

I wasn't going to stand for that, and told him so.

"If I did stay with you, it was from no wish of mine."

He nodded gravely.

"I know, it's the mother in you." And putting an arm around my shoulders he started to hobble downhill. For a while we went in silence, then he asked: "What are you supposed to be doing here?"

"Isn't it more what you're supposed to be doing?"

"Me? That ought to be obvious. I'm a deserter."

"But you're English?"

He nodded, and I added, rather sourly: "I didn't know England was at war."

"No, thank goodness. She has the sense to keep out of it."

"But you hadn't?"

"I hadn't. You see, I'm a pacifist. But I wanted to know whether my pacifism sprang from a timid disposition, or hatred of war. So I thought I'd have a look at some."

"How did you find it?" I asked.

The laughing note went out of his voice.

"If I were a painter I'd do a picture of

hell with the flames all nicely painted in regimental colors."

I thought that pretty good, and I secretly wondered if I could borrow it.

Presently we reached the spot where I had dumped the tent and my haversack. And there I made a dismayed discovery. All the provisions it had contained were gone. They must have been taken when I left the car outside an auberge while I had lunch. The deserter saw me looking inside it and spoke:

"Something wrong?"

I told him.

"Sorry," he said, "but I've got to eat."

I suggested that between us we might get the car unstuck and make for the nearest village. He shook his head.

"Doubt if I'd be much good; besides in this uniform I can't. I'd be spotted and sent back over the frontier."

"Why? You're not a Spaniard."

"No, but my English passport was blown off the front of my tunic at Teruel. You see, unfortunately, I have a Spanish name. Rinaldo Diaz. My only identification is a red army pay book. I tried it on the French at the frontier post and they turned me back. So I took to the snow."

"Then what are you going to do?" I asked desperately.

Manlike, he didn't seem to know.

I said: "There's an old jumper and some body waders in the car. If we cut them off at the knees you could wear them as shorts."

"A good idea," he said, "but what about breakfast?"

I never knew a man with such a one-track mind.

"We'll see," I said, and took my fishing rod, went to the pool, and made a cast. Almost at once, I hooked a large salmon—he must have weighed ten pounds. But I was using gut, instead of wire; the trace broke and the fish got away.

"Let's see what I can do," the man said; and from his pocket produced an object that looked like a small, iron pineapple.

STUMBLING a bit, he led the way into the water where it ran between two large stones.

"Now," he said, "stand by to hand me the other two corners of the blanket and scoop up anything that comes down."

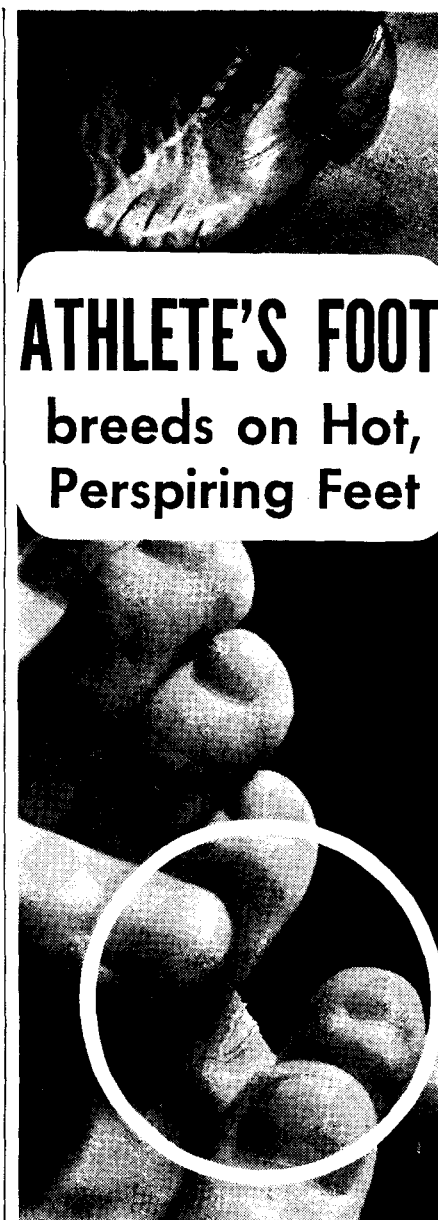
I hadn't an idea what he meant to do, until I saw him drag a split pin from the top of the pineapple and toss it, overarm, into the deepest part of the pool.

"Look here, you can't do that," I cried.

"Look out," he yelled, and we only just dipped the blanket in time, as half a dozen small trout, stunned by the explosion, were borne downstream.

And then, bobbing toward us on the surface of the bombed pool, came my beautiful salmon. Thrusting the bagged blanket into my hands, he grabbed the fish by the tail and slung it onto the bank.

There was no doubt that it was my fish, for the triangle of the minnow with the broken trace was still fixed in his mouth. Viewed on the bank he was an ugly brute, very black and brassy from having been upriver a long time. I had not seen a French salmon before, and I thought perhaps they might all look that way. Imagining Sir Henry's chagrin at my success, I gloated over him as a child gloats over a new toy. It is true that the methods by which he had been landed were scarcely orthodox, but since I had actually had him on the line I did not feel there would be any need to tell Sir



Athlete's Foot germs thrive in perspiration—enter through cracking skin

CRACKS between your toes are GERM POCKETS

—Drench them Tonight

● Perspiration breeds Athlete's Foot. When the damp, soggy skin cracks open, you may already have the dread disease. The insidious Athlete's Foot germs get in those cracks and spread through the tissues. Toes get red and itchy—the skin dies in patches—peels off painfully. And you know you're another miserable victim of Athlete's Foot.

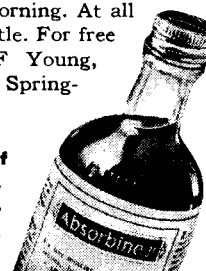
The U.S. Public Health Service estimates 50% of the adult population has Athlete's Foot at some time.

The minute you find a crack between your toes, pour on Absorbine Jr.

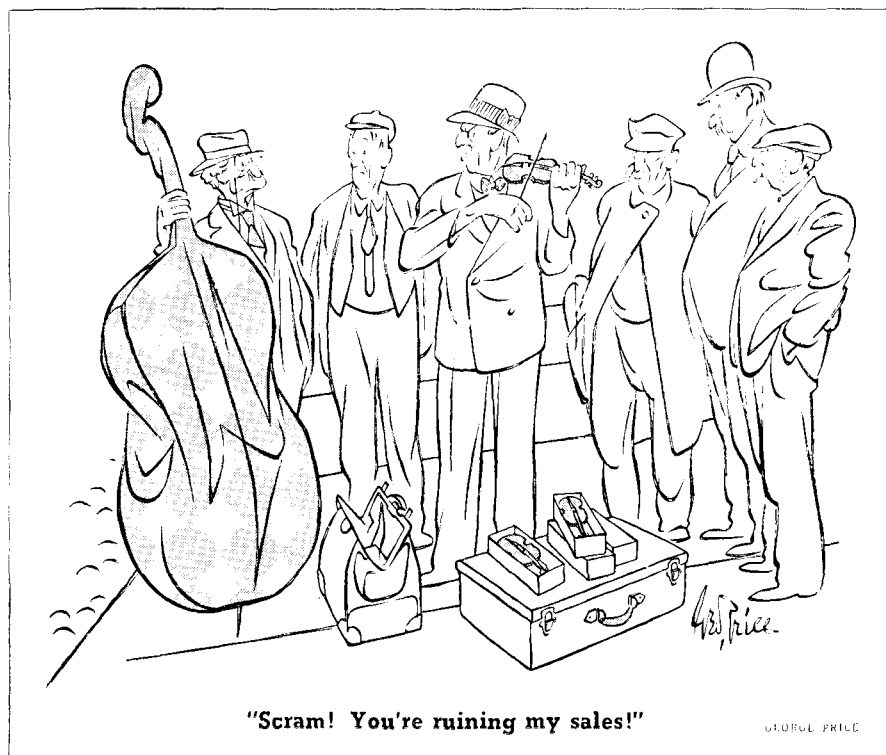
- It dries the damp, soggy skin between the toes.
- It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive
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Apply Absorbine Jr. full strength freely every night and morning. At all druggists. \$1.25 a bottle. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

The famous quick relief for muscular soreness, sprains, sunburn, mosquito and insect bites.



ABSORBINE JR.
—Kills ATHLETE'S FOOT Fungi



"Scram! You're ruining my sales!"

GEORGE PRICE

Henry that we had used a bomb rather than a gaff to beach him.

These thoughts were running through my head when Rin-tin-tin, as I had decided to call him, tossed me a clasp knife and told me to cut the fish into steaks while he got a fire going.

"But you don't imagine we're going to eat my first salmon, do you?"

"Were you thinking of keeping him as a pet?" he asked, and added: "Go on, hurry."

"You can eat those trout," said I. "I'm keeping this to win a bet with."

He looked at me and shook his head.

"Little idiot," he said, "can't you see that I'm aching for real food?"

I did see it, and I saw something else. In the water he must have bumped his leg against a rock and the wound had started to bleed again. Heavens, I thought, now he's going to bleed to death, and I dashed to the haversack for something to bind him up with.

He showed no gratitude, however, and I believe he suspected me of doing the ministering-angel stuff for the purpose of delaying his breakfast. While I worked he scowled at me and I scowled back. But at the sight of the primus stove, the frown vanished and he showed definite signs of softening when, sighing wretchedly, I cut a steak from the middle of the fish.

"But don't imagine that you are going to get the head," I told him. "I'll keep that if I have to sit over it with your revolver."

The food made him dizzy and stupid. He was dozing when I returned from the car with the jumper, and grumbled when I told him to get out of his uniform so that I could throw it away.

"Let me alone," he said. "That fish was bad. It's given me a pain."

BUT I had no intention of being found with a refugee on my hands, so I insisted, and got out the tent for him to change in. It was really an awful affair, that you crawled into at one end and out at the other.

Presently he kicked out his torn trousers and tunic and some dubious-looking underwear.

"Have them pressed," he said sleepily. Then, two minutes later: "It's all right. You can take away the dish cover."

I said: "I'm going to chuck this muck into the river."

But before letting me do that, he made me turn out the pockets.

Among his belongings was a razor, and it gave me an idea.

"You better shave," I said. "Anybody seeing that beard would be sure to suspect you."

I fished a cake of soap from the dressing bag and threw it at him.

Rather gloomily he dipped it in the water the fish had been boiled in and started to rub it on his face. I saw then that his hand was trembling like a leaf in a wind. In that condition it was morally certain he would cut his head off, for the idiot had one of those knife razors and not a safety. In the circumstance I decided that I would have to do it for him.

Frightfully stupid he looked sitting there in a yellow jumper much too tight for him, and the waterproof shorts. I planted myself on a rock with his head between my knees and massaged that wiry beard until it foamed into a kind of Father Christmas effect. Meanwhile he stropped the razor on the bare knee of his unwounded leg.

I had never shaved a man before. What girl has? But I found it rather exciting; and the finished result was more than worth any pain he suffered. I washed his face and gave him my mirror to see himself in.

"Good heavens," he groaned. "This is terrible. You've cut off my mustache

and you've given me a pain for breakfast. Perhaps you'll tell me what you propose to do next?"

That was a question that had been puzzling me too. And the answer seemed to be Uncle Ned. After all what was the good of having a member of the government for an uncle if you didn't use him.

I WAS just going to expound my plan when I saw, coming round the bend where the car was stuck, half a dozen French soldiers and a man wearing the uniform of a game warden.

"Leave it to me and keep your mouth shut," said I, and although I was scared stiff, I started to sing in a high and happy soprano. I saw Rin-tin-tin flinch and put his thumbs into his ears, but I went on undaunted. The little posse, or whatever it was, was equally undaunted, and came straight toward us; the officer in charge halting and friskily saluting about a yard away.

"Bon jour. Beau temps. C'est pas chaud," said I.

He agreed that it was not hot, and switched into English.

"The car who is stuck she is yours?"

rested romantically upon that idiotic little tent.

"Mademoiselle," said he. "I too see the card you show the guard. It is for mademoiselle, not for madame. You are a very, very naughty girl. But it is the spring. Long live the spring."

He took two steps backward and saluted.

Rin-tin-tin said: "You won't give us away, will you?"

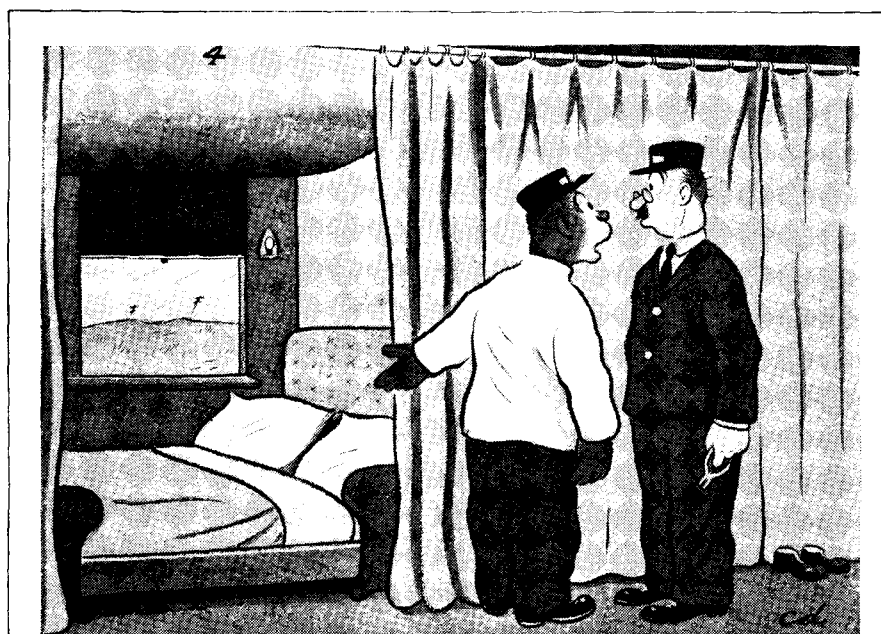
The officer laid a finger to his lips.

"I search the mountains for the refugees, but I find the romance," he said. "I am very glad for you both."

From the hillside came a shout that the car had been pushed clear. One of the soldiers drove it down and helped to pack our belongings.

Then we got aboard and went at the rise. The rest of the soldiers stood by the muddy patch and gave us a shove that got us through. They shouted a farewell as we cleared the ridge and disappeared on the other side. For some time we drove in silence, then Rin-tin-tin said:

"Fancy our not being married after all. I was trying to get used to the idea when he rumbled the truth that we weren't."



"Number four didn't come home at all last night!"

CHON DAY

I nodded. "Yes. Perhaps your men could help us to get her out. My husband hurt his leg, fishing."

From the game warden came a sudden exclamation.

"Show me, instantly, your fishing license," he demanded.

That was easy, and I produced it. He snatched it from me, looked at it and gave a gesture of triumph.

"But this is for the *Societe de Peche du Gave d'Oloron*. At once I serve on you the *Proces Verbal*." And he whipped a summons from his pocket.

The last thing I wanted was to appear before a French court of justice on a charge of poaching, and I turned an agonized face upon the officer.

"Oh, please," I said, in a wretchedly pleading sort of voice, "please ask him not to do that. We only fished because we were hungry. We lost our way last night and the car stuck. I thought we had some food in the car, but it had all been stolen."

The effect upon the officer was surprising. His face assumed an expression that was almost loverlike.

"Give him five francs and he is happy," said he.

But since it was clearly evident that the warden would not be happy with less than fifteen, I gave him twenty. He was delighted. The officer then drove them all away to get the car out of the mud. He, himself, remained, with eyes that

I said: "I had to think of something."

"Matter of fact, Diana, you've thought of a good many things in our short but not uneventful acquaintance. You've comforted my hours of rest, bound my wounds, nourished my body, and given me a pain. I don't see what more any wife could do."

"Oh, go to sleep," said I.

"That's getting quite a habit with me, isn't it? I suppose you wouldn't like to celebrate my shave by kissing me good night?"

"No, I wouldn't," I retorted, and suddenly realized that I would like to. So I added: "Oh, very well," and did.

HIS face felt dreadfully hot. Then very seriously he asked:

"Did you do that because you wanted to, or out of pity or . . ." and he smiled " . . . or because I look so pretty in my yellow jumper?"

I didn't answer, and he went to sleep. still smiling.

It was dusk when I turned into the Ruysants' courtyard and Feathers rose out of a deck chair to meet me.

The family was out, except little Girond, who goggled and took off his hat tremendously.

Feathers proved a pillar of strength and hoisted Rin-tin-tin over his shoulder and ran him up the outside stairway.

Half an hour later Sir Henry arrived from another unsuccessful day's fishing.

I saw him talking to Feathers, then he came up to my room.

"Been knocking somebody down with your car, I suppose," he said, and bent over the bed. Then he looked up and frowned. "This man is running a high temperature. What's the matter with him?"

"A bullet through the leg."

"Who put it there? You?"

"Of course not. Some silly Spaniard did it. He's a refugee." And because I was worried and excited and overstrained I started to tell him the story.

Sir Henry waved me down with an angry gesture. He said: "Get some boiling water."

When I came back he seemed to have been fairly efficient. The shorts were off and he had raised some iodine and towels.

"How is he?" I asked.

"Might be worse. There's no gangrene. But he'll need a doctor and a nurse."

"He's got the nurse," I said, "and I thought you were a doctor."

"I'm here on a holiday, besides I have no authority to practice here."

The way he said it left little room for argument, but I was determined not to give in.

"If I get a local doctor he's certain to tell the police, and then as likely as not he'd be sent back."

"And serve him right," said Sir Henry. "If the young man was fool enough to go and fight with foreigners he must take the consequences."

And then I played my last card:

"Did you catch a salmon today?"

"I did not."

"But I did," said I, "and I bet you five pounds against your fees as a doctor that I'd get one before you did."

HIS eyes narrowed and he scrutinized me closely.

"Are you lying?"

"Certainly not. We ate the middle part, but I kept the head and the tail to prove my words."

"Get them."

I got them.

"Remarkable," he said, at length. "It is the largest trout I ever saw."

"Trout?" I gasped. "You are only saying that to get out of your bargain."

He poured water in a basin and dropped some cotton wool into it.

"Why are you so anxious that I should attend this young man?"

"I suppose they didn't give you a knighthood for nothing," I replied.

"Thanks," said he, "but let me put it this way. Why are you so anxious that the young man should be attended?"

"Because he's ill, of course."

"And you are anxious to get him well?"

"Yes."

"For any particular or personal reason?"

But I wasn't going to be trapped by anything so obvious.

I said: "I'm going to ring up my uncle in Scotland. He's in the government. I'm going to make him get in touch with the right people over here so that Mr. Diaz won't have to go back to the firing line."

Sir Henry removed his coat and rolled up his sleeves.

"By the time you've finished arranging for his future," he said, "I have a shrewd conviction that the unhappy fellow will never be out of it. Very well, I will take the case. But it was a trout, and I'm still convinced that you haven't the ability to catch anything more difficult than a man."

Believe it or not, all through that night we sat by the bed and I listened to his stories and never answered back even once. You see I had my own thoughts to occupy me, so I didn't really hear a word.

The Wily Pigeon

Continued from page 10

proceeded for one hole, after which the downpour shook itself and became a cloudburst, whereat they fled to the clubhouse, dried out and had tea. Two hours later, they were swiftly approaching that age-old delight described as falling in love, and were staring at each other much as Columbus must have stared at America or Napoleon at Josephine.

"What do you do?" she asked courteously, a trifle upset by her new emotions.

"I'm in the movies."

"How odd. So am I."

They solemnly shook hands over this pleasant coincidence and continued to beam, neither of them being in the movies any more than Chicago is in China. They were going to be in, which is different, and carries no salary. One look at Tempe Benedict and anybody would willingly wager four dollars she was a future Ginger Rogers, but so far the studios hadn't looked. To be a successful movie actress, according to latest figures, a girl has to weigh 110 pounds and have blue eyes, light brown hair, even teeth and a look of moderate intelligence. She should be about five feet, three inches tall and come from somewhere east of Denver. Tempe fitted in perfectly—with one exception.

THEY peacefully nibbled cakes together in the clubhouse and talked fast, as if to make up for the wasted months when they hadn't known each other. He learned that her brother Pat was the pro at Silverdale, which fact explained her presence on those expensive and notable fairways, and that Pat had a wife, two little Pats and a small income.

"That's the trouble," Tempe said solemnly. "I'll have to get a job and mighty quick, too. I live with Pat and the load's too heavy for him."

"I'll get you a job," promised Alex, with the airy expansiveness of twenty-three. "You stick around with Alex."

"And I know I can hold a job," she continued earnestly. "It isn't just a silly girl ambition, for the studios have promised to put me on salary."

"Then why aren't you in there battling?"

"First, wardrobe; second, teeth. Look at my teeth."

He did so in profound admiration.

"They look fine. Nice and white."

"Nice and no good. They photograph like a stone wall after the earthquake and have to be done over. There is a special movie dentist in Hollywood who does such work, and it costs you seven dollars just to open his office door and say 'Good morning, dentist.' So it's about eight hundred dollars that's keeping Tempe's name off Broadway. Two directors would give—"

"That's nonsense," he said firmly. "Your teeth are perfect. Maybe a trifle uneven, but teeth should be uneven. I like 'em the way they are, so don't have any changes made. You can get a job without spoiling the character of a nice mouth."

Thus spake the cheerful Alex, who himself could no more break into the movies than scuttle into the mikado's bath on shower night. After the first meeting, they were together constantly, meeting for meals at the drugstore on Vine Street, where they talked over the day's adventures and the hellish arrogance of those who have jobs to those who haven't. When she mentioned Mr. McCorkle at home, Brother Pat laughed, informed her that Alex was not only a pigeon, but one of the extreme type.

Tempe listened without smiling and

said it was pretty cheap potatoes for a crowd of movie barons to be picking on a boy who didn't even have a job and had to send East for funds.

In the little movie restaurant on Vine Street Tempe thought it proper to mention the pigeon business.

"They're laughing at you over at Silverdale," she began, scowling at him. "They call you a pigeon, steal your money and then joke about it. Pat told me. Why do you want to be such an idiot?"

"You have a nice face," Alex grunted, "and there is a sweet soul within you, and I wish you'd marry me. I would like a young and beautiful wife and will wear my fingers to the bone for her."

"Yes—you need a wife. You're doing so well."

"I'm doing all right, but require time. Concerning Silverdale and golf, I know what I'm doing and Pat doesn't and you don't, so will you kindly keep your ornamental trap shut, unless you want to kiss me. Do you want to kiss me?"

"No," Tempe replied coldly. "I want you to stop making a Santa Claus of yourself. Those men all play better golf than you do. They make fun of you and think you're dumb."

"I am not dumb. And to turn to a more sensible topic, what about your marrying me? I am now serious and want you to be. I know perfectly well I can earn a living for two, with cakes and ale. You don't have to work at anything."

Tempe interrupted long enough to remark that she had often noticed the modesty and shyness of men from Cincinnati.

"I love you devotedly," he stated, "and you love me, or have lied about it, and I say people who love each other ought to get married to still the wicked voice of scandal."

"On what? On your papa's money? No, thank you. I have my career to think of and the movies don't want married ladies. You must be single."

"And have your teeth squared off so they'll look like every other female's teeth in Hollywood. If you marry me, your teeth will stay the way heaven set them up and I will dig up plenty of food for you to bite."

"You don't need a wife, but you could use a keeper. If you want to play with those golf sharks, why don't you learn to play better, so you won't always lose?"

"I do try, sweetheart. I have a slice, which prevents one from playing better golf. A slice is the same as trying to swim the English Channel towing a five-lid stove."

"Then have Pat fix you up."

"I see. Digging up business for relatives."

"No, just trying to help a foolish friend. Pat will give you free lessons, as he feels sorry for you. My whole family feels sorry for you."

SOLELY to please a lady, he consented to take counsel from Pat Benedict, who strove with him mightily. The Silverdale wrecking crew strolled out and gave him a word of sympathy and applauded his earnestness.

"Wait till he gets me straightened out," Alex told them. "I'll let you look at some real golf."

"All you ever needed," comforted Mr. Shor, "was to cut out the slice. You going to play with us today?"

"Better take a few more lessons," Alex grinned, whereat Mr. Shor winked openly at Mr. St. John. They had often seen their pigeons take lessons from the pro, and knew from old experience that some

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golfers can be improved, while others will always be over ninety.

It was on one lovely Thursday night that Tempe and Alex dined in The Wooden Cork and Tempe was bubbling with news and ideas.

"We could get married tomorrow," he said experimentally. "About noon. You look nice. Think of any idiot who would want to monkey with such teeth!"

"I might marry you after seven years," she answered. "Average star lasts four. Let's not talk about marriage, as I have news that concerns me. Carstairs Shor is going to start a new picture. I want Shor to give me a job."

"All right. Go ahead and ask him."

"That's where you come in. I want you to introduce me to him."

Alex looked sober.

"Sweetheart," he said. "I can't do that. I play golf with him."

"Of course you do. You know him well. If you introduce me, it's a certainty he'll give me a part."

"I know, but I can't do it. In golf clubs like Silverdale, they don't mix business and fun. Carstairs Shor is a golfing pal of mine, which is all the more reason why I couldn't do it."

"Oh," she said. "You're going to be that way?"

"Darling, don't talk foolish. I'd do anything for you and you know it, but you can't drag your girl friend out to the golf course and shove her down the throat of a man like Shor. They don't do that."

"No. Well, let me tell you something," said Tempe, and thereupon she told him something, with steadily rising indignation and first-rate flashing of the eyes. She declared that if a friend couldn't do a simple little thing like that for a friend, then a friend could go plumb to places provided for such miscreants.

SO STATING, Miss Benedict hopped up and flounced out of The Wooden Cork and Alex was left behind to wonder at the perverseness of the sex. A lovely friendship appeared to have been shot through the middle.

In the morning, his gloom was unabated and the world looked black. To be sure, she needed a job in the movies, and might be pretty successful, once she started. While he shaved, he went over this and that, considering his affairs and hers. About the sixth downstroke, he came to a decision and nicked himself. Alex added up his ingredients and at nine o'clock he strolled into the caddie house at Silverdale, where he found Pat.

"You want to make some quick money?" he asked, grinning.

"Sure."

"Get a bet down on me. I play golf today."

"With—with the boys?" Pat inquired, smiling in spite of himself. Alex nodded, took his clubs and when the leisurely movie lions straggled in they found their pigeon putting and ready for action. It was the same old sixsome that talked things over in the locker room—Shor, Latrobe, Dailey, Rasch and Bill St. John on one side and Alex on the other, smiling at them belligerently.

"I warn you in advance," he announced. "This is not the old Alex, for I have been cured by Pat Benedict. Don't say I didn't tell you, for I'm going to be good. What do you all feel like betting?"

"You can have anything you want with me," Mr. Shor stated.

"Like to play you about fifty Nassau, Mr. Shor, and also fifty a hole and a hundred extra on birds."

Shor whistled softly.

"You've made a bet," said Shor, "and another hundred you made a bad one." Alex accepted and looked inquiringly at the others.

"As this seems to be some kind of a

gala occasion," smiled Actor Latrobe, who has an innocent, round face and a dollar for every flea in Russia. "I would like to get in on the gravy. How about a hundred Nassau?"

"Write it down on your card," Alex advised. "And what do you want to pay me for birdies?"

Pat Benedict came in, listened and shook his head sadly. He knew the film gentleman could easily afford it and that Alex couldn't and that they could all beat him from here to Pikes Peak. Alex took the handicap he was accustomed to as a pigeon and presently the six cheerful golfers strode out to the starting tee and began blazing off.

PAT went along to watch the massacre open up, but there was no excitement—six purring drives, all down the fairway, all fairly straight, some farther than others. One ball lay a trifle in front of the others. It belonged to Mr. McCorkle, who walked along calmly and belted it toward the green. There was no sign of any slice on his shots, an item noted by all.

They are still discussing that particular game at Silverdale, for Mr. Alex won nineteen hundred dollars in cash money. If he had won every single bet, he would

have pinned back their ears any day in the week. Why not, as I am twice the city champ in Cincinnati? I mean amateur.

"But that scheme didn't work, and maybe they could see I would be no good on the screen, and so today I took off those whiskers and nailed the gentlemen for nineteen hundred dollars, your brother Pat falling over dead the while. They can now all go chase themselves, as I have their dough, and some of my own and no further need to rub their fur pretty. Maybe I am not movie material, but I am still a good golfer and will land somewhere in Cincy. I enclose one thousand bucks for you, which will get your wardrobe and also pay that Tiffany scientist for taking out your lovely teeth and putting them back so they will look like a four-dollar set from Main Street."

"Thus you are on your way now to being Greta Benedict. This thousand is not a gift from the government money foundry but should be paid back in small installments when your checks commence rolling. If you don't pay me back, I will sue you and add to your fame. I enjoyed trying to get you to marry me and leave your face the way God made it, but can see your side of

This was instantly accomplished and Shor hurried into the booth.

"What's this we hear about you leaving town?"

"That's correct," Alex answered. "Going home on the next train."

"What for?"

"Get a job, of course. You don't think I mean to hang around idly the rest of my life?"

"But you needn't go to Cincinnati, you sap. Nobody out here knew you wanted to work, as you seemed to be doing all right financially with your sporting affairs. If it's just a job, anybody will give you honest employment—George Rasch will—or Bill St. John—or I will personally employ you in the motion-picture industry. If you think you can take this gang the way you did and flee the country, your shirt-tail is sticking out a foot."

"What kind of a job?" Alex asked.

"I'm starting a picture—you want to be a movie actor?"

"Would I be any good at it?"

"Listen, Alex—if you're not good, I'll make you good. I can make an actor out of the sowsiest kind of an ear."

"When does the salary start?"

"Oh, a Scotch McCorkle, eh? All right, the salary begins at once."

"How much?"

"Will you shut up and come over to Silverdale? There are gentlemen waiting here whose feelings are seriously hurt and they wish to see you about matters."

"Be right over," said Alex and he hung up with a serene grin. Almost immediately the bell jangled again—Tempe.

"I JUST got this letter," she cried. "Oh, I'm glad you're not gone."

"Still here," said Alex, polite and stern, "and leaving in five minutes."

"You're not leaving. You can't go away, after all you said!"

"No? What did you say to what I said? You said you had your career on billboards. All right. Keep your career, Miss Benedict. Stay single and see what happens to old maids."

"Alex," she faltered, "you can't go and I don't want any of this money. Do you know where I've been?"

"Where?"

"I spent the night with Helen Baird, secretary to the general manager at the Culver City studio. She telephoned me yesterday to come out, so I went and the studio said they had decided themselves to pay for having my teeth done over, and then I could pay them back, as they would put me on the pay roll at once."

"Fine," said Alex. "Now you can send me back my thousand."

"I told them I wouldn't have my teeth changed, and that I now didn't want any job in the movies."

"Why?" he roared.

"I—I said I might get married—and then I stayed at Helen's all night and now I'm home and here's your crazy letter." She stopped talking and apparently decided to weep into the phone.

"It's the ten-o'clock train," he said brutally. "You might come down to the gates and bid your old pal farewell."

"I can't," she wailed. "There isn't time to get there."

"That's right," said he. "Well, then, if you can't make it to the railway station, do you suppose you could get over to Silverdale golf course in ten minutes?"

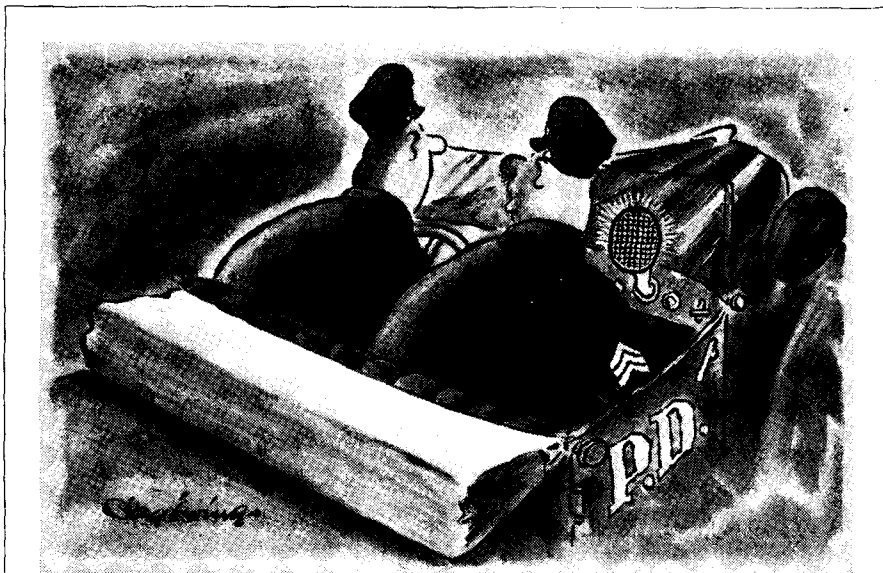
"What did you say?"

"I will meet you on the beautiful lawn at Silverdale, at the green table under the red umbrella. How are your ears?"

"My ears are all right. Why?"

"You better pin 'em onto your beret, as I have some news that will knock 'em right into a bunker."

Looking more than ever like Johnny Weissmuller and Doug Fairbanks on their good days, Alex hung up.



"One-twenty-six East Thirty-eighth Street! You remember THIRTY-EIGHTH STREET and I'll remember ONE-TWENTY-SIX! Let's go!"

JAY IRVING

have cashed two thousand, but somebody tied him on one nine. It was an easy victory over the gentlemen, Alex shooting the course in 78 and not his usual 89, and a 78 will ruin players like Shor and Latrobe. The young man was down the middle, onto the green and into the cup and that's all there is to golf. He looked like Sam Snead playing some boys from the wagon works.

In the club, they called him harsh and original names and paid off in large bills. A pigeon is not supposed to turn into a culture and rend people asunder.

"Y'have all the earmarks of being a crook," grunted Mr. Latrobe, not meaning a word of it. "Y'have deceived and robbed innocent and kindly men."

"Certainly I'm a crook," said Alex. "I need money and here it is. But don't say I didn't warn you."

He changed into street clothes and went up forward, where he found a table in the lounge and sat down to write a lady a note.

"I'm all washed up here in Hollywood," he wrote, shaking the club's lone and vernal fountain pen, "and so I am going home now and get me a job, as I have to go to work. I hoped these movie golf players would give me a tumble after they got to know me and could see what a swell actor I'd make. and so I was polite and permitted them to win my dough. I say permitted, for I could

things and bear no grudge. A letter will reach me at the Municipal Golf Club, Cincinnati, so let me hear from you and don't get stuck up."

He folded the letter and a package of Uncle Sam's bills into an envelope, addressed it to Tempe and gave it to Pat Benedict on his way out. He carefully gathered up his clubs, extra shoes and clothes and went along into town in a car owned and driven by a caddie. In the morning, he telephoned a ticket agency with regard to Cincinnati trains, learning there was one at ten, which was too early for him. While he was deliberating, a serious group of golf players discoursed at Silverdale and Mr. Shor inquired of Bill Bailey if he had seen Alex. Nobody had seen Alex, but the locker boy had information.

"MR. MCCORKLE? He's gone. He cleaned out his locker last night."

"Gone! Where?"

"Gone back home to Cincinnati. He said he's all done out here."

Mr. Carstairs Shor stared at his associates in astonishment and disbelief.

"Not with our money," he grunted.

"Do we let a pigeon hook us for two grand and then silently leave for Cincinnati?"

"Not today," they said loudly and unanimously. "He may not have left. Get the sucker on the phone."

The Runaway

Continued from page 25

shrunk rosebushes in the driveways. "How white the mountains are!" said Becky. And then, in sudden suspicion and surprise: "Where are we going? You've passed the Sadler place!"

"I thought we'd go up to the cabin," Gavin said, with an unconvincing air of easiness. "Harry's short of bacon and matches."

"Up to the cabin! You mean up at the lake? Gavin, it's sixty miles! We'd never get back for dinner!"

"Then we can have dinner up there," Gavin said, not turning.

Becky was silent a second, choosing her tone. He was joking, of course.

"What do you mean?" she demanded in an unalarmed voice.

"I mean that I have to go up there to get this stuff to Harry; I should have gone yesterday," Gavin said; "and I thought it would be nice to have you and the kid along."

"BUT, Gavin—Mother—and Doctor Dinsmore's coming to dinner!" Becky exclaimed confusedly. "I've got to get home by five. Mother wanted to make a celery-root salad—"

"I telephoned your mother and said we'd be back for lunch tomorrow."

"When did you telephone Mother?" "Before you came out of the Exchange. I was waiting in the car a while, and then I went in and told Belle Ros-siter to telephone your mother in about twenty minutes that we'd gone up to the cabin."

"But, Gavin, you knew Doctor Dinsmore was coming to dinner! He's coming all the way from the city. It isn't fair to leave it all to Mother!"

"She seemed to have plenty to say to him the other night!"

Becky laughed nervously, trying for good humor.

"But this is simply *childish*," she said. "Don't be so silly, Gavin! If you had some friend who was coming to dinner do you suppose I'd be so—so simple as to kidnap you and carry you off so you couldn't speak to her?"

"There's no reason why a man and his wife shouldn't go up to their country cabin overnight," Gavin said stubbornly.

"Well, of course there isn't! But without any warning—no nightgown for Gibbs—and on the night that company's coming for dinner, it's so silly! Turn the car around now, Gavin, and be sensible!"

"You're in love with him!"

"Gavin, that's a foolish way to talk. I like him tremendously. I've every reason to. But he goes back to New York tomorrow, and I'll not see him again! Do be sensible about this."

"No," he said, somewhat shaken by her tone of coaxing, but still driving steadily toward the white-capped dark line of the eastern mountains, "I've got to get up to Harry. I promised to be there yesterday, and then like a fool I got into a game out at Martin's. I slept today until noon, and by that time Harry was telephoning about every five minutes to know where his tobacco was. I've got to get up there. I'll tell you, I'll bring you back after supper."

"You didn't have to take me," Becky thought of saying. "I'll get even with you for this piece of nonsense! Robbing me of my last time with Stephen!"

Such remarks, as she had reason to know, would have no effect whatsoever upon Gavin, unless indeed they settled him still more stubbornly in his course.

"I think you're behaving very child-ishly," she said aloud presently. "But there's no use quarreling about it. If you choose to drive on and on, I can't

very well jump out of the car with Gibbs in my arms. But this is just—*silly*. And someday when you very much want me to do something for you, lend you thirty-five dollars to hand over to Joe Martin for a poker debt, I'll remember it!"

For some time Gavin, watching the rising road carefully, opposed to this only the unanswerable argument of silence. After a while he said sulkily: "I'll be damned if I like to see my wife so crazy about another man! 'Oh, Doctor, do you remember—' and 'I'll never be able to thank you for—!'"

"All that *gush*," he went on sourly as Becky was silent. "He's supporting you, that's what it amounts to!"

More than you ever did! she thought. Aloud she said: "He knew my mother."

"I'll bet he did!" Gavin agreed, in a tone of little-boy defiance.

You're a poor unfortunate creature, Gavin, Becky said in her heart. Your mother divorced your father when you were four, and put you with an aunt who whipped you. You never knew your father until he reappeared without a job, having served a term for misappropriation of funds. Your mother married a man from whom she was divorced after he'd spent every penny she had and mortgaged her home, and you had to go into court when you were sixteen and testify that your stepfather struck your mother! Everything you learned was smarty and show-off and superficial. "It's snowing!" she interrupted her thoughts to say suddenly. "Look, Gibbs, that's snow! Do you remember snow in New York?"

"She sure is coming down," Gavin said. "What do you know about that?"

"And we're not halfway, Gavin," Becky said with a touch of anxiety in her voice.

"Oh, yes; we've only about sixteen miles now. I took the new cut."

The car left clean soft tracks in the powdery softness of the snow. Nothing else seemed to be moving on the roads. Gavin came to a full stop.

"God!" he said, "I got through Wednesday!"

JUST ahead of them in the snowy dusk the new road ended abruptly with a line of planks and barrels and a dim red lantern beyond which was a welter of newly cut churned earth filled with ruts that were frozen stiff. The whole was rapidly whitening under the fluffy steady fall of the snow.

On the right rose the steep pine-clad bank. There was old snow thick on the trees; now and then a great lump of it slid down with a puff of white leaving a piny branch bare. On the left the tops of the trees descended steeply to a gorge far below. Everywhere was whiteness, stillness, chill.

"We'd better go back!" Gavin said seriously. Becky's heart gave a little twist at the tone of his voice.

"Round up past the Basin to the cabin?" she asked.

"Nope. I think I'd better get you and the kid back to Salletts. She's blizzarding."

The snow, which had been falling in gentle straight lines that turned and twisted in the gray air, had now begun to drive, and drive fast and thick in one direction. When Gavin got out of the car to get his bearings it plastered his face instantly with white; his cheeks were wet and fresh as he got in again and began to maneuver the car slowly about in a circle.

Becky's heart was singing. They were going straight home. She looked at the

"Dip in
...the flavor's
fine!"

—the MILDNESS
of fine old
Kentucky Burley
aged in wood

—the FLAVOR
of pure maple
sugar for extra
good taste

Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Draws right in both

Better
smoking tobacco

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dashboard clock: five minutes past five. They would be home at seven, perhaps a little earlier, if they got out of the snow into clearer going.

"Just keep an eye on the bank there and give me directions," Gavin said.

"It is hard to see it." She looked carefully. Sometimes little tips of partly submerged pines, showing above the snow, gave her a line; sometimes there was only whirling whiteness over unimaginable space. "Go slow, Gavin."

The wipers on the windshield squeaked busily. Darkness was deepening, somewhere behind the storm. The headlights threw pink disks upon the blown slanting lines of the falling snow. Wind was shrieking somewhere high and thin, or perhaps, Becky thought, it was only the gale against the movement of the car. On the cowl the wet whiteness fell only to slide and melt away, but the guards and window casing were already powdered deep.

"Gavin, this is merely a suggestion: but we could, you know, we could wait until this lets up a little. We might get off the road, going on this way," Becky said, troubled by his manner.

"We are off the road," he answered almost absently, as if his anxieties had long left the initial disaster behind.

"We're off the road!" Becky's tone was alert, unfrightened.

"I think so. I think we're against a stump. Damn it!" Gavin said the last word under his breath. He got out of the car into the soft driving smother. "Lord, you can't see anything!" he shouted, coming to the window to call back to her.

"Get in, Gavin. You'll only get yourself drenched when that melts!"

"IT'S the damnedest thing I ever saw!" he said. He re-established himself at the wheel, snapped on the dashboard light and turned off the ignition and the headlights. They sat in a little oasis of light and shelter in the midst of the snowy dark and silences of the great Sierras.

"I suppose we'd better wait. It's the only thing we can do," Gavin said.

"Well," Becky's tone was resigned. The vision of the warm home kitchen, the warm home welcome, vanished.

"Mum, I'm hungry," Gibbs said conversationally.

"Are you, darling? Well, you'll have to wait—No, I don't see why he should wait!" Becky said. "I've bread here and canned milk. Oh, but we haven't a can opener!"

"I've got a lot of stuff for Harry, but it's mostly canned. Crackers though, and cheese."

"Well, have you your knife? Could we punch holes in a can of milk for Gibbs?"

"I'll see what's in the toolbox." They had something to do now. Becky got into the back seat and fussed with grocery packages. Gibbs knelt on the front seat looking back at his mother's activities. Gavin found a screw driver and punched holes in a can. Gibbs had the smooth tin top of a one-pound coffee can for a plate, and ate bread soaked in canned milk and snow. Becky and Gavin took turns drinking tomato juice from a triangular jag cut in the can and ate crackers and yellow cheese.

"Keep that tomato can, Gavin, I'm going to see how much of the top I can punch off. I could heat his milk for breakfast."

"Breakfast!" Gavin echoed. "This is going to break. We'll be on our way in bright moonlight in an hour or so."

"I hope so. But if we should be here for breakfast—"

"I wish we had a couple of blankets," he said with an anxious glance in the dim carlight at the boy.

"Thank heaven we have one! I'll roll him up very comfortably back here. I

think I'll take his shoes off. Gibbsy, isn't this fun?"

"Is this a picnic?" Gibbs asked suspiciously.

"Not exactly. A sort of snow picnic. What time have you there, Gavin?"

"Lord, you'd think we'd just moved into a new house!" Gavin said, with a reluctant laugh. Becky laughed too. Afterward, when Gibbs was tucked up warmly in the doubled blanket, she crawled over to sit next to Gavin again.

"Any sign of its breaking?"

HE FLASHED up the lights. They showed, as they had showed for two hours, only the steadily driving slant of the snow. Gavin snapped them off again. At his left the window was opened a grudging half inch; even through this the air whistled eagerly and icy cold.

"I believe it would be better to open a window on this side, Gavin. Much quieter. Could we be gassed or anything if we shut it all up tight?"

"Not with the ignition off. Becky," Gavin said, "you certainly are a sport! I let you in for this."

"Well, we'll always remember it!" she said cheerfully. She twisted about sideways in the seat to face him, one elbow over the back of the seat. "Gavin, what do you think will happen?" she asked.

"I'm damned if I know." He was smoking a cigarette. "Not much can!" he said. "When the snow stops I'll see where we are. If we're not much off the road we could back up. If we're stuck I can hike over to the nearest pole line and get some sort of a telegraph message through."

"How on earth could you tell them where we are, Gavin?"

"Well, we aren't more than two or three miles back from where they've shut off the new cut, and the telegraph poles are all numbered. They'll find us all right. They'll get a wrecking car in here. Has that kid gone off to sleep?"

"Like a lamb." Becky glanced back at him. "I'd crawl in there with him, but then I'm afraid neither one of us would sleep," she said.

"He's a good kid," Gavin said half aloud. "How long would this food last, Becky?"

"We sound like explorers! Oh—days. It would be monotonous, but we could live. Fifty pounds of potatoes, only no butter and no salt. But matches; we have matches. If the snow stops tomorrow we could start a smoke fire maybe, if we could find some wood that isn't soaked. And you know they'll be after us immediately, Gavin, with planes and guns and everything! That is unless we just tamely back her up tomorrow and get home about eight. This is just as good as a little house; just like being in a little cabin."

On the side on which she had opened the window the air was warm and still. The snow piling up on the opposite side of the car acted as an actual shield. They dozed uneasily, awakened to shudder in the cold, settled themselves again.

GIBBS slept heavily until midnight, then awakened crying and alarmed. Becky climbed back to join him, changed the position of everything and settled herself and Gibbs under the blanket on the floor of the car. Gavin joined them and somehow between twisting and napping and awakening they wore away the dark hours and found that the clock's hands stood gratifyingly at seven and that the snow had stopped.

Gavin was out in the drift immediately and Gibbs and Becky scrambled down to join him, to breathe the intoxicatingly pure, sweet air and look about them.

The car had indeed left the road, gliding smoothly down over a low bank into a small mountain meadow, cupped between glittering peaks and fenced with

pinetrees. Across its level snowy stretches the sunrise of a winter day was sending clean pale orange streaks. The sky was paling rapidly from the opal beauty of dawn into palest blue-white; the sun came over the southeastern range and laid clear blue shadows upon the snow. The top of the car was three inches deep in ermine, the wheels almost buried.

"Gavin, any chance of a fire?"

"Not with everything so wet."

"We could put gasoline on it to get it started."

"Ha!" he said, struck.

"Then I could make coffee and toast. No butter!" Becky lamented.

"What could you make coffee in?"

"The coffee tin. I've just been thinking it out. I could put the rest of the coffee into a bag. We've milk. And



we've bacon! Do let's try for a fire!"

They floundered through the drifts to a short slope where young pines grew so dense that the snow had been kept out. Here Becky snapped twigs and Gavin struggled with live branches; they scraped a space of ground clear and put twisted paper bags beneath the branches and soaked the heap with gasoline. Presently a wild whirl of smoke and flames went up; Becky approached with her coffee tin and the delicious odor of broiling bacon penetrated into the fresh pure air.

"You'd picnic in a jail!" Gavin observed admiringly.

"As long as we can flounder around in it, this is kind of fun! Gavin, is our best bet to wait until they see our fire?"

"Look here, Beck. See that rock up there? That's right above the rangers' camp."

"Ah, well, but it's three miles up!"

"About two. Then down the other side about two, and we strike a telephone and everything!"

"I'd be afraid, Gavin. There'd be drifts over our heads. Or there might be draws or canyons we couldn't get over."

"I wasn't thinking of you. I was thinking that at worst it'd take me two hours to get to the top, two hours down. That's only a mile an hour—Lord, I ought to make that! Think you could keep up this fire?"

"Well, of course. But it seems kind of silly. They're bound to come up here today anyway!"

"Here's the thing: they mightn't think we'd come up this way. There's a big sign saying that this road is closed. But I got through on Wednesday and I was sure we could squeeze through somehow today. They must have been working on it this week; I thought they'd stopped work on it. But anyway, nobody's going to suppose we ran past that sign, and unless they do they're apt to think we went off the road somewhere up on the Basin side. They might waste a couple of days scouting around over there."

"A COUPLE of days!" Becky glanced at Gibbs. "He'll get along all right but this isn't the right food for him and if he should catch cold—"

"Well, I think I ought to do something to get us out of it."

"I know. But suppose you fall and break your leg?"

"I won't fall and break my leg! I can always get back. Look, it's nine o'clock now. Say I get to the ridge at eleven. I'm down there by two at the latest, and we get going!"

"But suppose you get to the top, Gavin, and don't see the rangers' camp?"

"But I will. See that big scar against that rock? Boggs cut that himself when they were surveying last year. There's a fire trail right over the summit and down to the camp."

Becky, ankle-deep in soft snow, face grimed and hands sooty and greasy from primitive breakfast preparations, stood staring up at the face of the great spur that rose to meet the whitening sky toward the east.

"I don't see any fire trail."

"It's there all right. And I can't hang around here all day. Beck, cooped inside the car. It's bad for the kid, too. We're in a mess and the sooner we get out of it the happier I'll be."

"There's no wind," Becky said, reasoning it out.

"Not a breath. But that means it'll be much colder here tonight."

"I could clear this snow away from the car maybe."

"With what?"

"Well, with my hands. I have Mother's old driving gloves and I could use them."

"I wouldn't move that snow. It kind of insulates the car. You like it, don't you?" Gavin said to Gibbs who was plunging about happily enough, his face marked with soot and bacon, his wet cheeks blazing red.

"Gavin, shall I give you some bread and cheese to carry in your pocket?"

"I ought to be there by lunchtime. However, do that. That's a good idea. Keep this fire going, Beck. I'll see the smoke even if I miss the car."

"Well, here!" She plunged her feet bravely into the high-piled snow on the running board, cleared the top of the car with great flail-like sweeps of her arms. "There, you can see that square of black all the way!" she said, brushing snow from herself vigorously. "And I'll honk. And don't worry now. If there's any delay—telephone wires down or something—don't worry. I've got potatoes in the ashes there for his lunch—I wish we had salt. I don't wonder sheep come down from the mountains for salt licks."

They stood beside the car in the streaming cold sunshine. Their breathing poured like white smoke into the crisp clear air. For a moment an odd sense of the community of interests, of thoughts, of flesh and blood that is mar-

riage, caught at Becky's spirit; her fears went out to protect this man as if he and she had been indeed one body. Lean and worried and needing a shave, buttoning up his thick old coat and turning the collar up to meet his cap, Gavin was oddly, in this second of accentuated sensibility, her husband. She was touched and troubled and a little afraid.

"I don't think—perhaps—you ought to do this!"

He kissed her by way of only answer, picked up Gibbs and touched his face to the cold rosy little face.

"As long as you think you can get along until maybe this afternoon without me."

"I'm going with Dad!" Gibbs stated, struggling in his father's hold. Becky saw that Gavin was pleased.

"You couldn't. Look where I'm going to walk!" Gavin said.

The tone was one he had rarely used of late, never to Gibbs. Becky thought that it had more of gentleness, more of fatherly kindness in it than she had ever heard from Gavin before.

"You and I'll wait," she said. They stood together, mother and son, as Gavin started up the hill. But it was cold standing still, and Becky and Gibbs were tired and chilly now, and presently got back into the car, took off their wet shoes, rolled themselves in the blanket and sat talking, Becky sick for sleep but afraid to drop off for fear that the child might slip away from her and get into danger. She told Gibbs stories until her head was sunk against his in utter weariness. Presently she struggled out again, shivering and shaking in the cold, and dragged their potatoes from the ashes. She broiled more bacon, mixed more milk and coffee. It was only eleven o'clock but they were both ready to sleep.

She looked up at the sheer rise of the snowy hill. For three or four hundred feet Gavin's path showed flattened and broken through the snow. After that it disappeared between bowed white junipers and she lost it until it emerged, half a mile away, trailing diagonally across a stretch of open, with granite rocks rising in dark islands against the powder that lay like sugar over all the world.

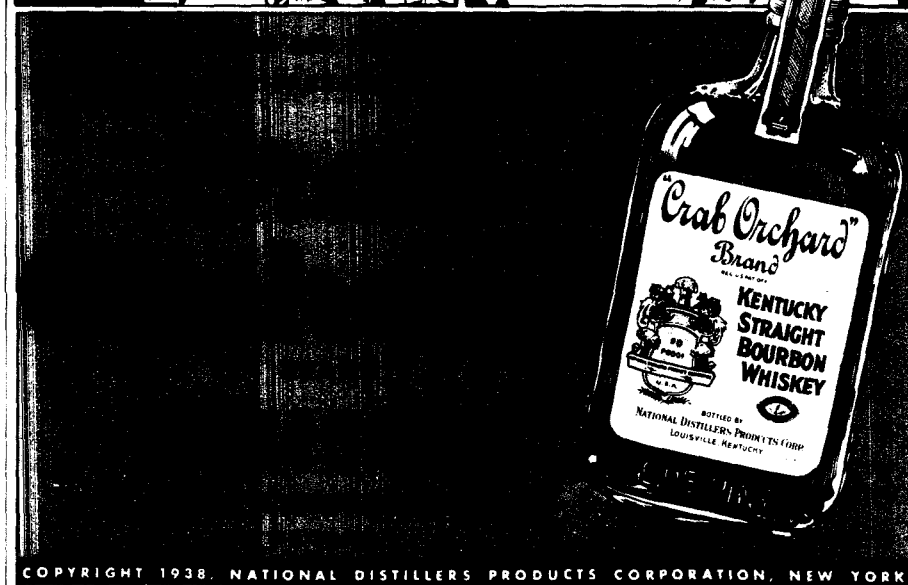
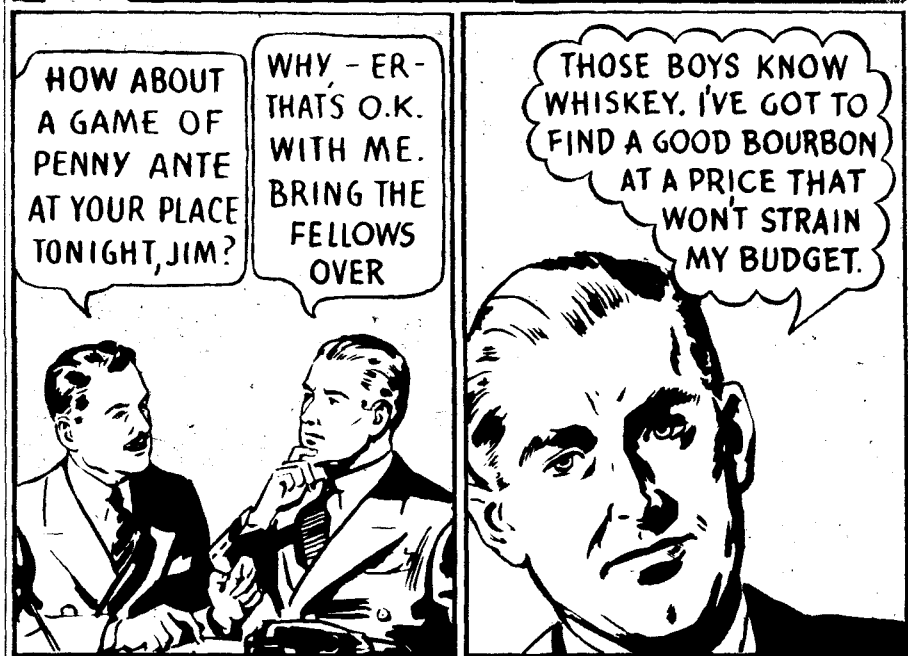
When lunch was over she settled Gibbs flat on the back seat, covered him warmly with the blanket, and sat down herself on the grocery box padded with one of the leather seats from the front of the car. She tucked her coat about her as well as she could, leaned her body against the child's body, and fell into a heavy, uncomfortable sleep.

Now and then she stirred and sighed deeply, readjusting herself from one uneasy position to another. As long as Gibbs slept she must get what rest she could, for she must be on watch during his every waking moment.

IT WAS dusk when they fully awakened and Becky, frightened and stiff and cold, thought at first that they had slept into the night. The clock said three; all the world outside the car was whirling grayness. It was snowing again, harder and swifter than ever. The sweet cold flying flakes caught at her hair and melted wet against her cheeks. Snowing again! But Gavin—but Gavin—!

Her stupid thoughts cleared, righted themselves. Gavin had crossed the mountain long ago if it was really three o'clock. He would be at the rangers' camp long before this. Perhaps even now the great patient snowplow was coughing its way up the grade.

And her fire would be out, of course. Not that it mattered, for he could not see smoke in this heavy snowfall though the whole mountainside were on fire. Suddenly, smitten with panic, she honked the horn madly, three times, four times, stopped when she saw Gibbs' frightened



face. Awakened, the small boy burst into tears.

Becky took him in her lap, comforting him, and they sat for a long while wrapped in the blanket, Gibbs drowsy against her breast, she thinking, thinking.

She must count her provisions carefully now. When the milk was gone Gibbs would have to live on potatoes and beans. That is if the weather cleared and Becky could get the fire going again. Gavin had drained off a little gasoline into the tomato tin; she had cleaned it afterward to use as a coffee cup but she could use it again. This was danger, now; her heart beat hard and fast as her spirit rose to face it. Danger! Of course it was. Every spring the rangers brought in the news of travelers lost in the Sierra storms, campers and prospectors who had found a lone grave in the snows. Why should she be any luckier than they? But she had the car: she had food and matches.

Suppose when Gavin arrived he had found the rangers' telephone out of order; that might easily be, for the night before there had been that terrible wind. Then whoever was there—there were usually two of them—would have to wait until this snow ended to get down the road to Esterhazy's old place, which was the nearest ranch—

"MOTHER, I'd like something to eat," Gibbs said politely, his little mouth close to her ear.

"Not until Daddy gets back, my darling. But I'll fix you some more of that snow ice cream. Would you like that?"

"It would be cold," Gibbs observed with a sigh, and relapsed into silence. She wondered what he was thinking, what the mind of a four-year-old was making of this situation. Her gallant, glorious little companion of so many adventures had been betrayed into a terrible one now.

"They're not coming for us today," she thought as darkness shut down again and the storm's low, whispering voice rose into a whine far above her head. "That's wind blowing 'way up in the trees, but I'm glad of it. Wind may blow the snow away."

Was it only this morning that she and Gibbs and Gavin had been laughing over a gypsy breakfast in the clear winter sunlight? It seemed aeons removed from this sober twilight of lonesomeness and fear.

The clock had stopped. She had only the fading dim light to guide her, and when it was gone the endless dark hours seemed to last forever. Now and then she gave Gibbs bread spread with cold beans. At first he did not like it and merely nibbled a cracker and a little cheese. But at some later period, when she started up from light sleep to find him wakeful in his blanket, he ate the despised bread hungrily.

"Tell me about Little Sambo and the Tiger Kitten," Gibbs murmured. Becky told him that and other stories, and after a while they both went to sleep again to the moaning and whistling of the winds outside in the dark, and the whisper of snow against the glass of the windows.

They wakened in the dark and ate again and slept again and Becky dreamed dreams of summertime.

Then she would start up and see the dim interior of the car and the sleeping child and shudder and draw an end of the blanket about her, as she changed her position for a little more sleep.

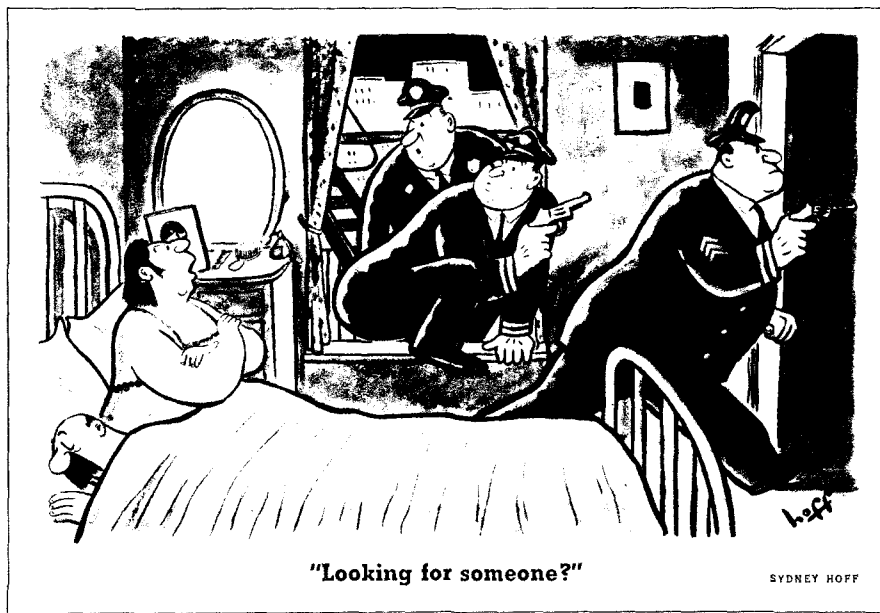
At last it was day; the dark was gone. She could see pearl-gray snow still racing down softly, still curtaining away everything else but its inexhaustible self. Morning had no other evidence than the dull light; there was no sunshine, no warmth, no glimpse of trees or mountain or sky.

The trees where they had built the fire

were only sixty or seventy feet from the car but she dared not try to reach them through the blinding whirls of wet cold whiteness. If she once lost her way, it might be impossible to get back to the car again. The thought made her shudder and she wondered if Gavin had lost his way.

She calculated and surmised until her head felt giddy and stupid with thought, dozed, tried to coax Gibbs to eat. The hours went on and on and she came to be only half conscious of them, and of the fall of the snow. Her dreams grew as real as reality itself and it was only when she must prepare food for the child that she fully roused herself. He was very good; he was touchingly, heartbreakingly good. Now and then he asked her politely if they could go to Grandma's house. "I could walk there with you, I think," he said.

Becky's head ached heavily; she slept by snatches, awakened, laid her hot, feverish face against the little boy's cool fresh cheek, dozed again. It went on and on: there was no end to it.



"You mustn't get out of the car, Gibbs. Not until Daddy comes. If Mother falls asleep you won't get out of the car, will you?"

And then, suddenly, at some hour unknown, except that it was day, there was glorious light again! The snow had stopped. The sun had risen and was flashing opals and diamonds from a white world.

Becky stumbled out, Gibbs with her, and stood blinking and breathing deep. "Resurrection!" she said aloud, not knowing that she spoke. "Oh, God, how beautiful the sunlight is!"

SHE could make her way to the pines now, and tear the snow away and find the ashes of the fire still mysteriously, faintly warm, and on their edges the two or three potatoes that had been baking under the fleecy covers for days and nights. She could drag a light dead tree in from the wood, and shake it free of its coating of powdered sugar and drench it with gasoline.

"Look, darling, little bird tracks in the snow! And look, Gibbs, that's a bigger animal, a rabbit or a squirrel!"

Smoke curled and fumed upward, rich gray against a dazzle of marble white. Bacon again and coffee again, and Gibbs tumbling and laughing happily in clean drift.

"Oh, we'll get through now!" Becky shouted to him. They ate; they drank from the cans that steamed in the fresh pure air. And it was while she was discussing her hot baked potato, her bacon strips and coffee that Becky, electrified into a sudden certainty of hope, sprang to her feet and waved at the plane that circled above them in the bright light,

that dropped a bundle, another bundle.

They were too far away from her to find; they fell into the woods, and she was afraid to go seek them. Nothing dangerous must happen further! She hugged Gibbs, and laughed and waited, eyes and ears alert.

OF THE actual rescue she remembered little, for at the sight of the plow, flinging great fans of loose dry white powder right and left, above her on the slope where the road was, Becky collapsed into something like a half-conscious faint. She could smile, she could cry, she could cling tightly to friendly fingers, but she was unable to speak.

When she saw the green ambulance from the Penney Memorial Hospital she laughed feebly. She was not a hospital case!

"My own room and Mother, Steve," she said, as he bent over her on the ride home.

"Your own room, dear."

"You didn't go east?" she whispered.

"I guess they were. There were a hundred fellows hunting for him. He was only about a quarter of a mile from the rangers' camp. But they think he might have taken the wrong spur first and got caught in the snow, and gone round and round in circles the way you do."

Again there was a silence. Becky lay thoughtful; her eyes narrowed, her brow faintly wrinkled.

"He would have lived if he'd stayed with us in the car," she said.

"That's what the paper said this morning. Said it was real heroic to risk his life for his wife and child; and so it was, too," Sarah said. "Poor fellow! Old Mrs. Esterhazy came into town last night to talk about it. She was the one who saw your fire first, Beck, and phoned down. They all thought he was with you then. She said that he mightn't have been much of a business success but she didn't believe Gavin Flood had an enemy in this town."

"I don't know that he did," Becky said dreamily. "Unless it was himself," she added.

"I don't like to hear anyone say anything against him," Sarah said firmly. "I'm going to see him; he's at Flinn's."

"Funeral tomorrow?"

"At ten. Doctor Jenkins is going to pay the last tribute. Millie Scott phoned me a while back that there wasn't one of the men she asked to be pallbearers that didn't say 'yes,' right off. Joe Feratta and all. She asked me last night if I'd like her to tend to it."

"I'll go down with you today. I'll get up now. You've been doing everything."

"I've Millie helping me nights. But she goes to the store mornings. I don't know as you're up to it today, Becky. You've had an awful shock, and there're reporters and photographers from the city here in town, and they had it in the Oakland paper on the front page."

"About Gavin?"

"No, about you and Gibbs living in a stalled car for four days and nights! They got your high-school picture and they'll try to get another. Millie and I thought Gibbs ought to go to the funeral maybe. But she phoned the Exchange and they didn't have a thing in black for little boys; all blue, with stars and flags on 'em and anchors. You've got your good black, and Millie's got two hats for you to try on, and I got you and myself veils. The one I've been wearing is kind of worn—"

Becky lay still, in fresh sheets, soft pillows, warm blankets, steeped in utter peace. She would not begin to think: there were avenues of thought along which she dared not go. There was Steve's goodbye note under her pillow. She had read it once: she would read it many times. It was simple and short: it said no word of tenderness according to any common standard. Yet the lines, in his firm swift hand, told her what she wanted to know, and to Becky they blazed and glowed with love.

"My dear"—Stephen had written—"this is goodbye until April. Then I'm coming back and we can talk. It was a wonderful world with your beautiful mother in it, Becky, all those long years ago; it's a more wonderful world today."

"Yours always,
STEPHEN."

In the touch of it, in the subdued medley of midday sounds and scents in the house, scents and sounds that mingled themselves with the spring fragrances and bird songs from out of doors, the squawk of a scandalized hen, the creaking of a gate, the hoarse little protest of a motherless calf there lay the elements of an infinite content.

"I shouldn't wonder if I never had anything to run away from again," Becky said half aloud.

THE END

It's the Way You Say It

Continued from page 18

those few tones pinched by tense throat muscles and an immobile face, but where, oh where was his breath? Large sections of his speeches just trickled away out of hearing because there was no breath behind them.

It's all in the diaphragm, the opera fraternity say. If you'll remember Grace Moore in *One Night of Love* lying on her back with a load of big books on her stomach, you'll know what they mean. That wall of muscle between your chest and your digestive apparatus is the motive force that pushes the column of air up against the vocal chords strung on your larynx and makes them vibrate. If your diaphragm is well developed you'll have breath control.

So say the singing teachers. But the voice coaches in Hollywood scarcely whisper the word diaphragm. They're afraid if their pupils start pumping air that way the camera will catch a view of the hero saying, "Won't you—sit down?" with a heaving of the chest.

Relaxation is what Hollywood goes for. Drop over and hang loose from the solar plexus. Yawn widely on all possible occasions. Close your eyes and let your head roll around on your shoulders as though it were dropping off. Grin and pout in quick succession.

All good advice, no doubt, but it doesn't mean a thing to you because you've never heard yourself speak. That's the exasperating thing about voices. How are you going to find out about your voice?

The surest way is the one they use at the schools and colleges—they make the freshmen talk into a recording machine and then play the record back to them and watch them totter and turn pale.

Most of them have good cause for tottering. There are only about five good voices in every hundred. The rest of us whine through our noses, squeeze a thin stream of sound out through stiff faces, swallow our voices whole.

The pity of it is that the American male voice is one of the best in the world when it's given half a chance. Not so the American female voice. When Lisa Sergio, who today is the only woman announcer on the NBC networks and one of the few women commentators, was getting up a series of broadcasts in her native Italy some years ago, she found herself naturally turning to women speakers. It dawned on her that in the Latin countries the women's voices were low-pitched, rich, the kind the microphone dotes on—like her own, which brings fan letters in the thousands to NBC. The men, on the other hand, seemed to be all tenors and the ether waves stripped them to a thin whine.

A Matter of Nerves

In this country, though, Miss Sergio has had to turn antifeminist. Those honeyed Mediterranean tones aren't what you hear over the bridge table. We're high-pitched and shrill and nobody knows exactly why, because if our voices were a true indication of the way we feel, we'd all be nervous wrecks.

Nerves actually have a connection with the high-pitched voice. Next time you're anxious or angry or under a strain, notice how your voice climbs up the scale. When you're tired and have time to do something about it, like relaxing in a comfortable chair, your voice goes down a note or two.

But at Barnard College they find lots of other things besides relaxation to worry about in guiding the girls' voices, and they bring up batteries of mechanical aids including microphones, dicta-

phones, phonograph records and even mirrors.

The first thing they do is hand an unsuspecting freshman a copy of *Arthur the Rat* to read onto a recording disk. Arthur seems an innocent-enough tale about a young rat who never could make up his mind. But when you come to sentences like "He would always shirk making a choice" you begin to sniff a rodent of a darker hue. The sly truth is that the story of Arthur contains in a few hundred words practically all the sounds in the English language, and in some tough combinations. If you go nasal on words like "asked" and "half," if you tend to find an *r* in "choice" or lose the one in "shirk," Arthur will find you out.

And if you think it's only Middle Westerners who say Arthur in a flat voice full of *r*'s, listen to your New England friends sometime, or even to your

ARTHUR THE RAT

(The pronunciation test given freshmen at Barnard College)

Once there was a young rat named Arthur, who never could make up his mind. Whenever his friends asked him if he would like to go out with them, he would only answer, "I don't know." He wouldn't say "yes" or "no" either. He would always shirk making a choice.

His Aunt Helen said to him: "Now look here! No one is going to care for you if you carry on like this. You have no more mind than a blade of grass."

One rainy day, the rats heard a great noise in the loft. The pine rafters were all rotten, so that the barn was rather unsafe. At last one of the joists gave way and fell to the ground. The walls shook, and all the rats' hair stood on end with fear and horror. "This won't do," said the captain. "I'll send out scouts to search for a new home."

Within five hours the ten scouts came back. They said, "We found a stone house where there is room and board for us all. There is a kindly horse named Nelly, a cow, a calf, and a garden with an elm tree." The rats first crawled out of their little houses and then stood on the floor in a long line. Just then the old rat saw Arthur. "Stop," he ordered coarsely. "You are coming, of course?" "I'm not certain," said Arthur, undaunted, "because the roof may not come down yet. Those beams look very strong to me." "Well," said the angry old rat, "we can't wait for you to join us. Right about face! March!"

Arthur stood and watched them hurry away. "I think I'll go tomorrow," he calmly said to himself, "but then again, I don't know; it's so nice and snug here. I'm sure these walls are safe."

That night there was a big crash. In the foggy morning, some men—with some boys and girls—rode up and looked at the barn. When one of them moved a board, he saw a young rat, quite dead, half in and half out of his hole. Thus the shirker got his due.

supposedly soft-voiced Southern gal. You'll hear something quite as flat as ever came off a prairie. In the down-Easter and the Kansan it's tight throat muscles that do it, while your Alabaman may be too lazy to move her tongue. The best American voices, they say, come out of California.

Timid souls should start their voice-training with some high, wide and hand-some gesturing. Throw your arms out, stand up on your hind legs, open your mouth and bellow. Or take a good breath and let it out on a full, deep-chested "Ah!"

Observe it's your arms you throw out, not your chest. Chest-throwing is likely to leave you with a hollow underneath, on which your voice teeters like a tight-rope walker. Give your voice a good platform of air to stand on. Start some deep breathing.

When you've breathed a dozen times or so, hold the next breath and count a slow even twenty before you let it out. A few of those, and then try murmuring "a-e-i-o-oo." The idea is to get a continuous flow of voice through the vowels with enough breath to hold it up. None of those jerky starts and stops like a novice driver putting a car in gear—carry on through the vowel of a word until you hit the natural stop light of a consonant. The same with a sentence or a thought. Say the thing through evenly, making your point vigorously when you come to it and not stopping until you've finished what you've got to say.

You're Really Talking Now

Now get your sounding board working. Put your fingers on your cheekbones and say "Aw-ee" until you can feel those bones vibrate. By this time, with your breathing, your jaw-dropping and head-rolling for relaxation, and your new-found resonance, you're really using the vocal equipment Nature gave you. You should be able to produce a round full note, with plenty of power behind it but no strain.

But the job isn't done yet. Maybe you still tend to talk through your nose. Seize that troublesome feature firmly between thumb and forefinger and recite the alphabet. None of the letters should sound queer except *n* and *m*, and they'll come out like *ed* and *eb*. If there's something funny about the others, too, you are talking through your nose, and it's your soft palate that's to blame. That miniature stalactite dangling at the entrance to your throat is just too lazy to draw back and let all but the nasal sounds come through your mouth.

Hold your nose again and say a sentence without *n* or *m*—like "Dora dawdled down the deck," with "Lazy lilies leering lustily" for variety—and when you've got those sounding like the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet* you've got your soft palate licked.

Now when you read Arthur aloud again in your new voice, get your severest critic to listen to the way you say your words.

In-between times, at the movies or your radio, listen for the voices that particularly please your ear. Don Ameche rates high with the experts and so does Herbert Marshall, and Garbo and Crawford among the feminine charmers.

But when you go back to your own voice-training, don't go in for imitations. When you've made your voice give you the best it has, you still may not sound like a Barrymore, but it will be your voice, as much a part of you as your nose and ears, and a sight more expressive of your personality.

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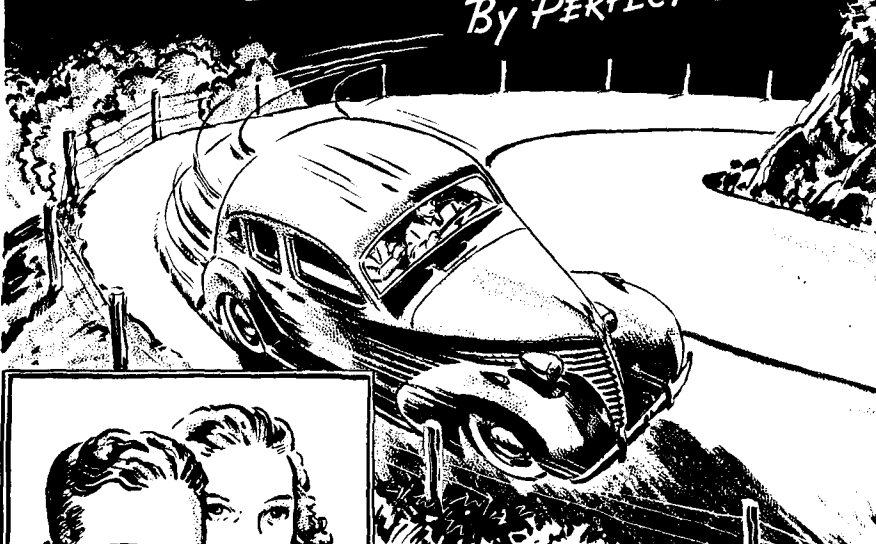
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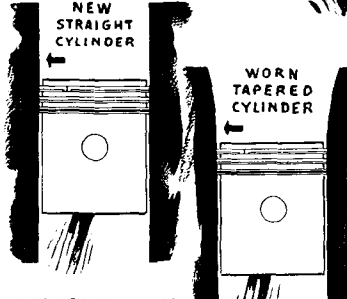


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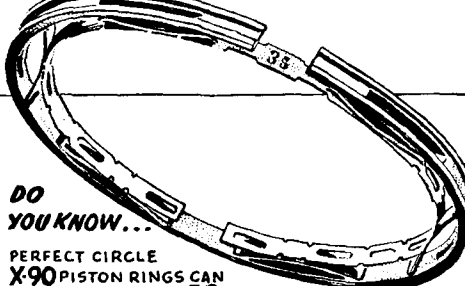


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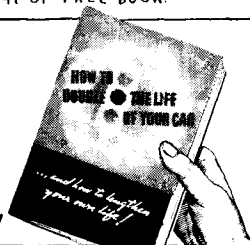
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The Blue Dress

Continued from page 30

had finished their work and given their dust to this rich earth. And he thought about that girl, Nan, riding somewhere out there in front of them, now, with her grandfather. That silent old ruffian she called her boss. This was Nan's country, and the best of the generations that would inherit these prairies would come from women like her.

HE HAD seen Nan for the first time only four or five days ago. Leaning in the doorway of the canteen, rolling a cigarette, he had watched that strange pair coming in through the west gate of the fort.

The old gentleman rode first: an old man, raffishly bearded like a prophet turned buccaneer. After him came a line of six or seven pack horses, and behind them all came the girl, on a big reaching stallion, curvetting and sidling through the gate. The girl, too light for such a horse, sat like a steel spring, swaying but governing. She was dressed in weather-stained Indian doeskin, with a fringed skirt and a design in dyed porcupine quills at her breast. But her red hair gleamed smoothly in the sun as she turned her head to nod to the sentry, who, interrupted in his pacing of the gate by the passage of the pack train, had brought his gun butt up out of the dust in a grinning present-arms as she came by.

Later, being curious, the captain had found out that the old man, whom they called The Fiddler, was a mountain man from away back. Since long before the soldiers came, he had been trapping in the Rockies. A friend of the Blackfeet; their wandering hunting bands were pals of his, people said, and there were tales in the settlements of great feasts of bear's meat and trader's whisky in his lost headquarters cabin, somewhere in unknown country, under the peaks. Feasts where the Indians danced in the snow to the crazy loveliness of his violin. He was said to be respected as a shaman, a man of great medicine, among the mountain tribes. He was also a mighty killer of Sioux: when drunk he counted many coups.

Until the girl, his granddaughter, came. That was a story that nobody had the truth of. Nobody knew for sure. Some said she was the daughter of his son, and the son had been a doctor of divinity out of Harvard University. Others had less... less charitable views. But anyway, she had come here, to Fort Varian, on a January day six years gone by, and had waited for the old man until he came down out of his mountains on his spring trip, to sell his furs and to stay roaring drunk until his money was gone.

Now, the girl stayed with him. She kept house for him in his cabin, on the headwaters of some lost creek, somewhere in the Rockies. And she came to the fort with him for his spring trading and allowed her grandfather only three days of spreeing.

CAPTAIN DAVIDSON met the red-haired girl that night at a post dance. There was always a dance at the fort when The Fiddler came in from the mountains.

She sat, all by herself, on one of a row of chairs against the wall. Four or five chairs on either side of her were blatantly vacant, although all the rest of the row was crowded, and officers and their wives were standing in little groups, talking and laughing. Some of the women occasionally glanced at the girl, but no one went near her. She had on a very new blue dress, highly becoming,

Captain Davidson thought, but she kept her feet tucked away out of sight under her full skirt, and her hands, lying in her lap, looked hard and strained while she watched the dancers with a faint unchanging smile. So he went over and asked her for a dance.

"If you wish," the girl said.

Her hair, in the kerosene light, was darker than he had thought, and her skin had the golden tone of the mountain sun and the wind. It was a long time before the old fiddler, with a wink for the girl, picked up his violin and started another waltz. And the first thing that Captain Davidson had to say, circling stiffly with the girl in his arms, was:

"Sorry, ma'am. I didn't mean to step on your toe."

"Don't mention it," Nan said. "I wouldn't have made such a face, only... when the boss bought me this dress at the trader's store this afternoon to



"You'll have to row faster, Jerry!"

FRANK BEAVEN

come to the dance in, he forgot to buy me any shoes. So I..."

Standing away a little, Captain Davidson saw that peeping in and out from under her trailing skirts was a pair of Indian moccasins. But the kind, of doeskin tanned almost white and edged with fur, that only the daughters of great chiefs wear among the mountain tribes. On the toe of one was a great black smudge, where he had stepped.

"You must excuse me, ma'am," he said. "I'm not much of a hand at dancing. Was that why you kept your feet tucked away out of sight?"

"Oh—did you notice?" she asked. Her face, turned up to him, was not at all ashamed nor chagrined. Only amused.

"Well, no," he said. "I—"

She laughed at him, and they danced along, among the other officers and their wives. Her back was hard and living under his hand—not like the soft delicacy of... of Miss Briggs, for instance. Captain Davidson didn't notice the lifted eyebrows, but Nan did.

AND that was why, when she was back in her little rented room above the trader's store, that she did something that he never did know anything about. Gritting her teeth, she stripped off the blue dress from the trader's store, the lovely new dress that the boss had

bought her. Hauling it off over her head, she kicked it into a corner of the candlelit room with one moccasined foot. And she sat down on the edge of the bed in her chemise and gritted her teeth again and swore in the Blackfoot language.

Instead of crying, like . . . like really nice women.

AND early the next morning, she aroused the old gentleman from his blissful cot above the stables and made him hustle their outfit together. The farrier sergeant, who had seen it at dawn, told Captain Davidson that the girl stood with folded arms, in her Indian clothes, tapping the toe of one moccasin upon the ground. And when the old gentleman, suddenly feeble as his awful hangover caught up with him, sat down upon the ground, she braced a moccasin against the side of a mildly startled pack horse and threw a diamond hitch over the pack so swiftly and so expertly that the farrier sergeant was surprised.

"There," she said. "You have to forget how to wear a blue challis dress to do that. And any damned female can wear a blue challis dress." She said it so bitterly that the farrier sergeant was still puzzled, telling about it.

And then they had ridden out of the fort, into the northwest. In spite of the farrier sergeant's startled warnings about old Rainy Eagle and his Sioux . . .

It was none of Captain Davidson's business, of course. But it gave him something to think about as Company E cantered across the prairies toward the foothills, three days behind Nan and her boss.

TWO days out of Fort Varian, the company was riding up the flats of the Thunder River, through the sagebrush. Trotting, they were following the crest of a long line of bluffs above the river. Away below them, on the right, was the new green of the cottonwood trees, and the river, milky blue-green from the melting snows in the mountains, swirled among its gravel bars. Beyond that, the high prairies stretched away to a flat horizon. The great April clouds of the high country sailed the sky like galleons, and their shadows scooted over empty miles.

On their left was a range of barren hills, scored with raw gullies; above the hills were the peaks of the Rockies, much nearer, now.

Captain Davidson and the scout, Shoshone Johnson, were riding stirrup to stirrup. The scout was telling him the lay of the land ahead.

"You see where the prairie humps up into them blue hills from the east, way ahead. Right down to the river, from the open prairies. It makes a canyon there, see? Well, that's Rifle-sight Pass, and it's the gate to the Teton country. That's the logical way for old Rainy Eagle and his Sioux to come down from their winter country. We—"

Captain Davidson, nodding and peering ahead, suddenly felt the scout's hand upon his arm. He turned. Shoshone Johnson was looking at the hills, to the left and a little ahead.

There, whirling down the rough slope in a slithering breakneck gallop, came a horse and rider—one of the troopers whom Captain Davidson had sent to ride along the tops of the hills, to keep a lookout along the flanks. As the company watched, the two other troopers of the scouting party appeared on the crest of a hill at widely separated places and came hurtling down, riding hell-for-leather, leaning in their saddles as their big cavalry mounts crashed through patches of sagebrush and swerved in flight to plunge down barren, rocky slopes. And then, before anyone could say anything much, all three riders were skimming across the flats, converging toward the head of the column.

But before they could get there, the company had something else to look at:

A row of sedately moving dots along the top of a hill. The dots, rising higher, became the heads of Indians, and then a long line of Sioux on ponies, walking along the crests of the hills against an empty skyline. In clusters and groups, and an occasional war-bonneted figure riding alone, they walked along above the company, keeping abreast, tiny and dark and distinct in the strong sunlight. They rode with a quiet, leisurely certainty, an impassive indifference—an indifference more terrible than brandished rifles and screamed war whoops. Once, as the straggling line of them rode in front of a great dim snow-laced peak, shouldering up above the dark hilltops, they made a picture that Captain Davidson would never quite forget—he could see silhouetted against those distant cool snows the nodding war bonnets, even the dark eagle feathers at the tips of the cottonwood lances.

At that moment the three flank riders were pulling up around him in spurring showers of dust, with rearing, foam-lathered horses and hoarse, breathless barks, excited but formal with military precision. He waved them back into the ranks, but grinned his thanks at them.

They rode on. Shoshone Johnson said in an easy drawl:

"Well. I'm not sure. You can't be, with Sioux. But they may mean business."

"Yeah," Captain Davidson said. "Chew?"

"Thanks," Shoshone Johnson said.

He worried off a bit of the mutilated plug and added:

"Well, will you take a look at that!"

"Mmm-mmm," Captain Davidson said, staring intently at the flats ahead of them.

The very sagebrush ahead had suddenly swarmed with Indians and ponies. Maybe eight or nine hundred yards ahead. A confused panorama of spinning, dancing ponies, and leaping figures. They kept swarming, filling the whole barren landscape ahead: they filled the flats with streaming movement, ten times as many Indians as were on the hills above. Captain Davidson meditatively watched one Indian, who must have been a very young warrior: he was having trouble with his running, kicking pony. But finally he made it, in a long flying leap, dragged up with a jerk by one hand twisted in the pony's mane. Then he threw his head back and gave a long, cracked falsetto cry that came drifting down the wind.

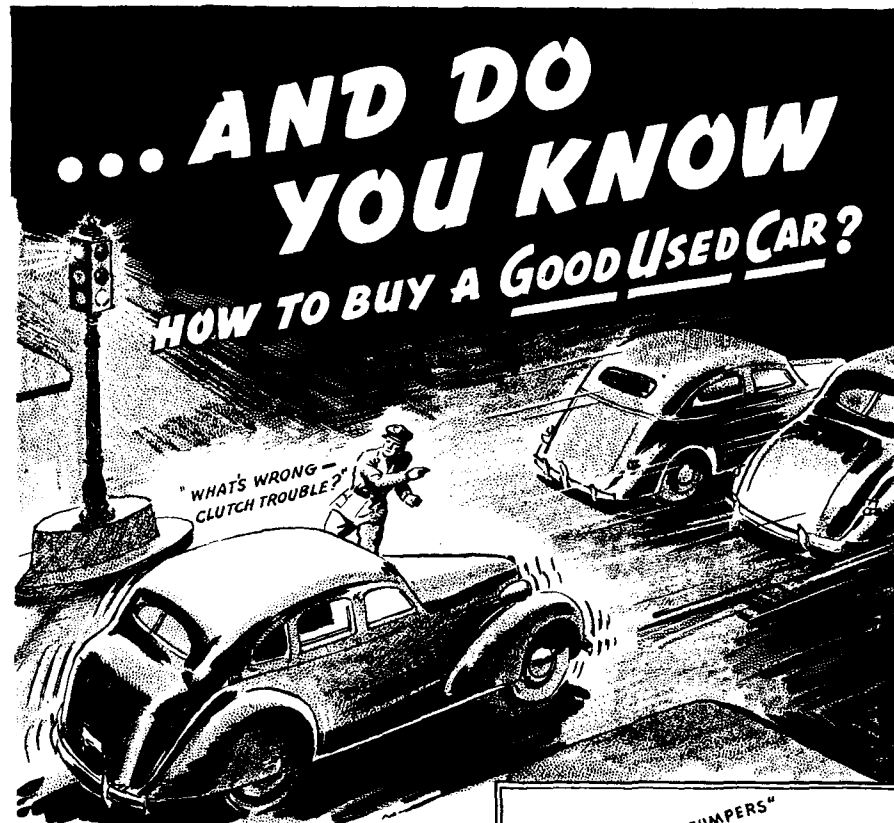
"Where's there a ford in this river?" Captain Davidson asked.

"Mile an' a half down, maybe," Shoshone Johnson said.

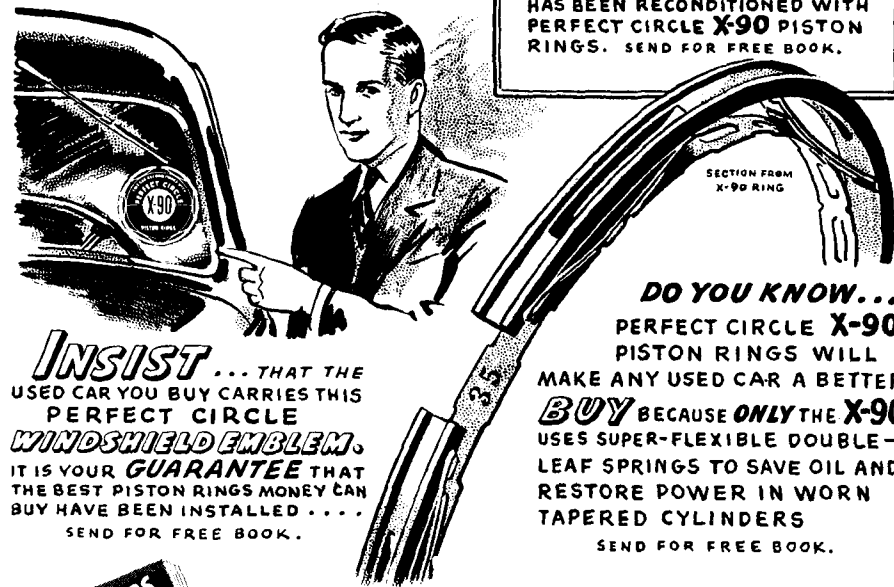
"Mmm-mmm," the captain said. He edged his big horse over a bit and took a look over the grassy edge of the high bluffs, just here. A damned good horse, a damned good rider might make it—maybe, with luck. But a company of troopers—too much percentage. He sidled his horse back into its place at the head of the company.

AND then he took off his cavalry gauntlets and tucked them neatly under his sword belt. He cleared his saber straps from the skirts of his coat, and wiggled the pommel of his saber a little to make sure it was free in the scabbard. He knew every man in the company was doing the same thing, except that while he was unbuttoning the flap of his pistol holster the troopers were making sure their carbines were loose in their saddle holsters. Shoshone Johnson had dropped back to ride with Lieutenant Fogarty. Captain Davidson was left alone. In command. The loneliest place in the world.

So he lifted one hand above his head. And bawled:



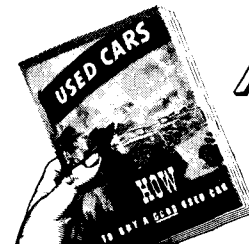
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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

"Companeee-eee . . . Left front into line!"

And behind him, as he lolled in the saddle rolling a cigarette, he heard Lieutenant Fogarty's voice, trying to be crisp with well-learned dignity but still pretty shaky:

"Squadrons . . . Left into line!"

And behind him, the gruff warning growls of the sergeants, away down the line:

"Squadron left!" "Squadron left!" "Squadron left!"

And then the sound of the hoofs thinning out, spreading to the left, until with a side glance he saw that they had come into a long nervous line, still pacing forward. The captain edged his horse to the left into the center.

And then he dropped his arm.

Almost in his ear, the bugle blared suddenly, singing in cracked brass the lilt of the Cavalry charge. And as his horse shrank and quivered and hurled forward, his muscles working in galloping rhythm with the drumming thunder of hoofs that gathered in power all around them, the captain saw, out of the corner of his eyes, the company pennon come creeping up. Whipping, snapping in the wind of the charge, that bit of red-and-yellow cloth on the end of a lance head came up just by the captain's face, steadied and came no farther. But it stayed there: and the captain threw his cigarette away and got his saber out.

Ahead, the Indians whirled and broke and formed again and surged forward, toward them, in sudden spurts of ponies and men. Then they were a wavering line of dancing horses: and up and down that line white smoke blossomed suddenly in wind-blown puffs.

The massive drumming of the charge; the blowing of maddened horses, and away somewhere on the right wing of that thin line an exulting voice raised in the long quavering shrillness of the Rebel Yell . . . Turning to look, Captain Davidson wondered who it was, which of his troopers had learned to crack his throat like that at Antietam or Shiloh or on Missionary Ridge. No matter—they could fight, those boys. No cavalry, ever, like Morgan's raiders . . . He had crossed sabers with them and he—

A ponderous jolt, like the slow crushing blow of a sledge hammer in his right shoulder. His legs were leaving the saddle and he got his toes clear of the stirrups and the earth tilted up. It was worse than he had thought because the prairies and the rough barren hills and the sky with its huge calm white clouds were spinning slowly and he couldn't make them stop. He heard the wild yelp of a voice going past him swiftly and he recognized that it was Lieutenant Fogarty's voice raised in a yell and the next instant there was a frightful explosion, but still he knew that it was just that he had hit the ground. Then he was rolling onto his belly and making himself small because the smashing hoofs of the charge were going over him in an earth-shaking thunder.

AND a second later, still rolling in the dirt that filled his mouth, Captain Davidson became aware of a plaintive voice whining somewhere near and he raised his head and saw six or seven blue figures in the sagebrush behind him. One man was standing up, tugging at the bridle of a screaming, bloody horse. And the charge had passed over them all.

He saw something else, too, as he heaved himself up onto his left elbow. The file of Indians had left the hilltops and were coming down, toward him, cutting the company off in the rear. Ten times as many of them as he had estimated. He had the quick thought: "Fogarty had damned well better cut his way through to the ford or it's good night for the whole company—" and then his

left arm collapsed and he rooted his face in the dirt again.

Anguishingly, a little at a time, he rolled over and began inching his left hand over to his left side until he got his finger tips on his holster flap. It took a long time of feeble tugging to get his heavy service revolver out, but finally he had it in his left hand. Then he rolled over again on his stomach and lifted his head. The first of the Indians were much nearer, spreading out fanwise across the flats, coming straight on toward him. They seemed to be growing bigger and bigger above the sage tops, like the jumping, crazily looming figures of a whisky-soaked nightmare. He had time to wonder about that girl, Nan. Who had ridden this way three days ago. . . .

He needed his right arm for a rest, but he had to look to make sure he still had a right arm because in its place was one vast, shattering ache. It was there, all right, its sleeve soaked in a shocking lot of blood, but he couldn't move it. So he crawled backward a foot or two, and the arm stayed more or less where it was, all doubled up, making in the end a fairly good rest. He laid the pistol barrel across the wet forearm and tried a shot. The revolver nearly jumped out of his weak hand and as the smoke blew away, he couldn't see any change in the oncoming Indians. A clean miss.

Getting ready for another shot—he had to be pretty careful because he only had five shots left and he knew he couldn't reload—he had another glimpse of the trooper whose horse had been shot. The horse was down, now, on his knees, coughing a huge froth of blood, and the trooper had turned loose the reins and was kneeling in the sagebrush, firing carefully and at long intervals with his carbine. He was smiling a little, and the long ends of his yellow mustache were stirred by the wind as he took long aim.

The captain had just got his revolver barrel again on his right forearm when he heard a quick drumbeat of hoofs coming up from behind. Suddenly they were right on top of him and a voice rose in a long, exultant, quavering yell and even as he tried to flop over to get one shot in, his mind was racing coolly trying to figure out how they had got in so soon from behind . . . and then with a great roaring sound the skies turned black all around the horizons, leaving

only one pin-point of light that shrank and shrank and then winked out.

The next thing he knew, he wasn't dead after all, and so he opened thick eyelids. Right above him were two horses, sidling nervously, rearing a little, but standing. And behind them, with their rifles laid across their saddles, were that girl, Nan, and her grandfather. With their backs toward the captain, between him and the Indians. The Indians were riding past now in front of them, streaming by in a whirling gallop of ponies through the dust, yelling and firing. An old war chief, rearing his mouse-colored pony until it waltzed for a second on its hind legs, raised a skinny old arm in an imperious gesture of command and then whirled his pony to join the gallop again. The long feathered tails of his war bonnet snapped like a slow whip as he lunged forward.

THE old fiddler's whiskers bristled, the tips of his mustachios worked deliberately, and his rifle cracked. A young brave pitched off a pony's back and rolled through the sage like a shot jack rabbit. The old gentleman cocked his rifle again and held up one finger.

The girl nodded and her rifle cracked. The captain couldn't see where her shot went, but she held up two fingers.

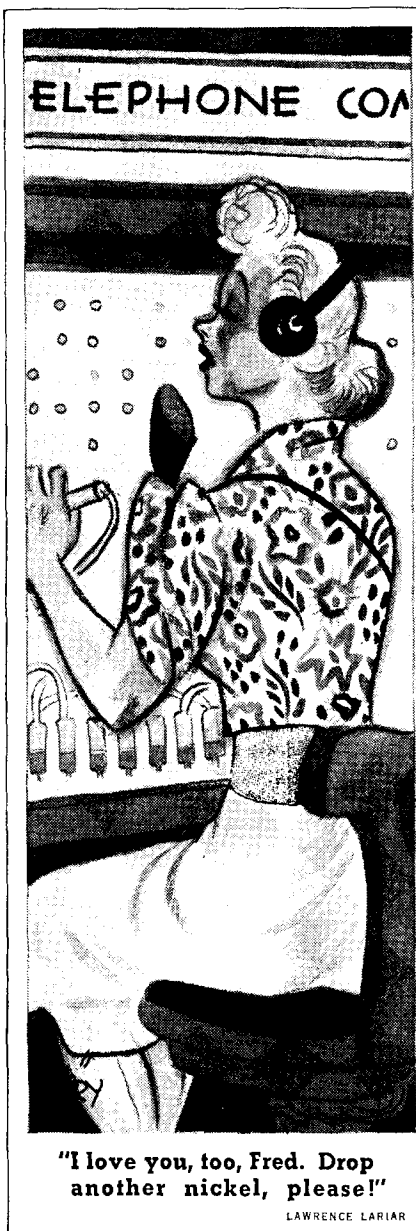
The captain got in his second shot, right after that. It wasn't a miss, this time, and in a shrill weak voice that surprised him he said: "Hi!" They both looked down at him: he laid his revolver down and held up three fingers. The girl grinned at him.

Then she turned suddenly, because the old gentleman had faced right and was shooting fast. She started firing from the hip and the captain turned his head to see what was the matter. The trooper was trying to join them but he was cut off by a madhouse barricade of rearing ponies and yelling figures. The captain had one glimpse of a cavalry saber whirling in the dogfight and then the trooper was down in a ghastly tangle of plunging hoofs and hurtling brown bodies. The yelling rose to a maniacal crescendo. The girl said:

"Time we were going, now."

The old gentleman nodded and a moment later the captain was lifted up and dumped on the back of the stallion and they were headed for the edge of the bluffs, the girl trotting beside him.





They went over the edge, too, but not into space. There was a first sickening drop that jarred everything black again in a ghastly wave of anguish, but then, a little while later when he opened his eyes again, he was still on the stallion with his hands locked in a tight tangle of mane, and they were halfway down a steep slope of loose dirt and rubble, and the girl was leading the stallion by the bit.

The old gentleman was not in sight, but as the stallion slipped, lost his footing, and slid, scrambling frantically, the captain had a glimpse back up the slope. The old gentleman was there, just under the lip of the cliff, and he had his reins wrapped around one arm while he shot, covering their retreat. The girl said:

"Please don't faint any more, if you can help it. We're almost there."

A LITTLE while later they were there, swimming the river: each holding to a stirrup while the stallion fought and kicked his way through the swirling currents. The captain was holding on with his left hand, swallowing a great deal of water from time to time: but the clean cold bite of the snow water woke him up again and his right shoulder and arm began really to hurt. So badly that it became an ecstasy of agony in place of the sodden stupor he had known before.

The girl looked back anxiously past him, but then smiled, and the captain knew the old gentleman was all right, and coming behind them.

Away up the river, he saw a thin line of horses and blue-coated figures splashing across. The ford. As they came to the opposite bank they dismounted and started shooting back across the river. And then the captain saw something that made up for almost everything.

Lieutenant Fogarty and four men had stayed behind and were holding the ford.

He saw them on a gravel bar. The men were lying behind a barricade of dead horses. Lieutenant Fogarty, the dandy of the Officer's Walk, was strolling up and down behind them, talking to them, occasionally pointing, once in a while taking a snap shot with his service revolver. . . .

FIFTEEN minutes later, when the captain rejoined his company, he said, for the first time:

"Hi, Tim."

And Lieutenant Timothy Eckersall Fogarty, very wet about the middle from wading the river, saluted.

The company—what was left of it—was drawn up on a ridge, in a line of horses facing the ford. And each trooper, standing behind his horse, was firing at the bluffs across the river. Lieutenant Fogarty helped Nan haul the captain down from the stallion. The old gentleman was already taking a few more shots of his own at one end of the firing line.

"Eighteen men lost, sir. As nearly as I can tell," Lieutenant Fogarty said, saluting again.

"Good work, Tim," the captain said. "Now let's see what's coming."

But nothing much came, after that. The Indians didn't try to cross the ford. Once, a brave got off his pony and came to stand on the edge of the bluff, holding up a yellowish, darkly-dripping rag, and started counting his coups in a high sing-song quaver that carried clearly across the river.

"That's Henry's scalp," a trooper said. "I'd recognize Henry's hair any place." And he took long aim.

The Indian pitched forward and somersaulted down the bluff, a sliding sprawl through the dust. Another Indian came down right behind him, leaping and grabbing, but he didn't recover the scalp until he snatched it out of the dead hand at the water's edge. Henry's friend shot again, and the scalp went floating off down the Thunder River.

"Maybe that squares the two dollars I owe Henry," the trooper said, reloading his carbine. . . .

CAPTAIN DAVIDSON didn't remember much about the trip back to Fort Varian. Except that once he opened his eyes to a hot glare of afternoon sunlight and saw the girl riding along beside him. He was on a litter of blankets on poles, behind a big gray horse. Each word, laboriously shaped with his tongue, was a heart-draining effort, and it seemed hardly worth it because his voice was weak as the sound of the wind in dried buffalo grass. But she heard him, and answered his question—something that had been worrying him.

"We were almost to the pass, into the Teton country," she said. "But we saw the Sioux. There's a big camp of them right under the pass. So we turned back, and traveled fast for a long time, but we were cut off and had to hide in a dry canyon. I don't think they knew we were there. It was a relief when we saw you coming."

And a long time after that, when he woke up, he felt like he was floating, just above an army cot in a little dusty hospital room, and several vague people, including the commandant, were standing around. But he really saw only one of them.

Nan. In the blue dress she had worn at the post dance.

Nan was curtsying, half mocking, beside his cot.

And he saw that as she swept down, she drew the skirt of her blue dress far enough back to show the toes of two shoes.

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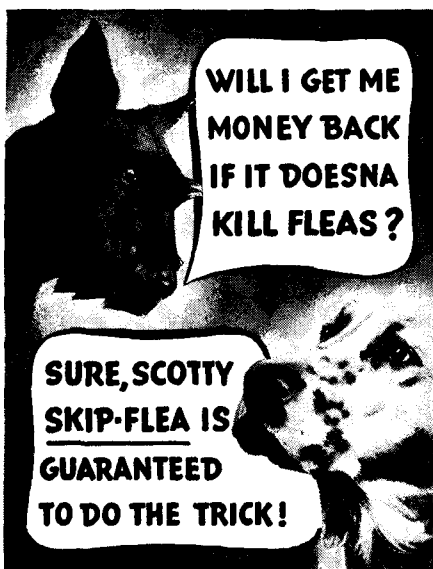


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The Nation's Guest

Continued from page 26



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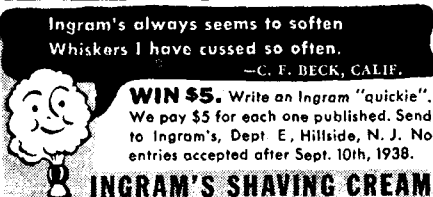


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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

you—because he doesn't like you. I heard him put an awful blast on you the other night, Senator. He said you were a phony. He said you never were in Texas. He said you never saw the Rangers. He said you were born right downtown on Delancey Street and that you were a pushcart cowboy. Why don't you call him over here and kick his teeth down his throat?"

By then Wild Bill was blazing. He started looking around for LaHiff and while he was craning his neck, Kearns, who had bought a handful of artificial houseflies at a novelty shop in anticipation of his evening with the Senator, slyly reached over and thrust them under the Senator's steak. A moment later Lyons found them. The dead-panned Kearns exclaimed: "I knew it! I saw that LaHiff run out in the kitchen the minute the waiter took your order! He did that—he did it on purpose! Didn't I tell you he didn't like you? Say, it's a wonder he didn't poison you! Have you got those guns on you, Senator? How about giving this joint a little volley, a Texas salute? There's LaHiff over there now—go ahead, shoot those lights out over his head!"

And that was precisely what the Senator did. When the smoke of his two guns had cleared away, there wasn't a customer left in the place. And very few lights, either, for the Senator is a mean man when riled. Waiters were hiding under tables and LaHiff was hysterical. "Aw, you were getting ready to close up anyway," Kearns argued when the proprietor complained that the diners had departed without paying their checks. "Put 'em all on my bill," ordered Kearns, who was one of Broadway's swiftest spenders at that time. "C'mon, Senator, let's go somewhere else, where we won't have this rabble!"

A Quiet Rural Evening

It was while he was palling around with Playboy Kearns that the Senator came nearer to losing his life than he ever did fighting those savage redskins down in the Indian territory. Mickey Walker threw a party to end all parties at his Rumson, N. J., estate. All Broadway was there. Mickey had imported a couple of jazz bands and the entire floor show of his favorite cabaret. When festivities were at their height, the celebrants observed the Senator dozing in a chair. Walker and Kearns collaborated on one of those cruel practical jokes that are typical of the boxing racket's humor level. They would give the Senator a hotfoot. No, they would give him two hotfoots. Better still, they would give him a super-hotfoot, from stem to stern. Walker went out in the barn and got a bundle of hay. Kearns found a stack of newspapers. Somebody looked around for a can of kerosene, but there was none, fortunately. So they calmly built a bonfire under the sleeping Senator's chair, touched it off and sat around to await results.

The conflagration got out of hand and the snoozing Senator was a flaming torch before anybody remembered to wake him. As he leaped to his feet with an anguished scream, he was singed like a Thanksgiving turkey. They beat him with sofa cushions and rolled him in rugs to extinguish his blazing garments. The fire had then gotten off to such a crackling headway that the guests had all they could do to curb the flames before the house burned down. It was just a quiet evening in the country.

But there was yet another tragic development. It seemed that when he

bounded off his pyre and began dancing around in his excitement, the Senator had lost his toupee. He was exceedingly sensitive about this skull tarpaulin and did not wish to have folks make jests about his nude noodle. A general search got under way, but Wild Bill's iron-gray bird's nest could not be found and it was conceded that it had burned up in the flames. Kearns and Walker agreed to replace this, also, but it was scant solace to the grumbling Senator, who went around the rest of the evening with his hat on. The next morning at breakfast Mrs. Walker screamed. The thing had turned up in a sugar bowl.

You've heard of men who are supposed to have fishhooks in their pockets? Well, the Senator actually has, and he'll show them to you upon request. Not that Wild Bill is unduly thrifty or that there's any Harry Lauder in him,



for he's a fast fellow with a dollar. But he's afraid of pickpockets. You see, the Senator carries two watches and these are unusually expensive timepieces, the kind that are usually kept in bank vaults. One was given him by Jack Dempsey. It is a ponderous platinum object, studded with diamonds, rubies and other precious stones. This trinket is worth \$3,500 and the Senator prizes it highly for its sentimental value—not to mention what it might bring in a hock shop. Bill's other watch is a platinum-and-emerald affair that was given him by Freddy Welsh, the old lightweight champ. It is not as valuable as the Dempsey chronometer, but yet not the kind that you can buy in a cigar store. He has both watches on a single chain and wears them in his lower vest pockets. And both these pockets are lined with fishhooks—solid gold fishhooks, no less. These hooks are arranged so that the Senator knows how to avoid their barbs, but if a thief dips into his pockets, he is sure to cripple a few fingers. How does the Senator know? Well, a couple of 'em have tried it!

The Senator's picture gallery in his Washington office is remarkable. Wild Bill has kept a pictorial record of his

activities, both sporting and political. There is one photo of him in a Wild West suit, with checkerboard shirt, ten-gallon hat and high-heeled boots. There is another of him in silk hat and frock coat, riding down Pennsylvania Avenue on one of those overstuffed livery-stable Seabiscuits. He was escorting President Wilson to his inaugural, he insists, but the President seems to have eluded him. In still another picture he is as close to Roosevelt as any man ever got—practically in the President's lap. There's yet another of him in Griffith Stadium, Washington, on baseball's opening day. He is down on the field with the players and the President is throwing out the first ball. "I always try to catch it," the Senator admits. "That shows 'em I'm right there on the job."

Then the Senator leans back in his swivel chair and recalls those old Ranger days. He rode with the Rangers when they captured those notorious outlaws, Bill Cook and Belle Starr. He was there when the Rangers snatched Cynthia Anne Parker, a white girl, from her husband, Lone Wolf, chief of the Comanches. Cynthia Anne had been captured by the Indians from her home in Clerburn, Texas, when an infant. She'd grown up, married Lone Wolf, and they had a son, Quanah, whom Teddy Roosevelt later made a U. S. marshal. Cynthia Anne could speak no English; she was an Indian by adoption and upbringing and she didn't want to be rescued, the Senator recalls. Nevertheless, Wild Bill and those dutiful Rangers returned her to her home, where she died soon afterward of a broken heart.

Playboy by Proxy

"What was the idea?" he was asked. "Why, we couldn't stand for those sort of shenanigans," the Senator replied. "It'd give the state of Texas a bad name."

Just then Jim Farley came in. Wild Bill fumbled through a handful of news clippings about his boss. Farley asked, "Has the Senator been telling you the story of his life? Well, discard about 98 per cent of it. And when he comes to that part about saving the beautiful white girl from that Comanche chief, grab your hat and coat—that is where you came in! He isn't a bad old fellow, though, the Senator. Give Bill a break. He deserves one!"

Washington correspondents tell you the Senator is Farley's only weakness, and add that he is a minor one, indeed. "Jim keeps Lyons around for laughs," one journalistic observer explained to me. "The Senator is his court jester. Farley is an abstemious fellow. He doesn't drink, smoke or take time out for play. The Senator does all these things for him and Jim gets a sort of vicarious thrill out of his escapades. The Senator is a loyal bloke, too—he'd give his life for Farley." So there you have him, a Cabinet hitchhiker, the tail to the New Deal kite. The Senator is an amiable old pretender. He's been the butt of practical jokes, the target of gibes by the celebrities he's tagged after. Remember Frank Bacon, in "Lightning"? Whenever anybody mentioned anything, the actor, as Lightning Bill, always replied: "I did that once, too!" So did the Senator, and he's still doing it. It'll cramp the Senator's style, though, if the Republicans get back. Then he'll have to find a new racket. That sample case with the two-pants suits will be awfully heavy for a fellow who hasn't lifted anything weightier than a government check in six years.

The Spymaster

Continued from page 23

Germans here; very few French; no Russians. Always I say the same thing—even with the kitchen help—English and Italians. Her Highness is well?" he went on, turning to Sabine a little anxiously. "She is not feeling the room close?"

"I am quite well, Luigi," she assured him. "A few too many late nights, perhaps."

The man smiled sympathetically.

"The English life is very gay," he observed.

The waiters arrived with the caviar and the service of dinner continued smoothly toward its appointed end. Cheshire developed an unusual aptitude for small talk. Luigi, who had been more than a little nervous, was speedily reassured. He served the coffee and Italian liqueurs himself. The time came when his two guests were alone. Sabine was more like herself but the dark shade of anxiety was still there in the background. She leaned over the table and lit her first cigarette.

"Guy," she asked hysterically, "what do you think of me?"

He sighed. He laid his hand upon hers.

"It has been a shock, Sabine," he told her. "Yet one has to look at these things from the larger point of view. You are married to an American, one of the finest fellows in the world, but at heart you have remained a foreigner. Your own country means everything to you. Is that not so?"

"Yes," she confessed. "Still, I know I have been very foolish."

"You have," he told her brusquely.

"What are you going to do with me?" she pleaded. "Is there to be scandal—or worse? Am I to be deported? Is my husband to be told or is it worse even than that? Are you going to treat me as spies were dealt with in the old days?"

"Never that," he assured her. "Whether you will choose to avoid the scandal and the deportation depends upon you."

"Tell me, then, how?" she begged.

"You will continue in exactly the same fashion, the only difference being that you will meet me either here or elsewhere and not—Rawson."

HIS slight hesitation before he uttered the latter's name startled her.

"What about Ronnie?"

He raised his eyebrows.

"Sabine," he said, "you ask too much. Commander Hincks was and is an Englishman. He has, either willfully or through carelessness, betrayed his own country. You are betraying an alien country for the sake of your own. There is a difference."

"You mean that he will die?" she asked in an awed whisper.

"That depends largely upon you."

"Upon me?"

"Yes. If you answer the questions I may ask you from time to time, if you continue the work upon which you are at present engaged, his life and possibly his career will be saved. If not, he must pay the penalty for his folly."

She shivered.

"And it was my fault!"

"Scarcely your fault," he murmured indulgently. "He was a very foolish young man."

"And his friend—Geoffrey Rawson?"

"Even more foolish, because he was older and the instigator of this damnable business."

"What will become of him?"

"You read your evening papers?"

"Never."

"That's a pity," he regretted. "It might have saved you a shock. Rawson committed suicide this morning at a hotel not far from here."

"Oh—frightful!" she muttered. "And what becomes of me?"

"You remain as you are. You continue your excellent work. But I personally will supply you with the material."

She was on the verge of hysteria. She pressed her hand to her side. Her bosom was rising and falling quickly.

"There is something terrible underneath what you say."

"There is nothing," he assured her.

"You have your means of communication with your friends still open. We have not interfered with it, we do not propose to interfere, but we shall supply you with the material."

An indignant light flashed in her eyes.

"You mean that I am to betray my country?"

"You are to continue to forward the information you derive from me. I have taken the place of Hincks and Rawson. I shall supply you with interesting facts. One of the next, I think, was to have been the marks and loading and size of five thousand torpedoes we bought last week, also to what port they are shipped."

"How did you know that?" she asked.

He waved the question away.

"I shall give you the information," he repeated. "You will forward it."

She brooded over the matter for some moments. Suddenly she leaned forward and gripped him by the wrists.

"The information will be false," she cried.

"That is not your affair," he told her sternly. "As a matter of fact, all the information you have received and have passed on to your friends has been false the whole of the time. Do you understand anything about the papers Rawson brought you, do you understand these tracings of a cruiser, the second half of which I am placing in your hands in a few minutes? Of course not. You

pass them on. It is your business. For anything you know, I, too, am a traitor to my country. Shall I put the matter more clearly still, Sabine?"

"Yes."

"You will pass on the information, the tracings that I bring you, exactly as before, without a word of explanation or doubt. You give no hint to your friends that reflects in any way on their genuineness. You do this and Hincks continues to live and remain in the service. You do this and you remain Sabine Alexandra Margarita, Princess Pelucchi, first lady amongst the nobility of your country, married to one of the richest men and finest fellows in the world."

"But I cannot go on!" she moaned.

"If I do I am a spy, I am a double spy. I am worse than anything breathing."

"That you do not know," he insisted.

"That is not for you to know. You deal only in sealed papers. The only true thing you may take into your heart is this—that unless you do as I say, it is the end."

"YOU can say this to me," she cried passionately. "You, who once told me—more than once—that you loved me!"

"I told you the truth, Sabine. I shall continue to love you—and hate you. You will remain the only woman in my life."

She threw her arms round his neck, leaning toward him with all the magical light flowing from her glorious eyes. Never had she felt more powerless. He returned her gaze coldly, with just that slight touch of polite interest that a woman recognizes as an insult.

"I understand," she said, drawing away with a little shiver. "Give me what I came to receive from Geoffrey."

He drew the long envelope from his pocket.

"One more question. It has come to my knowledge that a copy of these tracings from the admiralty was being also sent to a man called Henry Copeland at the Lambeth post office. I imagine that these were duplicates of the ones handed to you. Henry Copeland's real name is Florestan. Do you know anything of him?"

"By name only," she replied.

"Who is he?"

"Like myself, a spy," she answered bitterly. "A spy in the service of my country. It was someone in the embassy who suggested that duplicates should be sent to him to compare with those I received and passed on. They compare the two and are satisfied."

He reflected for a few moments in silence. Then he placed the sealed envelope in her hand.

"Take great care of it," he begged with gentle irony. "It is very valuable, very precious. There are some crafty fellows in your embassy."

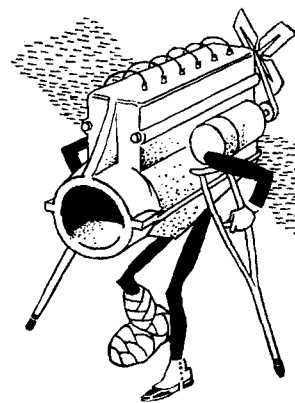
She drew her cloak around her shoulders.

"Guy," she said, "I never thought that you could be so cruel."

"I have to be cruel to keep my senses," he rejoined sadly.

It was the only word of consolation, of real kindness, that he had uttered. She hugged the memory of it to herself as she passed down those dreary back stairs, along the bricked-up passage and into the waiting taxicab.

CHESHIRE, for reasons of his own, had chosen for his town quarters a comfortable but certainly not luxurious suite on the seventh floor of the Milan Court. His rooms were at the end of the corridor and he had his own little staff installed there—a valet, and a chauffeur



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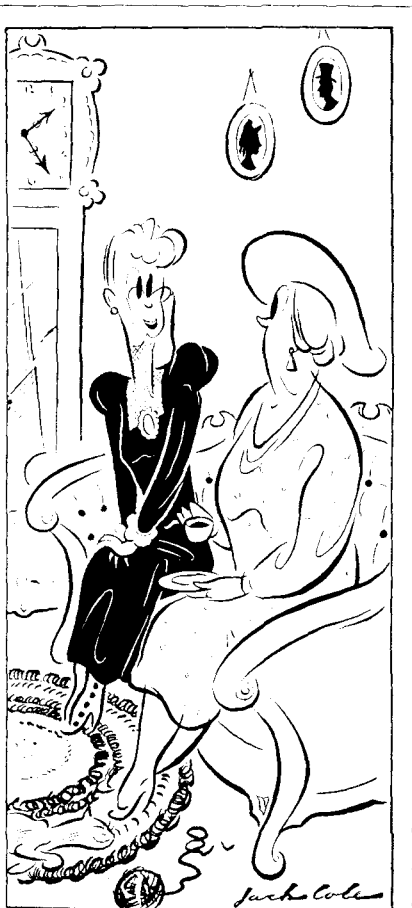
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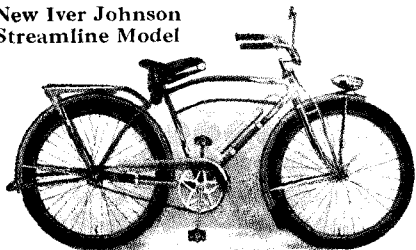
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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

and private secretary neither of whom was ever allowed to go near the admiralty. The latter gave him rather a shock a few days later when he announced that a lady had telephoned up that she was waiting below and wanted to come up at once. Cheshire was more than a little annoyed.

"What the devil is the concierge about?" he asked. "He knows perfectly well how to deal with chance callers like that."

"The concierge was not to blame, sir," the young man explained. "He refused to say whether you were in or out and told the lady that you did not receive visitors here except by appointment. She went to one of the telephones, rang up again and asked me to go down and get her card. She gave it to me in a sealed envelope. I thought I had better bring it up to you. She assured me you would recognize the name, at any rate."

Cheshire tore open the envelope and glanced at the card:

CONTESSA ELIDA PELUCCHI

"Better fetch her up," Cheshire ordered a little curtly. "Any other visitors due?"

"You told me to put them off, sir," the secretary reminded him. "I think you had an appointment in Downing Street that does not appear in the diary."

Cheshire nodded and waved him away. "Keep out of sight as much as you can," he enjoined. "You can bring the young lady straight in here."

Elida was not considered to possess the superlative looks of her sister but she was still beautiful, and in a divinely simple gray afternoon dress and a black hat that did little to conceal the beauty of her hair, her appearance was sufficiently striking. She entered the room a little tentatively, almost shyly.

"Are you very angry with me for coming, Guy?" she asked.

"My dear," he answered as he led her to a chair. "I am honored—flattered. But this sort of thing is all wrong, you know. If you had wanted me I would have hurried on my call of ceremony. Must go to Regent's Park within the week, you know. You ought not to come here. Even at my time of life I dare not receive young ladies of your age and appearance at this classic hour."

"I HAD not forgotten," she admitted hopefully, "that it was about the time you took your first cocktail."

"A quarter of an hour too soon," he told her, "and before that, Elida. I think I shall have sent you back. What do you want?"

"To know about Ronnie Hincks, for one thing."

"There is nothing to tell you."

"Nothing—terrible has happened to him?"

"He is still at work. That is about all I want to hear from you, young lady. Now tell me the other thing."

"I really am very fond indeed of Ronnie Hincks," she declared, leaning forward. "The other thing I have come to see you about, though, is even more serious."

She played with her vanity case nervously. If there was a fault in her appearance, however, she decided not to remedy it at the moment.

"Guy," she began, "this is really a terrible business. I have come about Sabine."

"A terrible business?"

"You must not mind," she went on. "Sabine tells me everything. We trust each other. I should also like you to trust me. I am as safe from speech, from any form of breaking confidence as any human being could be."

"You have character, I know," he admitted, "but what is all this leading to?"

"You gave Sabine the other evening a most awful shock."

"So she told you about it?"

There was nothing to denote anger in his tone but she understood.

"You must remember this, Guy," she pleaded. "Sabine and I are one. There has never been a secret between us of any sort. I knew that she had turned the head of that stupid man, Geoffrey Rawson, and that he was giving her documents and tracings of plans that she passed on through the embassy here to officials of her own country. A terrible thing to do, perhaps. I am not here to defend it, Guy. I shall only ask you to remember that Sabine is not an Anglo-Saxon and she loves her country passionately. She believes that that country is being rashly led and that she may very soon be engaged in what might be a mortal struggle. Sabine felt her old patriotism in her blood, in her heart, everywhere. She was forced to do something. She did what she could."

"I am not arguing," Cheshire said. "I am not complaining. What next?"

She looked at him with wonder in her eyes.

"You are changed."

"Danger changes everyone. I, too, have a country."

"WE SPOKE of that, Sabine and I," she went on eagerly. "Believe me, we are not unsympathetic. We realize your position entirely. I am here only to ask one thing, and that can make little difference to you. The price of your silence with regard to Sabine, your attitude toward Henry, who is the dearest person on earth, and to your British government, to whom your honor is pledged, is, she tells me, that she continue to be the intermediary for these communications, which, I presume, will be deceptive and which you will supply."

"Well?"

"I am here, Guy, to beg you to let me take her place."

"So that's it," he murmured.

"It is reasonable," she pleaded. "Sabine, apart from her illustrious name, which is also mine, holds a great position in life. She is the wife of Henry Prestley and even I know what that means today. If anything happened to her it would break his heart; it would shock all Europe."

"What do you mean by anything happening to her?"

"My dear Guy, you will not pretend that these secret meetings, this interchange of letters, does not involve her in danger."

"No," he admitted. "I do not deny that."

"Then please think, and think fast. I wish to take her place. I have little to lose. I am not married. I am not even betrothed. There are reasons why I should take her place, Guy. Do not ask me what they are, but they are sufficient. If one of us must do it, and I can see no other way, let it be me."

"I don't believe," he said, "that your sister would allow you to make the sacrifice."

"She will. She has already consented. The final decision remains with you."

"Does she realize," he asked quietly, "that if this business came to the knowledge of the outside authorities you might possibly be shot?"

"As though that mattered!" she scoffed. "Read the history of my country and you will discover that a Pelucchi has never feared death. Please agree to what I ask. I will come where you wish, when you wish. I will tell you how to communicate with me like Geoffrey used to with Sabine. I will be absolutely faithful to my word. I, too, love my country, but even if what I do were to hurt her mortally I would rather it were I who did it than Sabine."

"Think carefully," he advised. "You

are a very young woman, Elida, and you have a brilliant life before you, perhaps—"

"What do you mean—a brilliant life?" she interrupted scornfully. "Every one of the Pelucchis is as poor as a rat. I do not mind telling you that Sabine dresses me. Of the men who have asked me to marry them there is not one at whom I would look, and twenty-six years old, let me tell you, for a girl of my country, is the beginning of the end."

"I SHALL not attempt to flatter you," he said with a faint smile. "I will not even tell you that you are as beautiful from the world's point of view as Sabine, but I shall still say that there is no other woman to compare with you in appearance and vivacity and charm in this country or any other. You will marry, of course. Remember that you risk possibly making a very great match if a whisper of this gets about. There might even be a scandal about our meetings. You risk a great deal, Elida, for your sister's sake."

"Not only for her sake," she reminded him. "It is also to save Ronnie."



"Let me autograph that ball for my bleacher fans before you pitch it to me!"

FRED BALK

"Let me test you," he insisted. "More than anything else your country wants to know the range and speed of our new bombers and the guns we are mounting upon our fast cruisers. Probably within the next few days I shall be handing you this information to pass on, only it will not be strictly true. You understand what that means—the possession of it so long as they believe in its truth is likely to do your country more harm than good, a great deal more harm than good. Furthermore, if they ever discovered what you have done you would never be able to revisit your country and your life would be safe nowhere."

She laughed bitterly. "You cannot frighten me," she said. "As to my patriotism, however strong a force it might be, I have this to think of: If I do not do it Sabine will. I would rather it were I, Guy. You consent?"

"Yes," he promised. "I consent."

He touched a bell. "I am so grateful, Guy," she confided, looking at him earnestly. "I cannot tell you how much Sabine means to me and how I love Henry. I feel now that they, at any rate, will be safe. Ronnie, too—well, Ronnie counts for something."

He studied her curiously. "Well, we may be at war in less than a week. That will settle everything."

"You really think that war is coming?" she asked with a distressed frown. "Oh, Guy, I hope not. I hate war or rather the thought of it. When Patani told me—"

"What did he tell you?" Cheshire interrupted abruptly.

She hesitated. "He told me that he thought there

would be war. He told me that if only they could get certain figures they were waiting for as regards your preparations, war would be a certainty. It might come any day."

Cheshire smiled.

"Perhaps we may be able to oblige your friend," he remarked as his secretary knocked at the door and Elida took her leave.

SABINE, very beautiful in her gold-colored negligee, was resting when Elida came softly into her room. She made room for her sister on the couch by her side.

"Sit down for a moment, child," she begged.

Elida looked around the boudoir.

"Where is Marie?" she asked.

"Having her dinner. I'm dressing early for the opera. No one will disturb us. Henry is at the club. Tell me—what did he say?"

"I thought at first that he was going to be difficult," Elida confided. "He was so stern—such a different person altogether. In the end, though, he consented."

Sabine raised herself on the couch. Elida, who knew her sister so well, was a little surprised. It might have been evil news that she had brought.

"You are glad, Sabine?" she asked anxiously.

Sabine gazed dreamily up at the frescoed ceiling.

"Of course I'm glad," she said, holding her sister's hand. "It is a great relief—a great joy. But you, Elida, have you counted the cost of this?"

"I have," the girl answered. "I am happy, Sabine, because I know now that nothing can disturb your happiness and Henry's. No one will ever guess that you had anything to do with this, even if trouble should come. For me it does not matter. . . . But, really," she went on, "I do not think that anything will ever happen. Guy seems so confident, so sure, so successful in everything he does. He talks and looks like a man with power. I think he will make quite a good spy of me before we have finished."

"I wonder whether he was sorry," Sabine meditated.

"He should have been glad," Elida declared severely. "He has worshiped you so long and with such fidelity. He was your friend when I was a child. He must be glad to know that you are safe."

SABINE made no reply. Elida was watching her anxiously.

"Tell me," she begged, "if Guy had ever asked you to marry him should you have said yes?"

"I suppose so," Sabine sighed. "He is the sort of man very few women would refuse."

"You do not, by any chance," Elida asked, bending a little closer to her sister, "care for him still?"

"I might have if I had realized how much he cared. He never said so, and yet, since I am at the confessional, shall I tell you something? He was a poor man in Washington—just naval attaché to a very extravagant ambassador. You know how much liberty one has over there and I think if I were to have gone on seeing him secretly, with all the excitement and glamor of those little dinners together or stolen meetings in strange places—well, I do not know, Elida. I do not know what might have happened. There have been times when I have been alone with him when I should have been afraid to let him or anyone know just what I was feeling. He never expected anything from me; he never asked for anything. Perhaps that is why I cannot help loving him a little. There are not many men like that."

Elida smiled as she stood upright.

"Perhaps," she said, looking down at

Sabine with her mass of tumbled hair framing her flushed face and with a very soft look in her damp eyes, "perhaps I am more glad now than I have been that I am to take your place."

For the third successive afternoon, the private cardroom of the St. George's Club had been deserted by its most ornamental members. It was the third day of a series of informal conferences that had been hurriedly summoned by the prime minister to discuss certain alarming developments in European politics. Although the press had shown a most laudable restraint, there were many sinister and disquieting rumors afloat. On the stock exchange, prices had sagged badly. No one knew exactly what was happening except that handful of men seated in the official library of No. 10 Downing Street, and they themselves had very few facts to go on.

ON THIS third afternoon, Malcolm Dunkerley, joint Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who had recently been appointed Envoy Extraordinary from Great Britain to one of the disturbed capitals of Europe, was supplying the thrills. He had flown back from the Continent the previous evening and his report had produced something akin to consternation among the few who had been asked to listen to it. Dunkerley had just come up from the House and his harassed and dejected appearance was sufficiently clear indication of the badgering he had received and the questions that had been showered upon him. From this informal gathering who were present by special invitation, he had nothing to conceal and he was very frank indeed.

"Orson-Meade thought that his reception was chilly enough," he confided, "but his people were at least polite. That is more than I say of my friend. He didn't mince words either. After dealing with diplomats for so many, many years it seems a queer thing to hear a dictator talk."

"Are you serious," Fakenham asked, "when you say that he actually threatened war?"

"I am indeed," was the somewhat agitated reply. "'We are weary of conversations,' were his last words to me. 'We want peace but we are tired of talking about peace. It leads nowhere. It gets nothing that we want.' I asked him plainly then what it was he wanted. He showed me a map that would have created a sensation in the House if it could have been passed round!"

"We want people of my country established there and there and there," he said, touching three places. "We want a coinage, banks and an exchange of our own. We want an open market for petrol, iron, steel, rubber, cordite, nickel—practically everything you can think of in raw materials. We do not want to buy any manufactured articles. We want to import the raw materials ourselves from our own people and pay for them with our own money. Until we can do this we are dissatisfied and our only alternative is to do as we are doing—to prepare to take what we want for ourselves."

"Our friend," the premier observed, "has opened his mouth wider than ever before, because up till now he has always spoken of the issues between us as being matters for discussion and arbitration."

"Well, there is no question of discussion or arbitration at the present moment," Dunkerley said. "I am to be back at the palace on Tuesday week and, unless I take a definite proposal, their next move will be with battleships."

"You really believe that they want war?" the premier persisted.

Dunkerley shrugged his shoulders.

"I am afraid I do," he answered.

(To be continued next week)

FAST LEGS for a FAST GAME

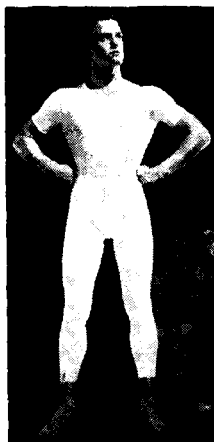
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On the Topic of Cancer

Continued from page 24

Under normal conditions cell growth ceases when its purpose has been achieved—that is to say, brain cells will form only so long as they are needed to give the brain its quality and functions. Thereafter no more develop until more are needed. But in tumorous tissue of the benign form, cells multiply to excess. They do, however, closely resemble the particular type on which they have fastened themselves. Given normal conditions, many of these can be treated successfully by surgery.

Cancerous cells also are proliferations or multiplications but are embryonic in the sense they have never developed the sheath that normally surrounds the protoplasm of which all cells consist.

No tissue or organ is exempt from cancer—skin, bone, or vitals. It is a voracious feeder; post mortems prove it has a sweet tooth and loves sugar. If the blood vessels are big, so that it has plenty to eat, it grows and grows

tirely well. Then in a few months came the heart-breaking metastases. Cancer erupted in other parts of their bodies and, in spite of all we could do, they died.

Suffering is universally associated with cancer, although this is not necessarily true during its early period. It is a dangerous fallacy because the curative stage may be past before pain manifests itself. Eventually the cancerous cells attack nerve filaments and in advanced cases it is a question of taking more and more opium all the time until death brings relief. The cause may be pressure on some vital organ or actual invasion of it. Presumably also the cancer throws out toxins that may sooner or later poison the heart.

Cancer has rapidly assumed greater importance as a cause of mortality; today more than one out of ten die of it. Although no one really knows how many cases there are in the United States the most common estimate is four hundred thousand. Perhaps a third of the mounting total is due to an increase in the prevalence of the disease itself; another third has been revealed by better methods of diagnosis; the last third is due to the vastly increased number of older people. Only a few decades ago diphtheria, dysentery, scarlet fever, typhoid and tuberculosis would have killed a half million who have been saved for cancer.

Almost all animals, fish and even plants are threatened by cancer. Among human beings it is restricted neither to

and Pauline, all died of it. From this and similar instances the theory naturally evolved that cancer is inheritable, though many hold the evidence is not conclusive. The two camps would probably agree to the extent that a certain susceptibility, possibly due to malformation of cell structure, may occur in members of the same family. The battle on its infectious quality has also gone on for many years, some believing quite honestly that a causative virus has been found. The greatest authorities, however, discount this emphatically.

Some Causative Factors

One conclusion seemed to force itself on investigators—that an irritant of some kind was required to start the inexorable cell multiplication. Cancer was traced to this again and again. But the proof required was to induce cancer artificially by means of irritation. Two Japanese in 1915 painted the ears of rabbits with tar and true cancer was brought about. Since then many other irritants of many types have turned out to be cancer-causing.

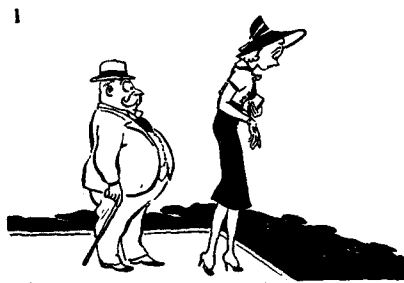
Certain chemical substances may be dangerous. One of the earliest attempts to join cause and effect was made in mid-eighteenth-century England by Sir Percival Pott, who discovered that chimney-sweep cancer in the groin was due to the constant working of soot into the skin where the sweep supported himself on a pole. Dye workers sometimes have growths in the bladder

Even after retiring from Cornell Medical School he retained his vital interest. There is no occasion on which he will not talk about cancer to enlist others in the fight against it. He has stated, "If we had six institutions for research, each endowed with ten million dollars, we could soon find the cause and cure for cancer." A great deal of research has already been made possible by people who have left bequests in their wills or made gifts.

During the last year Yale has received a gift of ten million dollars, largely through the generosity of Starling W. Childs, to be used where it will do the most good. The public makes its largest contribution in this way.

Among the younger specialists who are devoting their lives to cancer is Dr. Max Cutler. The Rockefeller Commission first discovered his potentialities and gave him a fellowship for seven years, part of which time he worked in France with Dr. Coutard, who developed the radium treatment to a point where the results were proving of great value. After finishing his long period of training he opened a cancer clinic at the Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago. Feeling he needed a still freer hand, he associated himself with Dr. Coutard and Sir Lentil Cheatele of England in establishing the Chicago Tumor Institute. This was made possible through a retired cosmetic manufacturer and others who are spending their fortunes in this way.

The aims of a cancer institute are



with tremendous speed. If cells slip into the blood or lymph streams, they are swept along to other parts of the body, there to take root and begin new excrescences. These undesired aliens are uninfluenced by their new environment—that is, they again refuse to partake of the nature of the tissue upon which they have fastened themselves, but begin all over their same lawless, destructive way of living. This condition is known as metastasis, and has always been the great hurdle in the cure of cancer.

The old supposition that if nature is let alone she will attempt to take care of manufacturing antibodies does not work with cancer. It is the one disease in the world that has no tendency to cure itself; as far as scientists can discover, the body puts up no defense against the invaders.

In the Philippines we once thought we had made the world-shaking discovery of which every doctor dreams. Acting on the theory that giving some other diseases in a mild form sets up an immunity to them, we ground cancerous tissue in a mortar, and injected it in a few hopeless cases. I remember one man who was dying from a great tumor under his chin; in a few weeks he went away apparently cured. Imagine our exaltation. Filipinos were set to work with mortars and pestles pounding more and more cancerous tissue, and patient after patient was discharged as en-

sex nor race. But extraordinary racial and geographical puzzles present themselves. It is frequently referred to as a disease of civilization.

But wherever medical services have been extended among primitive peoples cancer has been found. Similarly, cancer seems to be more prevalent among less-privileged groups than among professions. Again why? Is it the hazard of occupation, coarser diet or lack of medical attention?

Things We'd Like to Know

Why have the Japanese women of Honolulu, who are preponderant in the female population, practically no cancer of the breast, while among the other races living in and around them this type is extremely common? Is it because Japanese women marry young and have many children? Why should cancer be increasing more rapidly among Negro women than white? Why should the Virgin Islands have a high cancer death rate? Why should it be greater on the Pacific Coast of the United States than it is on the Atlantic? Is it merely because people go there to live when they retire and consequently the average age is older?

Other riddles remain to be solved. Cancer has often recurred in families, one of the most famous being the Bonapartes, in which Napoleon, his father, his brother Lucien, his sisters Caroline

and the cotton spinners of Lancashire on the skin because of the oil constantly spattered over them from the spindles.

We know the Japanese can produce ulcers with diet, and if this is persisted in too long these may become malignant. The farmers of China have a high incidence of cancer of the esophagus to which the city dwellers are immune. The former drink pai-kan, an excessively strong form of alcohol; the latter, a mild rice wine.

In the early days of the X-ray machine, burns frequently developed into cancers. In Australia those who expose their bodies unduly to ultra-violet rays by browning to a crisp in the sun are endangering themselves. In winter our skins have a chance to return to normal, but there the practice can be continued the year round. Some Australians hold that, rather than the action of the sun on the skin, it is the constant sunlight producing an oversupply of calcium through excessive vitamin D intake that is the cause.

Cancer, in short, is started on its devastating path by a great number of causes though the common denominator has not yet been uncovered. It is no one man's search but extends into the domains of physics, chemistry, biology, endocrinology, biochemistry. The problem will be solved only in the laboratory. One of the most ardent workers in cancer control is Dr. James Ewing of the Memorial Hospital of New York.

treatment, research and education. The first is shared among surgeons and specialists in X-ray and radium. A patient suffering from cancer of the skin has one out of five chances of cure in a general hospital, four out of five in a cancer institute.

Research is of two kinds—clinical, having to do with the patient, and experimental, trying to determine why these outlaw cells grow. Dr. Clarence C. Little, managing director of the American Society for the Control of Cancer, performs a vital function in research by conducting a laboratory in Bar Harbor, Maine, in which he breeds animals of pure strains—mice, rats, guinea pigs, rabbits.

Perhaps most encouraging of all, Congress last year voted seven hundred thousand dollars for a National Cancer Institute. Surgeon-General Parran, determined that it shall be involved in no entangling alliances with government red tape, has handed control over to a civilian committee, headed by Dr. Ludwig Hektoen of the Memorial Hospital of Infectious Diseases in Chicago. It is not intended to be a big hospital but rather a central repository for cancer information. Scientists with ideas about new lines of research will be able to submit them there for guidance and criticism. Perhaps they may be told, "No, that won't work. It's already been tried." This may save years that would otherwise be wasted in duplication of effort.

The third function of any cancer program is education. In the last analysis its control requires the establishment and maintenance of a point of view that must become an integral part of the daily lives of everybody. Half the hundred and forty thousand who die each year might be saved if they would heed the warnings—the individual himself must take the first step in recognizing these: the sore that does not heal in two weeks, the persistent and unusual indigestion continuing for more than a month, particularly with loss of weight and a marked dislike for meat, unexplained bleeding, even the change in size of a mole or birthmark.

Deliberate Manslaughter

It is vital for everyone to seek medical advice the moment he suspects something is wrong with him. Beware of "cancer cures." The history of all the useless remedies, salves, ointments, injections, electric belts, pills, is a tragic one. When even the surgeon, with his skilled technique, finds it difficult to extract the last malignant cell lurking in the deeper tissues, how could the strongest caustic reach it?

Despite the blatant claims of charlatans who occasionally advertise themselves as "institutes," in order to prey upon middle-class gullibility, whenever a "cure" has been submitted to controlled conditions and tested, in each case it has failed to show any merit whatsoever.

No government or state agency has been effective in preventing the activities of these quacks and fakers. Education of the public is the only means of preventing their deliberate manslaughter. Testimonials of "cures" have actu-

operator. Radium treatment has been more specialized.

The latest technique is to plant in the cancer little seeds or needles of platinum that will absorb the caustic beta rays and allow the gamma rays free scope with the cancerous cells, leaving normal ones undisturbed. Since skin is not destroyed and no scar is left, the method is especially desirable for women.

We have been able to make great progress in the United States because we now possess a greater quantity of radium than any other country. Until recently the Belgians practically had a monopoly on pitchblende, its chief source, which came largely from their Congo colony. During the depression in Belgium, Dr. Cutler was talking with them: "How about this radium you have on hand. It must be a great expense to carry it."

"Yes, we're worried. We can't sell it because nobody has money with which to buy. We'll reduce the price and let you have a large amount if you'll guarantee that by the end of the year you'll either turn it back or pay us an installment of ten per cent of the cost."

Several wealthy Chicagoans were persuaded to underwrite the purchase, but so many patients offered themselves for treatment that not only the entire ten per cent was collected out of fees but in a few years the final installment was paid.

Dr. Cutler estimated twenty-five thousand lives could be saved annually if every patient had the benefit of the most modern and skilled methods of treatment. Whereas, several years ago few facilities for treating cancer existed, now practically every large city in the United States can provide them. New York and Massachusetts have officially



ally been published in the same issues of papers that carried the death notices of the signers.

The American Society for the Control of Cancer has spent nearly three quarters of a million dollars along educational lines, informing doctors, establishing cancer committees in state medical societies, organizing the Woman's Field Army, composed of women in powerful organizations under military titles, the largest evangelistic movement ever launched against a disease. The army is "determined to end the mounting column of unnecessary death."

Although more women than men die of cancer, many do not realize that the types peculiar to them are more easily treated; from seventy to eighty per cent of cancer of the breast could be cured if treatment were not hampered by blind fear.

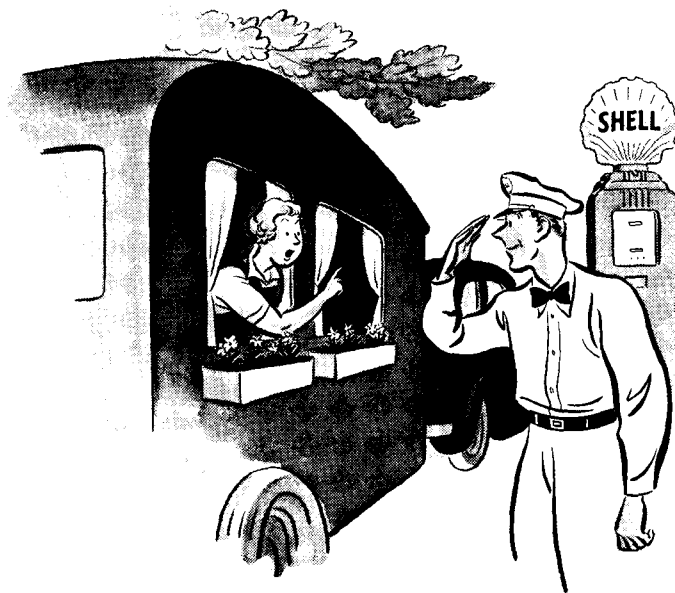
The average woman, it has been computed, waits for six months after noticing the lump. She may be unnecessarily afraid of surgery; one reason for the success of quacks is their advertising, "Cancer cured without the aid of the knife."

Surgery is advisable in many cases but this is often supplanted by X-ray or radium. When I was in California a few months ago, Professor Millikan showed me a million-volt X-ray machine that has proved highly satisfactory. The success of X-ray treatment depends a great deal on the skill of the

recognized cancer as a public health problem. Once this has been done experience proves advance is steady. New York State has eight grams of radium at its institute near Buffalo, as large an amount as anywhere in the world for use on cancer. Although of the many patients who come there, ninety per cent are in an advanced state, over one thousand have been discharged cured for five years or more.

Research has of late become truly international; the League of Nations has a cancer commission with subcommittees. The most powerful concentration of the scientific world is being brought to bear on the subject of cancer and the tremendous progress in the last few years will surely mean greater progress to come.

Serious as cancer is, the note of hope is there. More and more are being cured; more and more will be cured.



"Mind wipin' the kitchen windows?" she chirps

In drives this old bus with a Tudor-Spanish villa hitched on behind. Before the driver can say howdy, a lady pops her head out of the bungalow and says, "Be sure and wipe the kitchen windows—and my garbage pail is full up."

So I empty the garbage and wash the windows, which gives me time to bring up my oil story.

"Stop-and-go sure takes it out of your engine," I start out, hopeful. "You park your trailer in a nice spot, and what does your oil do? Runs down in the crankcase!"

"Better be there than on the lawn," says the lady. I disregard her.

"When you start up in the morning," I tell her husband, "if your oil is sluggish—don't move *fast*—the engine parts grind together *dry*. You owe it to your home to use Golden Shell Oil!"

"We owe it to our home?" the fellow says, serious.

"You do!" I wind up. "Golden Shell costs only 25¢ a quart—a small price to pay in defense of your fireside!"

"Henry, get going," the lady chirps, "before this man sells you a battleship." And they clank out without spending a dime.

A woman can certainly make a fool out of you!

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

The Hen or the Egg?

MANY businessmen think the attitude of the Administration toward industry is the result of an extreme case of inferiority complex. They say: "The government departments and bureaus are filled with young lawyers and economists who never earned more than a few thousand dollars a year in their lives. Even the President and the members of his Cabinet have achieved their financial status through inheritance or marriage. When these gentlemen cast their eyes over men who have built great businesses and collected millions for themselves in the process, they are jealous. They think they themselves are actuated by political economy and a love of the poor and humble, but what is really the matter with them is nothing more nor less than plain old-fashioned envy."

So much for one side of the current controversy.

On the government side there are many alert young men who regard the leaders of business as hopelessly stupid and greedy. They say: "These rich men think they made America. Actually America made them. To hear them talk you would think that they had done everything and the government nothing. They will not realize that America has moved into a different economic era. They cry with pain and anger when the Administration now proposes to give to the citizens at the bottom a part of the benefits that previously have been showered

on the few at the top. They are without vision or a sense of value in the present situation."

Neither of these statements is adequate or fair. It has been my opportunity in times past to know most of the leaders of business and, more recently, to become acquainted with the insiders in the Administration. There are plenty of corporation executives who would rather do something helpful for the United States than to make more money; there are plenty of Washington brain trusters who have earned, and could earn, much more in private employment. The misunderstanding between the two groups, I used to think, was more or less on the surface. If A, a Cabinet member, regards B, a businessman, as wholly selfish, and if B regards A as inspired by a desire to destroy the capitalistic system, then it ought to be possible to bring them together, have each discover his mistake, and so lay the basis for co-operation.

Thus I reasoned some months ago. In the flush of untutored enthusiasm I even thought I might be of some help in bringing these meetings to pass.

But now I know that the chasm that separates business and the Administration is far deeper than mere personal animosities. It is a gulf dug by two conflicting economic philosophies. Let me try to set it forth in the simplest possible terms.

Industry is receiving its economic guidance from the so-called "orthodox" economists. These are the men at the heads of most of the university departments of political economy; they are the economists of banks and investment trusts. These orthodox economists contend that prosperity is created and sustained by the following process: (1) confidence is fostered in the minds of the men at the top, the capitalists and entrepreneurs; (2) these men make capital investments for the establishment of new industries and the expansion of old ones; (3) this results in the employment of labor, which (4) results in the creation of purchasing power and consumption; (5) consumption results in profits, which in turn breed more confidence, more investment, and so on.

Until a decade ago most economists, if not

all, held to this theory. But recently there has sprung up a group of younger economists who say: "All this may have been true in the old days when America was building its productive plant, when the problem was to keep production up to the demands of a rapidly expanding market. But now everything is changed. The present process of creating and sustaining prosperity starts not at the top, but at the bottom. It consists of (1) mass purchasing power, which results in (2) the demand for goods, which results in (3) the creation of new industries and the expansion of old ones, which results finally in (4) profits, and confidence, and good feeling at the top."

In other words, the two groups profess to be seeking the same goal but are starting from opposite ends. Their real difference is: Which comes first, the hen or the egg?

As one entirely ignorant of economics, who has nevertheless read patiently and listened for hours to representatives of both sides, I venture the opinion that neither the orthodox economists nor the President's bright young men have taken into account all the factors.

I believe that the economists of business have never yet given full weight to two problems relatively new in our economic situation. The first of these is technological unemployment.

The second arises out of our decreasing population.

Obviously, when you pass from a rapidly increasing market to a stationary or diminishing market you introduce a whole new set of economic problems. I do not believe that the economists and managers of business have yet given full weight to this hard fact.

On the other hand, I think the government economists underestimate the economic importance of the human self-starter, the chance taker, the speculator, if you will. Look over the graduates of any college in any year since the country began, and what do you find? Perhaps thirty per cent are failures; more than fifty per cent never earn more than a living. Maybe twenty-five per cent do well in the professions or as employees and managers of other men's businesses. But not more than three out of one hundred will have that peculiar mental quirk that induces a man to start something of his own. These three will probably provide employment for more workers than all the other ninety-seven combined.

This self-starter instinct, this gambling urge that makes men willing to risk an investment now, in the hope of a profit a long time in the future—this is the mainspring of the economic alarm clock. Destroy it, and no matter how many good laws you pass, or how much purchasing power you pour in at the bottom, the clock won't run. A rising stock market can provide more purchasing power in a week than governmental pump-priming can create in a year. This is not a fancy statement; it can be proved statistically. Stocks rise when men are confident and think they can see future profits. This sort of confidence comes from the top, not from the bottom.

So I think both these groups of economists are wrong and both are right. I wish they could be locked up in a hotel, their meals sent in, and kept there until they come forth with some agreement on which government and business could proceed together. All they are doing now is arguing that the hen comes first, or the egg comes first. And the argument is costing the American people millions of jobs and billions of dollars.

BRUCE BARTON



On back road or boulevard . . . there are

3 DIFFERENT GRADES OF PERFORMANCE *in your car*

CHANCES are that you are *not* getting out of your car all the power its manufacturer put into it. You will be better able to know after you read these facts:

The farther you advance the spark of a modern high compression car, up to the point of maximum efficiency, the more power you get from gasoline.

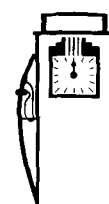
But the motor "knocks" or "pings" when the spark is set farther ahead than the "anti-knock" quality of the gasoline permits.

Judged by anti-knock quality, there are *three* grades of gasoline: "low grade," "regular" and gasoline containing "Ethyl."

That is why your car has a device—variously called "distributor adjuster," "Octane Selector," etc.—for setting the spark for each of these three grades of gasoline.

And the performance of *your* car depends upon the grade of gas and spark setting, as shown below.

YOU HAVE THESE 3 CHOICES



Poor performance

with "low grade" gasoline

There is no anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) in "low grade" gasoline. Power is lost because the spark must be retarded to prevent "knock" or "ping."



Good performance

with "regular" gasoline

Most regular gasoline has in it anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead). The spark can be considerably advanced for more power without "knock" or "ping."



Best performance

with gasoline containing "ETHYL"

Gasoline "with ETHYL" is highest in all-round quality. It has *enough* anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) so that the spark can be *fully* advanced for maximum power and economy without "knock" or "ping."

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline

LICKING A 720^{LB} "BLUE TORPEDO"

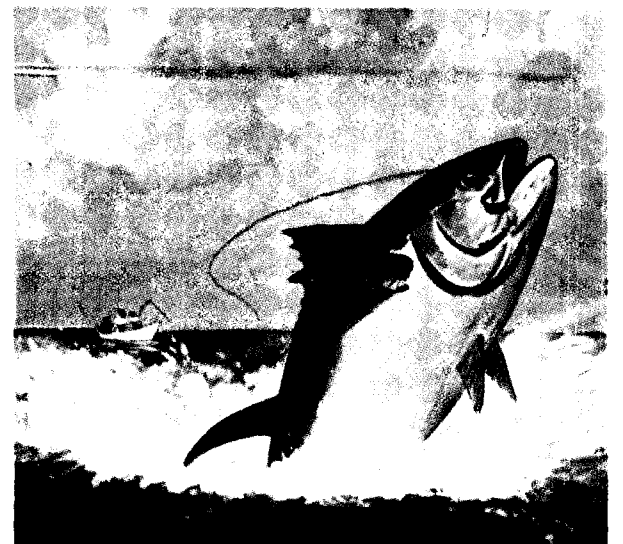
618 pounds heavier than the girl who caught it...
MRS. S. KIP (Chisie) FARRINGTON... wife of the famous
fishing authority and author of "Atlantic Game Fishing"



LEAVING THE DOCK—Young Chisie Farrington has her rod and reel all ready... Camels handy. "It's time we were out on the bay, throwing herring!" she says to the guide... This tiny slip of a girl is out to catch big game—the mighty bluefin tuna that streak the waters off the coast of Nova Scotia!



A STRIKE—a giant tuna hooked! The fight is on! With a torpedo-like rush, the bluefin starts boring down—putting a tense strain on Chisie. Here's where she shows that healthy nerves can "take it." Yes, and in her own words she's glad she smokes a cigarette that *doesn't jangle* her nerves—Camels!



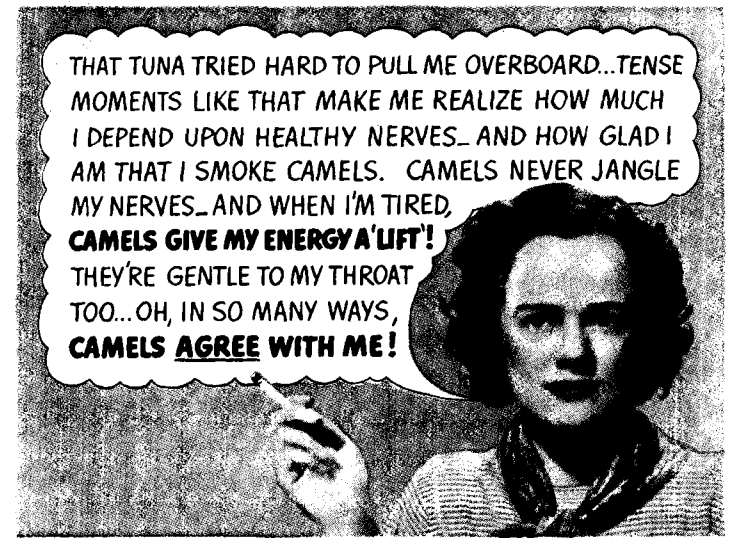
JUMPS clear out of water! The *first time*, the guide says, he's ever seen a hooked tuna do *that*. Keeping a light drag, Chisie lets him run. Fighting-mad, that bluefin gives them a "Nova Scotia sleigh-ride" they'll *never* forget! Soon Chisie shouts: "He looks all in. I'm going to *put it to him*."



BROUGHT TO GAFF—in the fast time of 1 hour and 38 minutes! Chisie Farrington's biggest catch! The moment her hands are free, she smokes a Camel. "When I'm tired," she says, "I enjoy a Camel all the more. Smoking Camels seems to freshen up my energy. I *like* them!"

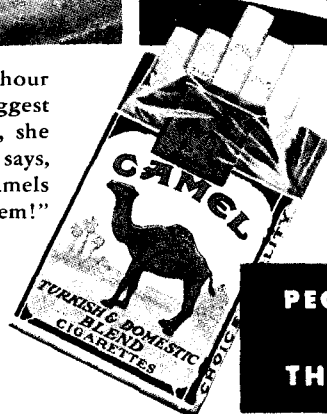


PHOTOGRAPHED after catch was weighed in. 720 pounds... 9 feet, 10 inches long! And she is a mere 102 pounds. Not much over 5 feet tall!



LIKE MILLIONS of other smokers, Mrs. Farrington notices a difference between Camels and other cigarettes. Not in just one way—but in many ways! Turn to Camels yourself. You'll discover that the costlier tobaccos in Camels *do* make a difference. Camel spends millions more, year after year, to assure a finer, more delicate quality in Camel cigarettes.

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**—Turkish and Domestic



PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS
THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER: "CAMELS AGREE WITH ME!"

Those who grow tobacco
—*know* tobacco
That's why tobacco growers
smoke Camels



Marvin Speight, well-known tobacco planter, knows quality tobaccos like his A-B-C's. He says: "I know Camel gets the finer grades. They bought the best of my crops last year. We growers 'most always smoke Camels."



Experienced planters like William Vandiford know tobacco from both sides of the fence. "We grow it and we see it auctioned," he explains. "I saw my best grades sold to Camel last auction-time. I smoke Camels too."



John Durham, Jr., who raises quality tobaccos just as his father has for years, says: "One year after another, I've seen Camel buyers take the finest tobaccos—my finest too. Like most planters I know, it's Camels for me!"

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